NORWAY

THROUGH THE STEREOSCOPE



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NORWAY

THROUGH THE STEREOSCOPE

NOTES ON

A Journey Through the Land of the Vikings

ARRANGED BY

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of the United States Senate

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(Bound in a booklet and inserted in a pocket on the back cover of this book)

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3 Christiania.

4 Telemarken

5 Hardanger.

6 Bergen.

7 Sognefjord.

8 Nordfjord.

INTRODUCTION

I am gratified to have an opportunity of saying a word of commendation for this admirable book on *Norway Through the Stereoscope* and the pictures of which the book is primarily an exposition. I am pleased to find the book much more than an explanation of the stereographs. It gives, in a series of extra chapters, much interesting and reliable information that will be a source of satisfaction to Norwegians, and of inspiration to many an American, not only to visit Norway, but also to delve a little deeper into Norwegian history and literature than the actual tourist has the means of doing. For in this remarkable hand-book he will find garnered from a thousand sources apt and illuminating facts on the varied phases of Norwegian life, both ancient and modern. The chapter on "What has Norway for the Traveler?" luminously sets forth the characteristic features of Norwegian scenery and natural phenomena; the chapters on "What Norway has Done for the World" and "The People" may prove somewhat startling, even to many Norwegians, but I am convinced that these chapters contain nothing that has not either historical or scientific sanction. No man can ponder on the history of the Norsemen, ancient or modern, without becoming enthusiastic over their intellectual achievements and historical significance.

I cannot but feel that the various chapters of this book will do much toward giving Norway, in the minds of Americans, a deservedly high rank as an extremely interesting country, not only on account of her picturesque fjords, snow-capped mountains, and magnificent water-falls, but on account of the political alertness and intellectual virility that her people have displayed, and the consequent contribution that they have made to the world's progress.

As Norway is the land of my birth, I am particularly proud of these things, and I will be glad if these fine pictures and this excellent book shall be widely disseminated in this country.

I left Norway as a boy, and hence had but a hazy conception of the grandeur of Norwegian scenery until I visited the country a few years ago (in 1899). I was profoundly impressed, and I have been delighted to refresh my mind by viewing through the stereoscope many of the rugged and majestic scenes that I witnessed on my visit.

It is the ambition of every Norwegian in this country to visit the land of his birth; and if he be of Norwegian ancestry, he has a peculiarly strong desire to see the land of his fathers. Thousands make the long journey every year. But other thousands find it impossible for one reason or another to make the trip except in their dreams. The Underwood stereographs and the incomparable maps that accompany them offer a most excellent substitute. At comparatively trifling expense a trip may be made to Norway through these

stereographs that will give something of the grand reality of an actual visit.

I almost envy the youth of to-day the many intellectual aids that are at their disposal for historical and geographical, and even literary study. I think that I can imagine what a keen delight it would have been to me as a boy to have had access to the Underwood Travel System—to see foreign lands as thousands of school boys now may see them through this travel system. And to have viewed such scenes of my native land as these pictures present would have been joy unbounded.

I wish to express my great satisfaction that Norway has been included in this unique travel system. I hope that the venture will prove a source of artistic enjoyment and intellectual stimulus to thousands of my Norwegian kinsmen in this country, and to others as well.

KNUTE NELSON.

United States Senate,
January 30, 1907.

What Has Norway for the Traveler?

If he be of Norwegian birth, her charm needs little exposition. She is the mother-land, the background of all his early memories. Her earth and sea and sky in themselves have an indefinable, indestructible hold on his affections.

But what of the vast majority, who are not Norwegian-born? Why should they make any special effort to know Norway?

a. In the first place, it is a land of magnificent natural beauty. No country on earth can surpass the superb dignity of its majestic mountains, their feet set in the deep, still waters of winding fjords and their snow-capped heads among the drifting clouds. No land on the globe has such marvelous wealth of waterfalls. Nowhere in the world can one see more picturesque valleys, where nature seems to frown and smile both at once, so closely associated are the idyllic and the terrible. To see Norway is to enlarge our conception of the glory of "this goodly frame the earth," and

> "The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the plains,
> Are not these, O, soul, the vision of Him who reigns?"

b. It is a land to which every living person of European descent to-day owes a positive debt. This rugged northland has produced epoch-making men. The history of the civilization of Europe, and consequently of America, has been enormously influenced

in its form and character by the vigor and practical energy of Norse colonists, who went out from the home-land something like a thousand years ago. To see that home-land means more lively appreciation of our inheritance to-day from those old benefactors and ancestors of ours.

c. It is a land where one can to-day see with his own eyes stupendous physical processes of world-shaping, still going on—see the compacting of accumulated snows into glacial ice; the slow descent of the ice-sheets as the lower edges melt; the action of ice and of running water, disintegrating solid rock and breaking it up into gravel, on which plant-life can feed—a sort of condensed version of age-long chapters in the geologic history of our earth as a whole.

In this one small kingdom the traveler can observe for himself the effect of high elevation and high latitude upon vegetation, thus getting a more vivid notion of what those conditions practically mean than he could obtain from long reading about the same kinds of facts. Such deepened realization of the long, slow processes through which the earth goes in preparation for supporting life, and of the varying conditions under which life is led, inevitably quickens one's sense of the significance of life itself. It makes living mean more, when one thinks how much has to be done just to get the world ready for it.

d. It is on the shores of Norway, or on the Arctic waters north of Norway, that travelers get their only practicable opportunity to peer over the northern rim of the earth, and look at the sun at midnight. No other experience can possibly equal this in giving one an experimental sense of certain astronomical facts. We all learned the facts after a fashion, in our school days, but under ordinary circumstances they never

seem quite real. Seeing Norway thus branches out so far that we really almost see the solar system!

e. Norway's literature is exceptionally strong and admirable in its own special lines, and its influence is conspicuously traceable in that of many other lands. The Sagas and Eddas are among the most famous of all mediæval stories and poems; they have furnished ideas for later poets and story-tellers innumerable. It is immensely worth while to know the country that nurtured the race from which those old masterpieces of heroic adventure and splendid poetic imagination sprang. We appreciate and enjoy the literature vastly better when we have some accurate, definite knowledge of the sort of surroundings that helped produce it.

Besides, it is Norway that produced the author whom many critics place at the head of Europe's creative literature during the nineteenth century—Henrik Ibsen. Nearly all his most famous works are based on studies from Norse life and character in varied lights and shades. It is consequently worth while to see the land, and something of the everyday life, of the same kinds of people that Ibsen represents in his dramas. It is true, Ibsen's works have a universal character—they are vastly more than pictures of any one nation's ideals and failures, sins and struggles, hopes and victories; nevertheless the local color of his world-famous plays and poems is Norwegian, and one cannot enter completely into their spirit without knowing their country.

f. Norway has made brilliant contributions to the world of music. One of the most widely known and loved masters of the violin was a Norwegian—Ole Bull. One of the greatest and most popular composers of the nineteenth century is Edvard Grieg, also a Norwegian. The land that could produce such genius as

theirs has charm for their admirers. Perhaps the sight of the wind-swept heights and the roaring cataract, soughing birch, and lapping wave, may suggest some clue to the weird melodies of these Northern masters.

g. Norway is a particularly interesting field for study by one who cares to watch the social development of democratic ideals and principles. A European country that has deliberately abolished its orders of nobility, a land where shrewd, well-educated peasant land-owners control legislation, a land where personal independence of speech and action is guarded with jealous zeal, yet where popular suffrage calls for an hereditary sovereign as chief executive—such a land offers unique conditions for study and speculation.

A clever European traveler once observed: "Some people think that universal suffrage makes Switzerland free, but universal *up and down hill* has more to do with it." When one sees the abrupt, precipitous, cut-off-and-shut-away sections of country in which Norwegian people have lived, generation after generation, it is easy to understand how the feeling of Norwegian independence is bred in the bone. When one sees at what immense expenditure of personal toil every bit of material ease and comfort must be wrung from scanty soil or wrested from covetous seas, it becomes easy to understand that no great amount of glitter and gold lace at court can ever seem to the sturdy Norwegian farmer worth what it costs.

And yet, when the splendid old-time history of the land is recalled among the scenes of its happening, a sympathetic on-looker must appreciate that loyalty to old traditions which still demands a king—a leader set apart from birth for the duties of leadership. The observer will do some new thinking, some fresh comparing of these conditions with his own home con-

ditions. Whatever may be his final conviction in matters of national politics, the traveler will at least better understand the Norwegian theory of a king—a sovereign who, while in absolute accord with twentieth century ideals of popular constitutional government, will embody in himself a complementary ideal, and, freed by his position from the hampering restrictions of dependence on electoral favor, will consecrate the energies of his vigorous manhood to the task of helping to work out the destiny of the nation.

The Stereographs—How to Use Them

These stereographs are not mere "pictures" of Norway. They are much more than that. The two prints mounted side by side are not alike, though they seem alike to the unaided eye. They were made from two different negatives, which in turn had been produced by two different lenses, though their exposure was made at the same instant. The two lenses were set side by side in a binocular or "stereoscopic" camera, i. e., a camera whose lenses act like the two eyes of a human observer. The ordinary camera works only as a one-eyed man would see.

But a man's two eyes give him knowledge far beyond what he could get from one eye alone. There is good reason why Nature should equip him with two eyes rather than one, though he is seldom conscious of the reason.

Experiment for yourself to see the difference between the reports given by your right eye and by your left eye. Hold your right arm out straight before you at full length, the open palm toward the left. Close your left eye and look with the right eye alone. You see the edge of the hand and a little of the back of the hand.

Keep the arm in exactly the same position. Close the right eye and look only with the left eye. You see now the edge of the hand and a little of the palm, but not the back.

Look with both eyes at once. You see now the edge of the hand, a part of the back and at the same time a part of the palm—in fact, you see *part way*

around the hand. Your eyes tell you that the hand is a solid, substantial thing, with length and width and thickness, all three.

The two eyes make up a combined report in this same manner whenever you look at any solid object within reasonably near range. A one-eyed person gets only a partial report, because he cannot *see around* things in this way. His sense of solidity and distance can come only through experience and judgment. He gradually learns, of course, to infer that a thing is solid and reaches back into space, as he notices the way in which light and shade appear on its surface, or the way in which farther parts look smaller than nearer parts. But the two-eyed man can likewise do all this, so his own capacity for correct seeing must always be immensely greater than that of a person with a single eye.

Now see how this principle of two-eye vision works through a stereograph. Take, for instance, the 85th position in this Norway tour (using Stereograph 684 —"Zigzags of the famous Grjotlid road; mountain milkmaids on the way near Marok"). First cover up one-half the card and look at the other half without the stereoscope, just as you would do with any ordinary photograph made with a tourist's kodak. Of course, you know the zigzag road must be a considerable distance away, because it looks so small, and you know the sod-covered farm buildings must be considerably lower than our own standpoint, because we see so much of their roofs. It seems as if we probably got a pretty accurate idea of the place from the report of a one-eyed camera.

But now just put the stereograph in the stereoscope rack, and, looking through the lenses, see the same place as if you were standing bodily where the

binocular camera stood and using two eyes instead of only one . . . !

Our instinct is to draw back hastily from the dizzy edge of the cliff on which we find ourselves perched! We can actually *see the big empty space* between us and that ragged, rocky mountain-side. It seems as if we might easily pick up one of the small stones underfoot and fling it straight out into the airy gulf before us. The difference between seeing with one eye and seeing with two eyes needs no further exposition.

The fact that the girls with the milk pails, small as their photographed images are on the card, should seem to stand out life-size when viewed through the stereoscope, is perhaps surprising until one thinks carefully about what the case involves. Everybody has noticed that the farther away a person is the smaller his form appears. Shut one eye and hold a silver half-dollar six or eight inches away in front of the other eye, while you try to watch a full-grown man walking down the street, fifty feet away, outside your window. You will find the small disk of the half-dollar can hide him completely, i. e., that an object only an inch and a half high, six or eight inches from your eye, fills the same angle of vision as an adult man fifty feet away. Now, since we practically *look through the stereograph as if through a window*, the effect of its lenses is to translate those inch-and-a-half images of the milk girls on the card a few inches away, into the full-size figures of the real, live girls several feet away, across the road.

Of course, it is not promised that seeing Norway through stereographs can be a complete equivalent for the actual journey. It is through the sense of sight alone that we are to get our experiences of the

land and the people. But, as has been remarked by a writer on experimental optics:

> "Our sense of location is determined, in nearly all cases, not from what we hear or feel, but from what we *see*. When we look at ordinary photographs—in our hands, or on a wall—we always see the book or frame or part of the room about us as well as the pictured scene, and consequently we continue to have a distinct sense of our location in the place where the picture is. In using the stereoscope, however, the hood about our eyes shuts our room away from us, shuts out the America or England that may be about us and shuts us in with the city or the people standing out beyond the stereoscopic card."

But the experience of seeing other places just as if we were there can be thoroughly sensible and satisfactory only when we know just where "there" is. The special maps* accompanying this guidebook tell where we are each time we take a new standpoint for observation. Notice that every position in the whole tour is located on one or more of the maps, plainly marked in red with a number corresponding to the number given in parenthesis on the stereograph mount. The apex, or point from which two red lines branch, is the spot where we stand. We look in each case over or through the space included between the branching red lines. Where one of the diverging lines is shorter than the other, that indicates that we shall not see quite so far on that side of our field of vision as we see at the other side. A very little experimental use of the maps will make their idea perfectly clear. Be sure to refer to the proper map, according to instructions, each time, before you begin to look at the place itself; then you can look with definite, accurate knowl-

* Patented in the U. S., England and various foreign countries.

edge exactly where you are, what is around you and what lies before you, and the satisfaction and pleasure of the experience will be immensely increased. The very slight trouble involved in consulting the maps will be found repaid many times over by the help it gives in making one feel himself to be "on the spot."

If, then, through the right use of the special maps, we know the exact location of the particular spot where we stand and know exactly the direction in which we look and the distance to which we can see, we may certainly have a distinct sense or experience of being there in person.

That we do actually gain that experience is practically proven by the fact that, ever afterwards, when one of the scenes thus known is called to mind, we go back in memory to the place itself—not at all to the room in America or in England where we had used the maps, stereoscope, and stereographs.

Of course, the "travel experiences" which are made possible by such use of maps, stereoscope and stereographs have limitations as compared with those of an actual journey. One has no sense of muscular exertion in moving about; the air he breathes is unchanged; the people he sees do not speak; the element of color is only suggested—not made visible—in the landscape. The feeling of "being there" may last only a few moments at a time. One's feelings may not be quite so keen as they would be if he stood bodily in the distant land. Nevertheless, this sort of "travel experience" is, so far as it goes, absolutely genuine, differing not in kind but only in degree from that of the actual tourist.

James Henry Breasted, Professor of Egyptology and Oriental History in the University of Chicago,

says in the preface to his volume on *Egypt Through the Stereoscope:*

> "It was with peculiar satisfaction that I made the acquaintance of your system of 'stay-at-home travel' among the people of the East. By its use an acquaintance can be gained, here at home, with the wonders of the Nile Valley, which is quite comparable with that obtained by traveling there. In my judgment, there is no other existent means by which this result can be accomplished. The map system, simple, ingenious and pedagogically sound, first furnishes a clear idea of locality in every case, and with this in mind your superb stereograph furnishes the traveler, while sitting in his own room, a vivid prospect as through an open window, looking out upon scene after scene, from one hundred carefully selected points of view along the Nile. . . . The joys of travel are thus extended to that large class of people who thirst for an acquaintance with the distant lands of other ages, but are prevented by the expense involved or by the responsibilities of home, business or profession. To all such I most heartily commend your tours through foreign lands of the ancient world, and I can confidently assure them in these tours they will find a source of untold pleasure and instruction, immensely widening the horizon of daily life, and more truly making the user a 'citizen of the world' than he can ever hope to be without actually visiting these distant lands."

Instructions

1. Experiment with the sliding rack which holds the stereograph until you find the distance which best suits the focus of your own eyes. This distance varies greatly with different people.
2. Have a strong, steady light on the stereograph. Take care that the face of it is not in shadow. It is a good plan to sit with the back toward the window or lamp, letting the light fall over one shoulder directly on the face of the stereograph.
3. Hold the stereograph with the hood close against the forehead and temples, shutting off entirely all immediate surroundings. The less you are conscious of things close about you, the more strong will be your feeling of actual presence in the scenes you are studying.
4. Think definitely, while you have your face in the hood, just where your position is, as learned from the maps and explanatory text. Recall your surroundings to mind—i. e., think what is behind you; what lies off at the right; at the left. You will find yourself richly repaid for the effort by the fuller "real"-ness of each outlook.
5. Do not hurry. Take plenty of time to see what is before you. Notice all the little details—or, rather, notice as many as you can each time; you will be surprised to find, the next time you look at the same place, how many things you had failed to notice at first.

SEEING NORWAY

Out of Norway in old times came vigorous, fearless, powerful men, whose virile energy helped shape the civilization of Europe and America. Out of Norway at this present time flows a steady stream of the best type of emigrants—men and women with the strength of the rock-ribbed hills in their bodies and the light of intelligent ambition in their eyes. What we are to do is to see for ourselves the country that gave them birth, the Land of the Vikings, in its magnificent beauty, and we are to study for ourselves the everyday life of the men and women who remain in Norway and have made it what it is to-day.

The present tour, like nearly all Norwegian tours made by foreigners, intentionally gives special emphasis to such aspects of nature and life as are least like the nature and life of America and England, because contrast makes a traveler's impressions most vivid. He is far more interested in the novel than in the familiar. And yet, he would get a wofully incomplete, one-sided notion of Norway if he failed to understand that the country includes (especially along the southern coast and up in the long eastern valleys) many good farms conducted according to up-to-date methods, and busy factory towns, where precisely the same social and industrial movements that shape the life of English-speaking communities are being successfully worked out in a Norse environment. But a traveler in a foreign land does not usually care to look at things which he might see any day at home, particularly if those familiar things

are commonplace to the eye. He has a right to choose the path of the picturesque, so long as his delight in natural beauty and in primitive quaintness does not betray him into taking an unjustifiable attitude of patronage toward the nation he half understands.

The chapters appended to this Journey (pages 242-359), are intended to suggest, though briefly, certain aspects of Norse life that are touched either incompletely or not at all in the course of the journey itself.

Map 2 shows by means of a long, irregular red line the general course of our proposed route. It begins at Christiania in the southeastern part of the kingdom, makes a detour to Frederikshald on the southeastern frontier, then proceeds westward to Telemarken, where a red oblong set off on the map indicates that a special enlarged map of the district has been prepared for local reference. Districts around Hardangerfjord, Sognefjord and Nordfjord are to be visited with the help of local maps; then the red route line continues along the irregular coast to Aalesund, reaches up into Romsdal, and touches Trondhjem. The far-northern sights of our tour are indicated on Map 1 about the Lofoten Islands, Tromsö, Hammerfest and the North Cape, our last outlook being from a bay off Spitzbergen, straight toward the Pole.

Now to begin our sight-seeing.

The official center of the realm is at the same time the actual center of industrial and commercial activity; it is, moreover, the first large town which a traveler reaches when visiting Norway by the most frequented routes. Our opening sight of the land is therefore to

Position 1. Map 2.

be an outlook over the capital city, Christiania. Before taking our position, however, let us have in mind exactly where we are to stand. Open Map 1 and find Christiania in the southeastern part of the kingdom. Notice that it is much farther north than Great Britain—indeed in nearly the same latitude as southern Greenland, the Shetland Islands, St. Petersburg and northern Kamschatka. Observe also how the North Sea lies between Norway, Denmark, the Netherlands and Great Britain. The distance across from London or Newcastle to Christiania is nowadays covered by a steamship in sixty hours; in old times, when the sole dependence was on sails and oars, the separation was practically much greater.

Turn again to Map 2, showing southern Norway only. Here we have a good chance to observe the extraordinary fashion in which the Norwegian seacoast is rent by great, ragged fjords and fringed with innumerable fragments in the form of islands. Notice that Christiania Fjord reaches up into the land quite near the Swedish frontier. It is a voyage of seventy miles or more that a steamship has to make, after entering the fjord, before it lands its passengers at one of the Christiania quays. Our first sight of the land and the sky will be from a high hill just east of the city proper.

The red oblong drawn around the city indicates again that we shall find that portion of our map given separately, on a still larger scale. Let us turn to Map 3 in order to know more definitely the "lay of the land." The spot where we are to stand is marked near the lower right corner of the city map with a figure 1 in red. Those two red lines diverging from the encircled 1 mean that we are to look in the direction in which they extend, i. e., toward the north-

Position 1. Maps 1, 2, 3.

west. We are to see the district which is included between them. Let us ascertain what the map promises:

Position—On the Ekeberg, a hill southeast of the town, across the harbor. *Direction*—Northwest. *Surroundings*—Wooded hills. *Outlook*—The harbor waters must be just below the hill, then a portion of the town, then another part of the harbor and a hilly peninsula beyond. The extension of the red lines into the margin of the map means that we are to see even farther than the map shows. Notice that they include a large building (the palace) on a hill in the middle of the town; it is close to one of the diverging lines—that means it will be seen very near the extreme right-hand limits of our field of vision.

Now we are ready to take

Position I. Christiania and her busy harbor northwest from the Ekeberg, Royal Palace at right

Here we are on the hillside, looking northwest. The Swedish frontier is forty miles distant behind us. How steeply the ground slopes away beneath those pine trees, down toward the harbor-side! It is all exactly as the map led us to expect. This is near the head of the fjord; we know those waters reach off toward the south (left) to open into the Skagerrak. There is the town beyond. The royal palace, surrounded by its park shows near the extreme northern (right-hand) limits of our view; those dark masses of trees at the south of the building are in the park. The district between the palace and the harbor is, as we might infer, devoted largely to business—we shall presently go down into that part of Christiania to see the chief shopping district and the largest market (Positions 3-6). We shall also visit a pier over at the

Position 1. Map 3.

farther side of the harbor to watch the departure of an ocean steamship with her out-going passengers (Position 2).

Do you wonder that there should be so many trees in that district straight ahead of us, beyond the harbor? The map shows a big parade-ground over there with trees around it and a grove adjoining it at the south. Athletic contests are sometimes held there, calling together thousands of spectators. Do you see just at the right of a projecting branch of this nearest pine tree a big stone building, with bright sunshine gleaming on its southern wall and a pointed tower showing beyond the ridge of its roof? That is Akershus, a famous old fortress, which successfully withstood four different sieges by Swedish and Danish enemies in years long ago. The celebrated Charles XII of Sweden in 1716 led the last attack on the fortress. At the present time it is used only as an arsenal and a prison—the modern defences of the town are located farther down the fjord, i. e., off at our left.

The districts beyond (northwest of) Akershus are chiefly given to residence streets; nearly a quarter of a million people have homes here, and other residence districts cover a large area at the north and northeast (right).

Look away over on that distant hill at the left, just below the uppermost of the pine branches before us, and you will see the white walls of Oscarshal, a royal villa west of the town. We shall by and by go over there (Position 12) and look back over the town.

If we could stay on this spot and watch the changing skies through a day in late June, we should find the sun setting after 9 P. M. beyond those hills at the extreme right, and it sinks so little below the horizon that up here on this height we could easily read at

midnight. It rises again in the northeast between 2 and 3 A. M., giving a day of nineteen hours. On the other hand, mid-winter brings a day of only about five hours—the consequence of the high latitude.

In Ballou's volume of travels called *Due North* the author speaks of standing on this very spot where we are now:

> "While enjoying a birdseye view of Christiania from the heights of Ekeberg, a well-wooded hill four hundred feet in height, in the southern suburb, it was difficult to believe oneself in the . . . precise latitude of the Shetland Islands. A drowsy hum like the drone of bees seemed to float up from the busy city below. The beautiful fjord with its graceful promontories, its picturesque and leafy isles, might be Lake Maggiore or Como, so placid and calm is its pale blue surface."

If we are ready to begin seeing the people and the place at closer range, let us consult Map 3 once more to get our bearings accurately. Our second position is marked in red in the same manner as our first, with lines diverging from our standpoint near the head of the harbor to show in what direction we are to look and how far we are to see.

Position 2. Leaving old home and friends—Waving good-bye to emigrants starting for America

Direction—South. *Surroundings*—The city streets reach off behind us and at our right.

We catch just a glimpse of one of the business streets through the shed at our right.

After that outgoing vessel gets fairly out into the channel she will turn a little more toward the southwest (right), and go all the afternoon steaming down among the capes and islands of the fjord. In forty-

Position 2. Map 3.

eight hours she will reach the English port of Hull and transfer passengers to an Atlantic liner for New York. It would take fifty-four hours to reach Hamburg, sixty to either Amsterdam or London, eighty to Antwerp. For three months in the year the harbor waters here are frozen, though, curiously enough, some of the west coast harbors, hundreds of miles farther north, are kept open all the year round by the near flowing of warm ocean currents.

More than 25,000 Norwegians have emigrated in a single year, nearly all bound for the western United States—some for the western provinces of Canada. The beginning of this great American emigration was made in 1825, when a party of neighbors sailed from Stavanger and settled in New York State. A few of the voyagers we see now may return to the old home after accumulating modest fortunes; some will come back after a number of years just to revisit temporarily the scenes of their childhood; but most of them will never see these Norwegian hills again except in their dreams. They will, however, remember generously the relatives left behind—post-office statistics show a million dollars coming back here in a single year from those who have gone to the other side of the world.*

The famous story of *The Pilot and His Wife,* by the popular Norwegian author, Jonas Lie, locates the home of the young people at Arendal, farther southwest, down on the Skagerrak. It is a story well worth reading and can be found in English translation. Probably a large proportion of these people on the pier know the story in the original version.

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* Notes in regard to occupations and incomes here at home will be found on page 311.

Now to see something of the town itself. Consult the map once more; see where it locates our third standpoint in the eastern part of the town not very far from the head of the harbor, and what it tells about our proposed view; the branching red lines reach eastward across an open square and some distance beyond.

Position 3. The great market around statue of Christian IV—East to Church of Our Saviour

Direction—We look a little south of east. *Surroundings*—The pier where we saw the ocean-liner is ahead of us and off at our right, but not in sight; city streets surround us on all sides. The palace, on its hill, is away off behind us.

For over two hundred years the townsfolk have gathered here for the church service on Sundays and for trading on certain week-days. Twice a week at present these stalls are occupied. There are excellent farms and market gardens in the city suburbs, from which these vendors have brought in vegetables, poultry and eggs, butter and cheese—the usual variety of food-stuff supplies. Those big glass cases are for flowers—the townspeople buy a good many. Prices are low here, for incomes are much smaller than in the United States. Farmers like these may perhaps handle not more than $300 to $400 in a year, but they get a good living, subscribe to Christiania newspapers and bring up their children well. Even here in the capital city few householders are actually rich. A city family with an income of 10,000 kroner—(i. e., $2,700) is considered distinctly well off. Twenty or twenty-five thousand heads of families here in town are factory employés, earning small wages in the wood-pulp industry, in saw mills, breweries, woolen mills and match factories. The average housekeeper

Position 3. Map 3.

who comes here a-marketing needs to be a shrewd buyer, in order to make her funds provide family necessities.

Over beyond the church and the house-roofs we can see a range of hills among which some of these very farmers live. The Ekeberg, from which we got our first sight of the town, is a little too far southward (right) for us to see from here now. The country beyond is just a succession of hills, valleys and lakes, more hills and more valleys and more lakes, extending to the frontier of Sweden (some thirty miles away straight ahead), and indeed for miles and miles beyond in Sweden. It was when invaders came over here from Sweden in 1567, to capture the old town of King Harold Hard-ruler, that the people with a sort of heroic insolence set their own homes afire and deliberately destroyed the whole town! That happened not exactly where we are now; the older town, Oslo, was a bit farther east on the other side of a small river. It was rebuilt and then, by accident, burned again in 1624, after which King Christian IV gave the place its third start on this ground where we are now. It is the monarch's statue that we see in the middle of the square among the market-stalls. The city itself still bears his name.

Worship in that big church is according to Lutheran Protestant forms.* This particular building was erected after the Reformation and so was never a center of the older Catholic faith.

That restaurant on the north side of the square is a popular resort, the dishes served being practically about the same as in a middle-class restaurant in Germany or Denmark. Beer is the most popular beverage

* See page 293 for information about the State Church and the religious training of pastor and people.

—there are in fact some good breweries here at Christiania. The apothecaries' signs on those two buildings may remind us that the most celebrated of modern Norwegians was once a clerk in just such a shop down in one of the southern provinces. . Indeed, when Henrik Ibsen first came to Christiania it was with the idea of studying medicine. Many a time since those youthful days Ibsen walked about in this very square. We shall presently visit his home up near the royal palace (Position 10).

But now let us visit that old church itself for a unique view of the market-crowd. Refer again to the same part of the map and notice how the lines indicate that we are to look back across the same square.

Position 4. Christiania's largest market

Direction—We are looking obliquely downward from the church steeple, so it will be found most effective to hold the stereoscope at such an angle that we look obliquely *down* on the face of the stereograph. *Surroundings*—Streets and house-roofs.

Now we find the statue of King Christian faces us. That building on the farther side of the square, at the left, is one from whose window we have just been looking. The crowd below is not the same one that we saw before, though probably many individuals are the same.

If we let our eyes rest first on one of these busy people, then on another and another, we shall find the effect is almost as if they themselves were shifting their positions and moving about while we watch from overhead!

Position 4. Map 3.

The money that is changing hands there around King Christian's pedestal consists mostly of silver and copper or bronze coins—*kroner* (crowns) worth twenty-seven cents each and *öre* which are hundredth parts of a *krone*.

This is the largest market in all Norway, for Christiania is the country's one really big urban center. There are here over 227,000 people, and a large volume of business is transacted. Taking the country as a whole, 30 per cent. of the people get their living as these farming folk do, out of the soil, though many thousands raise crops only sufficient for their own households.

It is a very democratic people we find here. Though popular feeling is in favor of a monarchical rather than a republican government, these citizens are keenly conscious of their political rights. In 1814 a free constitution was adopted, and in 1821 nobility was abolished. All the men of twenty-five and upward are qualified voters, choosing representatives to Parliament—indeed some of the members of Parliament are themselves prosperous farmers, with a well-earned reputation for shrewd judgment and practical business sense, as well as enthusiastic patriotism. Two farmers of distinguished ability have recently (1906) become members of King Haakon's cabinet.

The principal business street, where the best shops are located, is only a few minutes' walk from here at the south (left). Let us go over there for a sight of the fine, substantial buildings and the city people as they come and go. Consult the map and see where we are next to stand—at the spot marked 5, part way up that main thoroughfare which leads from the railway to the palace.

Position 4. Map 3.

Position 5. Karl Johan Street, west-northwest to the Royal Palace

Direction—West-northwest up the street. *Surroundings*—Shops and office buildings, the best in town.

This street reaches off behind us down beyond the market square which we have just visited. Notice the trolley cars and the tall electric light poles—Christiania keeps well up with the times in all these modern improvements. The best equipped and most fashionable shops are mostly on this street and all the most important people in town use this thoroughfare. That farther building at the south (left) side of the street is the Parliament House; the University is not in sight, but its buildings are only a short distance ahead and at our right (northwest) beyond those business-blocks with the awnings. That stately, pillared portico in the distance, which gives the street-vista its dignified climax, is the entrance to King Haakon's palace.

The name of this fine thoroughfare is in itself a reminder of the period (1814-1905) when Norway owed allegiance to sovereigns of the Bernadotte line. H. M. Karl Johan (Karl XIV), for whom it was named, was the first sovereign of that dynasty, king of both Norway and Sweden.*

If you were to enter the shop of one of the booksellers in this neighborhood, you would find on the shelves not only the works of Norwegian and Danish authors (the written language of Norway and that of Denmark are almost the same, though pronunciation and local idioms vary), but also a great many books by German, French, British and American

* See the chapter on Norwegian history, page 256.

writers. Well educated people here know Shakespeare, Goethe and Schiller as well as if they were Germans or Britons; many read them in the original, others in translation. Foreign novelists and contemporary writers on political and social problems are popular. The humor of Mark Twain appeals strongly to the Norse people; he has a great many readers here.

The post-office is only five or six minutes' walk from here on a street corner near the market. It is a busy place, for the clerks handle not only the city mail but a great deal which is distributed for forwarding to all parts of the kingdom. The domestic letter rate is 10 öre (about 2¾ cents) for a half-ounce, and even at this rather high figure the volume of correspondence has doubled in ten years' time.

Another interesting and even more beautiful outlook over this central part of the town can be had if we go down a short distance nearer the harbor at our left (south). Be sure to consult the map again for the sixth outlook, very near the one last taken. Observe that the red lines include part of the same ground as before.

Position 6. Norway's fine capital city

Direction—Northwest across Parliament Street which runs parallel with Karl Johan Street. *Surroundings*—Business streets.

From Karl Johan Street we had a glimpse of the northern wall of the Parliament Building at our left. Now we are at its southern side, so we find it on our right. Many an exciting session have the people's representatives held within those substantial walls. It was there in 1905 they cast the decisive vote that

separated Norway from Sweden, thus establishing absolute national independence.* A gallery open to the public admits visitors to hear debates. The structure at the left, beyond this little, grassy square, belongs to the Order of Free Masons. Those embowering trees straight ahead are in Eidsvold Square; band concerts are given in summer-time in a public garden adjoining that one. The building with the large dome is a fine theatre; beyond that, of course we recognize the huge, oblong mass of the palace.

In winter the snow is often two or three feet deep in the parks, and the street traffic is on runners instead of wheels, jingling sleigh-bells sounding everywhere just as in the northern United States. Tweedie's *Winter Jaunt to Norway* gives a glowing account of the pleasures of a winter visit here a few years ago—of sleigh-rides and winter sports and all sorts of pleasant festivities.

The National University, Library and Museum are only a short distance from here ahead of us and off at the right, beyond the Parliament Building and the adjacent tree-covered square.

In a small building close by the University there is a most interesting relic of the old heroic age of Norwegian history—an inheritance from the times of the storied Vikings. Our map locates the spot at 7, but gives no radiating red lines, because our outlook is to be limited to only a few feet.

Position 7. Old Viking ship, explorer of northern seas and burial boat of a Norse chief

It seems a pity that this precious vestige of old times should be stored in this easily inflammable

* See page 264.

wooden building, but its huge dimensions (103 feet long) make it impracticable to put it in the Museum proper. It was in 1880 that the battered and worn old hulk was dug out of a mound of clay, ninety miles away down the coast near Sandefjord. Evidently some Norse chieftain had been buried with his vessel centuries ago (that tent-shaped erection amidships was his mortuary chamber); at some intermediate period the unique tomb was opened and rifled of its chief valuables. Enough, however, remained to show that it must have been devoted to the memory of some prominent personage—perhaps one of the grim old Vikings who had led the famous expeditions to the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland, or northern France—who knows? possibly even across the Atlantic to the "Vinland" of the Western continent! These planks composing the clinker-built hull are of oak, not sawed, but carefully split and then trimmed with an axe. They were fastened with iron nails; there are sixteen rowlocks, but there seems to be no trace of benches for the rowers. The rudder was affixed to one side—what sailors to-day call the "starboard" (steer-board) side. It originally had one mast, and when in action the gunwales were "armored" with overlapping shields of wood with metal decorations. When it was dug out of the clay, its discoverers found with it pieces of yellow and red cloth, some metal and wooden utensils, an axe, and a plank that may have been used as a gang-plank.

Old Norse Sagas (stories) of a thousand years ago describe boats of the same sort as this. Egil's Saga, for instance, which depicts life in the tenth century, tells how

> "Thorolf had a large, seagoing ship; in every way it was most carefully built, and painted

> nearly all over above the water-line. It had a sail with blue and red stripes, and all the rigging was very elaborate. This he made ready, and ordered his men-servants to go with it; he had put on board dried fish, skins, tallow, grey fur and other furs which he had from the mountains," etc., etc.

Boats like this were calked with the hair of cows and goats. Tradition says that when they were launched human sacrifices were a part of the ceremony. However that may be, there is no doubt but this very boat before us now saw many an exciting adventure in its day, striking terror to the hearts of coast-dwellers in faraway lands, when it came in sight with its marauding crew. It was in a vessel at least of this same type that Rolf sailed to northern France and up the Seine, on that momentous voyage of his which led to the Norman settlement and influence in western Europe, and so to the Norman conquest of England. Carlyle says:

> "No Homer sang these Norse sea-kings, but Agamemnon's was a small audacity, and of small fruit in the world, to some of them—to Hrolf's of Normandy, for instance! Hrolf, or Rollo, Duke of Normandy, the wild sea-king, has a share in governing England at this hour!"

A great deal of information about Norse life in the old times when this boat was new, was collected a generation ago and published in Du Chaillu's work called *The Viking Age*. It is well worth study by any one having access to the volumes.

Now what we are to do next is to visit the palace of Norway's present king, first seeing it from the park approach. The map sets down a figure 8 where we are to stand near the upper end of Karl Johan Street.

Position 7. Map 3.

Position 8. The Royal Palace

Direction—Northwest. *Surroundings*—The grassy, tree-shaded grounds, with residence and business districts of the city reaching off behind us. The building where we saw the old ship is now off at our right (north). Nearer us, at the right, just opposite those broad steps, Karl Johan Street begins, leading down toward the harbor in our rear. You remember how we looked up that street from Position 5, seeing the palace at the end of the vista.

That statue on the terrace represents King Karl Johan himself, in whose time the palace was built. Nov. 25, 1905, H. M. King Haakon VII was escorted through the town to take possession of this royal home. It was from that balcony in the portico that he addressed the people gathered here to welcome him and Queen Maud.*

These children find the park an attractive playground and enjoy it freely. They are all enrolled in good public schools, open to everybody in town, and their lessons cover about the same range as those in a good American public school of the same grade.* Needy children have books furnished without charge, but most parents prefer to furnish such supplies. Their favorite story-books include many that American and English children know by heart—Hans Christian Andersen's charming tales were written in Danish, which they understand; Grimm's immortal fairy tales have been translated for them from the German; they have besides a great many stories of their own, written by Norwegians. Probably every

* See page 265 for an account of how His Majesty came to be Norway's sovereign.

* See page 289 for particulars about the school system.

one of these little folks here now has heard Asbjörnsen's funny account of *The Goat That Wouldn't Go Home to Supper;* maybe they have all shivered with terror in their beds at night, remembering Lie's tale about the bad boy who threw things at a Goblin and how afterwards a Big Hand reached in at the door and clutched him to carry him off! Norwegian stories are full of action.

It is not difficult to obtain admission to the palace. Let us get an idea of the impressive interior.

Position 9. The great ball room at the Palace

This has for several generations been the traditional place for royal receptions, and now that the young King and Queen have come to Christiania, these fine old crystal chandeliers will light up many an interesting assemblage of citizens and guests. The well-known democratic simplicity of Norwegian taste keeps the display on a scale more modest than that of other European capitals, where much is made of title and family, but Norway has brains and beauty, and sufficient wealth to keep up her dignity whenever occasion demands it.

The language chiefly spoken here would, of course, be the tongue common to Norway and Denmark, but German, French, English, and perhaps half a dozen others might very likely be heard at any gathering of special size and distinction. Many Christiania people are fine linguists, speaking several languages besides their mother tongue.

The Norwegian whose work did most in his time to extend a knowledge of Norwegian literature through the reading and theatre-going world was

Position 9. Map 3.

without doubt Henrik Ibsen, though his lifelong friend, Björnstjerne Björnson, has worthily earned fame almost as great. We have the privilege (very unusual during the great man's latter days) of being admitted to his home on a street near the palace, only a short time before his death. See the map for precise location.

Position 10. Henrik Ibsen, the dramatic poet, in his home at Christiania

The best strength of the physical frame is gone, for age and illness have wrought havoc there; but that lion-like head bears magnificent testimony to the clear mental vision, the superb audacity and the artistic master-strength that have made its owner's name celebrated all around the world.*

Ibsen died May 23, 1906. In order to show the nation's appreciation of his genius, Parliament voted that his burial should be conducted by state officials at the expense of the government.

In a pretty peninsular suburb of the town there is a particularly quaint, picturesque old building that every visitor to Christiania takes pains to see. Let us not omit from our own tour that relic of romantic days. Our map does not extend quite far enough westward to show the exact spot, but it is not far from 12 near the left-hand margin.

Position 11. The old Church of Gol, a quaint twelfth century church reconstructed in the royal park at Oscarshal

Direction—Somewhat south of east. *Surroundings*—Paths, shrubbery and scattered buildings in the park.

* See page 338 for notes in regard to Ibsen's writings.

When Bayard Taylor, the author of *Northern Travel,* came to Norway fifty years ago, this curious timber church was in its original place, two days' journey from here, up in the Hallingdal. He mentioned it as standing there. It was only a few years ago (1875) that the building was carefully taken down, brought over here to Christiania and put together again as we see it now, to remain a perpetual reminder for city folks of the picturesque old fashions of their sturdy forefathers.

The bewildering multiplicity of those shingled roofs looks at the first glance as if the plan of the old twelfth century builders must have been intricate, but it was really quite simple. The lowermost roof covers a sort of arcade or piazza extending around the body of the building, but not connecting with the church interior except by way of that front door. The actual interior is only a small oblong space—it could never have afforded room for more than fifty worshippers at once. The altar occupies the chancel, which we see extending at the left (east) end. Of course that window in the gable is a modern addition—no such window glass was used in Norway in the days of Sigurd the Crusader—when the structure was probably built. In old times the interior must have been a place both dark and chilly for saying one's prayers. Without any doubt many a spiritual tragedy was wrestled with under that queer, dragon-decorated roof—the Hallingdal people in old times were famous, even in rough-and-ready Norway, for the imperiousness of their tempers and the ferocity of their feuds. It is said that wives attending neighborhood feasts and merrymakings in mediæval times used dutifully to carry with them their husbands' shrouds, so easily possible it was that a feast might end in a funeral.

Position 11. Map 3.

When this church was first built, the Christian religion had been established in Norway less than two hundred years. The picturesque old pagan faith of earlier times had a strong hold on the people and they gave it up with reluctance. It would not be strange if more than once a worshipper, lingering in that covered piazza after service for shelter from a summer thunder shower, wondered whether, after all, it might not be the noise of Thor's hammer that made the thunders roll up and down the valley!*

The change from Catholic to Lutheran Protestant Christianity was made in the sixteenth century, in the time of King Christian III.

Evergreen trees like these that shade the grass around us are quite typical of Norway. The country is well stocked with deciduous trees too, but pine, spruce, larch and hemlock of many species are most characteristically abundant, as we might expect when we remember the latitude of the kingdom. At the present time nearly one-fourth of the entire area of the country is forest-covered.

Only a few minutes' walk from here, within this same park, is a summer villa built fifty years ago for King Oscar I and called in his honor Oscarshal. Now for many years it has been open to the public, and the view obtainable from its tower makes it a favorite objective point for townspeople and tourists. The map marks with a red 12 the spot where we are to stand. Notice what the diverging lines tell about the reach of our outlook—it is evidently to be out across the harbor and over part of the city.

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* See the chapter on Religion, page 293, for some details in regard to the earlier faith.

Position 11. Map 3.

Position 12. The Oscarshal royal gardens and Christiania from the chateau

Direction—A little north of east. *Surroundings*—The park where the old Church of Gol and other buildings are scattered about among the trees.

The tower on which we stand is not in itself very tall, but, perched on this hill, it places us at an impressive height above those harbor waters. The most popular way of approach from town is by boat, from that landing just opposite across to the white-towered gate-house down at the end of the winding path. Those who prefer to ride or walk take a road a little farther to the north (left) than we can see at this moment.

The district that we see straight ahead across the harbor contains some of the best residences in town. At the extreme right we see the rear of the royal palace, easily recognizable with its long, level roof—Karl Johan Street, the Parliament House and the business districts are, of course, still farther toward the east (right). Up among the suburban hills at the left is the favorite place for sledge-coasting and ski-jumping in winter. Tweedie's *Winter Jaunt in Norway* tells all about the fun and excitement of Christiania's midwinter athletic contests.

Between thirty and forty miles from here, straight ahead beyond those hills, lies the frontier of Sweden, whose territory stretches between us and the Baltic.

It will be interesting, as we go farther west and north, to see how the character of Norway changes, becoming more and more elevated, broken and magnificent in point of scenic effect. Though we find hills here pleasantly diversifying the landscape, this southern district is low and level in comparison with

the ragged highlands of the Atlantic coast which we are presently to visit.*

Several times during the past four centuries Norway has had difficulties with her Swedish neighbors over the border. About eighty miles southeast of Christiania is a place we ought to see, so celebrated is it in history, song and story.

Turn now from the map of Christiania back to Map 2, which shows all southern Norway. Our thirteenth position is marked on the map at Frederikshald, southeast of the capital, close by the Swedish frontier.

Position 13. The old fortress of Frederikssten at Frederikshald

Direction—Southeast. *Surroundings*—The larger part of the town is now behind us. Christiania is also behind us, more than eighty miles away.

The river here at our feet is flowing westerly (right) to join the Idefjord, an arm of the Skagerrak, below the town. It has come down through one of the best timber regions in all Europe and the port here at its mouth is a town of nearly twelve thousand people, carrying on a profitable shipping business.

That is the famous old fortress we have come to see, up on the crest of the rock, like a Grecian "acropolis."

The town here at the entrance of the river valley has for hundreds of years been an important strategical point, for it guards the national frontier. Swedish territory begins at a tributary of this river close by at the south (right), though the boundary line is

*See pages 271 for notes about the unique character of Norway as to the "lay of the land"

very crooked, and, when one is going nowadays over to Göteborg by rail, the route runs in such a way as to enter Sweden for the first time almost twenty miles farther away at Kornsö. In 1658-60, when Norway and Sweden were at war, the people living here made a specially gallant stand against invading Swedes, and King Frederik II, realizing then how strong the place might be made, had that fortress built in anticipation of future trouble. He called it Frederikssten. The town had previously been called simply "Halden," but the king changed its name to Frederikshald.

In 1716 came another military crisis. Charles XII of Sweden, the great warrior-genius who had made a record of dazzling brilliancy in one European war after another, came over here to take this Norwegian fortress, but was held off by the valor of a handful of Norse soldiers and townspeople, who applied the torch to their homes. It was a plain civilian named Colbjörnsen to whom tradition gives special credit for the defence, but the king's final defeat at this time was caused by the complete annihilation of his fleet by the doughty naval hero Tordenskjold.

And even that was not all. In 1718 Swedish Charles XII came over here a second time and laid siege to this same fort, determined not to be foiled by defenses comparatively so insignificant; but he lost his life in one of the trenches of the besieging army, whereupon the Swedes in dismay raised the siege, retiring to their own territory by a dismal midwinter march over the Scandinavian hills. One of the most celebrated modern paintings now in the Swedish National Museum at Stockholm, is a canvas by Baron Cederström representing the sad return of the Swedes bearing the dead body of their great leader.

Position 13. Map 2.

It was to this place that the English Samuel Johnson made allusion in his often-quoted lines on the end of Charles XII:—

"His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress and a dubious hand;
He left a name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale."

Tourists visiting Norway always find the west-coast districts especially attractive in point of picturesque scenery. The most interesting way to reach the Atlantic fjords is by going across-country from Christiania.

Consult Map 2 and notice that a short railway extends westward from the capital, a line only about sixty miles long. From its outer terminus at Kongsberg a different kind of transportation service has been arranged by government authority—we shall see the working of that supplementary service a little farther along in our journey. But first let us have a glimpse of Kongsberg itself. Turn to Map 4. Our proposed outlook is marked 14 on that map, near the right-hand margin.

Position 14. Village church and homes of Kongsberg beside the bridge-spanned rapids of the Laagen

Direction—Nearly north. *Surroundings*—A country highroad and adjacent fields.

Rivers are almost innumerable in Norway. This has a special interest as being one of the few whose energy is applied on any large scale to industrial purposes. The original sources of the stream lie away up among the Telemarken hills at the northwest. A dozen or twenty lakes and countless brooks have contributed their waters in the course of its devious hun-

dred-mile journey down between the hills to this point here, and it has yet sixty or seventy miles to run southward before it will reach the Skagerrak. At a point a few rods below here, on that opposite (west) bank, the government maintains a factory for the manufacture of small-arms—revolvers, rifles and that sort of thing. We have in view only part of the village at this moment; the houses are scattered over a considerable distance on the highways and cannot all be seen at once.

Many of the Kongsberg people are employed in certain old silver mines, three or four miles from here, owned and worked by the State. In many cases they stay at the mines through the week and come home for Sundays. Smelting works are conducted by the State and a mint established here stamps coin for common circulation throughout the kingdom. The railway journey from here down to Christiania takes less than an hour and a half (Christiania lies off at our right, i. e., the east, sixty miles away), so the problem of transporting either bullion, coin or firearms is very simple.

The life of a country lad like this one has been well described in stories by Norse writers. Björnson's *A Happy Boy* is interesting in this connection; so is Boyesen's *A Norse Boyhood.* The educational opportunities in a place like Kongsberg are about the same as those in an American country town, but ambitious youths who have the right stuff in them can work their way through higher schools and the University over in Christiania. It is easily possible that this bright-faced urchin may sometime be a member of Parliament, attending sessions in that substantial building we saw from Positions 5 and 6; on the other hand, he is likely enough to seek his fortune at the

Position 14. Map 4.

other side of the world, Norse fashion, and help build up the twentieth-century civilization of America.

Many tourists from other countries get their first impressions of Norwegian country hospitality at one of the pleasant inns at Kongsberg; let us visit one over on the other side of the river.

Position 15. Victoria Hotel, adorned with reindeer antlers

That door at the left leads to the office on the ground floor and the dining-room above. The host (whom we see standing in the middle of the yard), has his own apartments at the right; above them are public sitting-rooms and bedrooms for the guests.

Those handsome antlers are souvenirs of hunting excursions—or possibly, in some cases, the picturesque relics of some fine reindeer offered up at the call of hospitality in the form of juicy steak—reindeer meat is a popular dish at Norwegian inns. We ourselves shall presently have opportunities to see both the wild creatures, roaming free over the desolate heights of the Hardanger Vidda (Position 45) and some of the domesticated animals kept by Lapps farther north (Position 96). Deer proper are protected from sportsmen by stringent game-laws.

This house has guests in winter-time who come for the shooting and ski-running. Spender's *Two Winters in Norway,* for example, gives an interesting account of winter sports hereabouts, including an illustration showing this very inn-yard covered with snow. W. C. Slingsby's *Norway, the Mountain Playground,* tells of the author's interesting experiences up north of here, shooting reindeer. The ordinary tourist season is pretty strictly limited to midsummer, for westward beyond this point, as already stated, there are no rail-

ways. Everybody travels by means of carriages of one sort or another and post-horses. A carriage and pair, like this with which these tourists are about to depart, with the driver's services, costs about twenty cents a mile. The vehicles in much more common use are cheaper; they are *kariols* and *stolkjærres,* smaller two-wheeled affairs, requiring usually but one horse; we shall see a number of those along the route as we continue our own journey. Travelers sometimes engage at the beginning of a trip the necessary transportation for the entire route, but, if any long distance is to be covered, it is more customary, instead of continually pausing for resting a horse, to keep changing horses at licensed posting-stations ten or twelve miles apart. The roads, though mostly well kept, are hilly and hard; the Norwegian horses, though well-fed and willing, are usually light-weight, hardly more than ponies, and cannot be expected to keep going all day.*

Lykkelig Reise (a prosperous journey), wishes the hospitable host. Now we are to begin following one of the typical country highways through Telemarken.

Consult again Map 4 and find the next (sixteenth) point in our journey, a little west from Kongsberg. Notice that the map shows two lakes there. The red lines indicate that we are to see across both lakes and several miles beyond.

Position 16. Country girls in haying time—outlook over Bolkesjö and Folsjö to the Himingen Mountains

Direction—West-southwest. *Surroundings*—A green valley, all walled-in with rugged hills.

* See page 303 for further notes about the posting system.

(We have here so striking an instance of the difference between an ordinary "picture" and a stereograph that it is well worth noting. An examination of the card as held in the hand like a common photograph would naturally lead us to suppose that we stand on nearly the same level as the highway. We assume without doubt that the two lakes are practically on the same level. The stereoscope undeceives us in both matters.)

Up behind us on this bank is an inn ("Grand Hotel") well patronized by summer tourists. If one were to follow the highway to the left it would lead him back to Kongsberg and Christiania.

These girls have been at work in a field not far away. It is customary all through this part of the country for women to do a good share of the heavy out-of-door work; they think it no hardship—often, indeed, they prefer it to confinement at lighter tasks indoors. Their dress is the customary wear hereabouts—dark woolen skirts, white or light-colored blouses, bright red bodices, and aprons of heavy substantial stuff to save the petticoats below. Embroidered or lace-trimmed white aprons give such a toilet the smarter effect desired for Sundays and holidays.

That white-painted cottage is one honored many years ago by a visit from the German Crown Prince, who afterward became Kaiser Friedrich III (father of the present German Emperor). It is not now occupied, but is kept as a memorial of the royal lodger. The other buildings near by are storehouses belonging to farmers near by—places for keeping grain, vegetables, farming tools, in short, all sorts of accumulated supplies. That odd design, the upper story projecting out over the lower, is something seen over

and over again in Norway—the old, traditional type of such a building. We shall see still another design in closer detail when we move on to our next standpoint.

That curious difference in the lake levels is even greater than it looks from here. In order to go from the nearer pond down to the shore of the farther one we should have to descend three hundred feet, by a steep bank on the farther side of a narrow tree-covered ridge between them. There is good trout fishing in the farther lake. Two or three generations ago, when Du Chaillu came travelling through this region it was very little known to Americans and Europeans in general. In his work on *The Land of the Midnight Sun,* he told of a visit at a farm near where we are now, describing the place as

> " . . . nestled among fir-clad hills whose dark color contrasted with the green meadows and fields which they surrounded. The place was partly hemmed in by barren mountains on which were seen patches of snow.* Here two lakes, apparently overlapping each other, are noticed—the Bolke, of a triangular shape, 1,000 feet, and the Tol (Fol) 690 feet above sea level. Everywhere little streams trickled down the hillsides."

Horses may be rested or changed here at Bolkesjö. A short distance from where we looked over the lakes we can have a chance to see one of the typical light gigs such as are in use by thousands every summer. The spot where we are to stand is marked with a red 17. Notice that the red lines on the map reach off toward the higher interior of the country, one line reaching to Mount Gausta.

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* There is snow at this minute over on those farthest heights, as we can see by looking sharply.

Position 16. Map 4.

Position 17. Waiting for passengers on the road near Bolkesjö—peak of Mt. Gausta over height at left

Direction—A little north of west. *Surroundings*—Fields and hills and valleys, like those seen from our last position.

Here is the *stolkjærre* all ready for another section of the 'cross-country trip. The seat is wide enough for two people, differing thereby from a *kariol,* which carries but one. There are no springs and seldom any cushions. That leather apron reaching up over the seat is often a priceless protection from sudden showers and sharp winds; indeed there are places a little farther along our route where the tourist sometimes needs shelter from snowstorms in July! Baggage is lashed to that platform under and behind the seat, and the driver perches beside the baggage or upon it, skilfully guiding the horse from that apparently awkward position. Sometimes the *skydsgut* (post-boy) is a young girl, equally accustomed to driving. If the passenger prefers, he may handle the reins himself, but in that case he becomes responsible for accidents, so most tourists trust their fate to the skydsgut. Horse-language here, as well as human language, is different from that in English-speaking lands—the exhortation to speed is a curious sort of cluck or smack of the lips, very difficult to describe; instead of calling *whoa* the driver makes a kind of burring-purring noise with his lips—a signal promptly understood by the worker between the shafts. There are no leather traces as in an American harness. The shafts are fastened to the saddle. The horses are usually small, like this one, but surprisingly sure-footed and enduring.

A celebrated story by the Norwegian writer, Jonas Lie (translated under the title *Little Grey*), has for

its three chief characters, a Norse lad about the age of this one here, a sweet-faced country girl and a willing little beast of just this type. The horse was sold into hard hands, the lad went far away to seek his fortune, the blue-eyed girl stayed at home, working and waiting. It was a sad time they had, especially the poor pony, but all came out right in the end and the lovers, presumably, "lived happy ever after."

There is not much money for the farmer in this posting business. The fee of six or seven cents a mile for a pony cart of this sort (the boy receives some trifling gratuity besides) is seldom good compensation for the cost of keeping up the equipage, the labor of harnessing and unharnessing and the inconvenience of letting one's horses go off with tourists just when one wants them for some task on the farm. Householders may, however, be obliged to take a State license for posting service whether they desire it or not, in case they are located at a point where change of horses is necessary for travelers. A skyds station has also to be an inn, at least to the extent of keeping travelers over night when necessary and providing meals.*

This *stabbur* (storehouse) is set on posts, partly to avoid dampness and partly to discourage predatory rats and mice. The sheaves of grain fastened to the twin poles are, on the other hand, a graceful offering to the birds. Such hospitality to wild neighbors in feathers is a traditionally pretty custom of the country. People who do not practise it all winter are at least likely to put up a sheaf at Christmas time, making a gift to the birds a part of the holiday celebration of the household.

*See chapter on Transportation, page 301.

Position 17. Map 4.

The mountain whose summit barely peeps over that range at the left is an important local landmark, about twenty-five miles from here in a straight line. It is the highest peak in south-central Norway. We shall presently (Position 19) see the whole tremendous bulk of the mountain towering over the Maan valley.

In winter the snow is often breast high over this road and those adjoining fields, and the thermometer goes down below zero. On a still day that is not so bad as one might suppose, for the air is dry and bracing, and if one is well protected with furs and overshoes a brisk ride in a Norwegian sleigh means a pleasant adventure. When one sleigh meets another and somebody has to make way, the horses flounder bravely through the white drifts, frequently upsetting their passengers, but doing no serious harm. The local postman goes about in winter on *skis*—the Norwegian species of snow-shoes; a slender piece of wood six or eight feet long, curving upward at the ends, is strapped to each foot, somewhat like the exaggerated blade of a skate. Experts can travel ten miles an hour with that equipment.

Mrs. Tweedie's *Winter Jaunt in Norway* gives an entertaining account of a visit made in midwinter to this very place near the lakes. A part of the way up from Kongsberg her driver came along on the ice above the frozen river—the same stream that we have just seen rejoicing in summer freedom below the falls (Position 14).

The map sets down our next standpoint a few miles' (three hours') journey northwest of here, marking the spot 18. We shall find it near the southern end of a narrow lake.

Position 17. Map 4.

Position 18. When the lake steamer calls at Tinoset pier,—outlook across the rippling Tinsjö to the hills

Direction—Northeast. *Surroundings*—The handful of houses comprising the village of Tinoset.

The head of these rippling waters is twenty miles off at our left. This lake is just a long, narrow pocket between the hills, its outlet traveling fifty miles farther to reach the sea, away at our right, and on its way the same outlet takes in the waters of the two "overlapping" lakes that we saw at Bolkesjö (Position 16). There are no towns bordering the lake—indeed there are no towns in this part of Norway, but only tiny hamlets and scattered farms. At several places along the banks that little steamer calls during the summer for passengers and freight. Summer tourists, of course, increase the volume of local business.

The people we find here speak only Norwegian. The elderly woman in the roadway is wearing wooden shoes, but that sort of footwear is not common to-day among people of the younger generation. The cut of her gown is old-fashioned, too. In her home we may be sure the old-time house-crafts of spinning and weaving are still carried on as they were many years ago. At present factory-made cotton-cloth is sold cheaply by country shopkeepers and by itinerant peddlers, so that the need of home weaving is becoming less and less.

The home cooking of a country housewife like this is a simple matter—people hereabouts eat a good deal of *gröd* (porridge) and barley bread, salt pork and potatoes. *Römme gröd* is porridge made with boiled cream and barley. The bread this woman makes is almost never in big fat loaves, but in thin, flat sheets—a tough, grayish stuff, resembling paste-

Position 18. Map 4.

board, but, after all, tasting very good when one is sufficiently tired and hungry. The one table luxury that everybody expects to share is coffee. The cooking is done in kettles hung over open fires, on iron plates over hot coals, or in stone ovens heated directly with hot coals that have to be swept out before dough can take their place.

The sources of this lake are in one of the most beautiful parts of southern Norway; our next movement will be to explore a valley through which its most celebrated tributary descends. Consult Map 4. Our route continues up the lake, then turns off into a valley opening from the west bank. The figure 19 marks where we shall stand.

Position 19. Snowy, rock-ribbed heights of Mount Gausta, (6,180 feet) towering above quiet homes in the Maan Valley

Direction—Southwest. *Surroundings*—Small fields and steep hillside pastures of neighboring farmers.

This is the same mountain that we saw peering at us over intervening heights when we stood with the waiting post-boy at Position 17. That spot is now about twenty-five miles away at our left (east).

Distinct peaks like this broken cone of Gausta are the exception in Norway. Most of the so-called mountains which we shall see later are just broken parts of big, elevated table-lands. A good many tourists ascend Gausta during the summer. A guide is necessary, but the route is not dangerous as mountain climbing goes. It takes six hours or so to reach the top, and there one finds a tourist shelter with accommodations for a dozen people—many do like to spend the night and so be there in the morning, a mile up in the sky, ready for the glories of sunrise.

Life down here on these little farms is mostly a quiet round of home tasks, its chief variety made by going to church on pleasant Sundays. In winter the mountains on both sides of the valley postpone the sunrise and hasten the sunset, making a December day practically less than five hours long. Fortunately everybody in a country place like this can read, and books and papers help pass away the long evenings after work is done.

The furnishing of such farm houses is very simple —plain wooden benches and tables—stationary beds, somewhat shorter than English and Americans like, built into the side of the room, an open fire and a stone oven for cooking; perhaps an iron stove for burning wood.

The farmers here in Norway seldom build very large barns after the fashion of American country districts—they often put up a number of separate buildings of modest size, stable, granary, tool-house, workshop, and so on. The consequence is that a single prosperous *gaard* or farm estate may look to a stranger like a tiny hamlet. Nearly all the buildings are alike unpainted, "weathering" into pleasant homely browns and grays, but, of course, the dwelling houses can be distinguished as here by their chimneys. The two methods of roof finish that we see now indicate more prosperity and progressiveness than we shall find as we go farther up into the remoter country districts.

The well-sweep by whose means this man has just drawn up a bucket of water, is precisely like the one where hung the "old oaken bucket" of the familiar American song—the same crude but effective contrivance is found in many countries all over the world; it is practically the same device that the Egyptians

Position 19. Map 4.

have used from time immemorial to hoist water from the Nile into their rich and thirsty fields. But this bucket here is no cooper's product, no "iron-bound bucket" with oaken staves; it looks from here more like galvanized iron or else wood pulp without seams. Immense quantities of wood pulp are manufactured in Norway, indeed, that is one of the chief industries of the kingdom, but the greater part of the product goes to Continental paper mills.

Bayard Taylor's *Northern Travel* tells about the hospitality be found in one of these homes, years ago, when fatigued and hungry he "at last saw a star of promise, the light of Ole Torgersen's kitchen window."

When the river ice breaks up in spring and the snows are melting on all these heights, the little river down there in the valley naturally takes on twice its midsummer volume. At any time of year the stream is large enough to make a fine showing at any steep descent. About six miles farther up this valley there is a place where the river has had to leap over a tremendous precipice—a sight travelers make long pilgrimages to see. The spot is marked 20 on our map.

Position 20. Imposing beauty of spray-enshrouded Rjukan Fos, the "foaming fall," in its 800 foot leap

Direction—South southwest. *Surroundings*—Wild mountain heights, rocky and wooded.

See how the crash of the fall shatters the water into infinitesimal particles so light as to be blown hither and thither by the draught through the gorge! The cloud of spray looks almost like smoke—indeed that is the literal meaning of the name—Rjukan (reeking or smoking) Fos (fall).

Position 20. Map 4.

Does this seem a dizzy perch from which to overlook the roaring water? Yet it is secure and commonplace in comparison with the ground from which venturesome tourists used to view the same dramatic sight years ago, before that narrow shelf was blasted out of the mountain-side to make the present highway. Fifty and sixty years ago, when Bayard Taylor, and Du Chaillu and Madame Pfeiffer made their famous Scandinavian journeys, there was only a rough and perilous footpath to the spot, and a pilgrim assumed some exciting risks in making the excursion at all. Du Chaillu in his *Land of the Midnight Sun* records his wonder and admiration over this very sight before us now. Taylor's *Northern Travel* says of the author's visit here fifty years ago:

> "The path was impracticable for horses. We walked, climbed or scrambled along the side of the dizzy steep, where in many places a false step would have sent us to the brink of gulfs whose mysteries we had no desire to explore. . . . All at once patches of lurid gloom appeared through the openings of the birch thicket we were threading and we came abruptly upon the brink of the great chasm into which the river falls.
>
> "The river first comes in sight, a mass of boiling foam, shooting around the corner of a line of black cliffs which are rent for its passage—and then drops in a single fall into a hollow caldron of bare, black rock."

More than one innovation marks the place to-day. Beside that fine roadway with the guard-stones and iron rail protecting the edge of the narrow shelf, there runs a telegraph line. It is really amazing how those magic wires have spread over the wildest parts of Norway. From the small posting-stations of Telemarken to the fishing towns within the Arctic circle,

the telegraph and telephone are almost everywhere available, to help messages leap long intervals of weary riding up and down and over and around the endless hills.

Would you like to watch those turbulent, tumbling, roaring waters from a point nearer still? Our next outlook is to be from that cliff which now shows so dark just at the right of the descending waters.

Position 21. Terrific splendor of the mighty Rjukan Fos, where it begins its 800 foot drop

Direction—West. *Surroundings*—The road and the rocks on which we last stood are now behind us.

Year after year travelers come here from different parts of Europe and America and for every man the splendid majesty of the place has some special message. Goodman's *New Ground in Norway* has a vivid account of the impressions made on its author a few years ago.

This is the way Bayard Taylor told the world about it after he had been here:*

> "The water is already foaming as it leaps from the summit, and the successive waves, as they are whirled into the air, and feel the gusts which forever revolve around the abyss, drop into beaded fringes in falling and go fluttering down like scarfs of the richest lace. It is not water, but the spirit of water. The bottom is lost in a shifting, snowy film, . . . and around this vision of perfect loveliness rise the awful walls, wet with spray which never dries, and crossed by ledges of dazzling turf, from the gulf so far below our feet, until, still further above

* Extract from *Northern Travel* before quoted.

> our heads, they lift their irregular cornices against the sky.
>
> "I do not think I am extravagant when I say that the Riukan Fos is the most beautiful cataract in the world. . . . Not alone during that half hour of fading sunset, but day after day and night after night, the embroidered spray wreaths of the Riukan were falling before me."

Now turn and look across the gulf.

Position 22. Rainbow in the spray of Rjukan Fos, "the foaming fall," spanning the terrific mountain gorge

Direction—Northeast. *Surroundings*—The cliffs which we saw from Position 21.

Far, far down there below the bridge of the rainbow and the floating clouds of spray we can see the river just as Taylor saw it years ago, "shooting around the corner of a line of black cliffs," ready for the awful plunge into space. The mist which rises almost to our faces, catching the sunlight in its net and separating it into bands of color, is made up of the million-trillion particles into which the liquid mass is broken by its crashing fall on ragged rocks away down below our feet. A rainbow like this very often spans the awful gorge with its line of beauty.

It is easy to understand, in a spot like this, where Nature seems so powerful and man seems so small, how the Norse people in old times naturally came to think of the great forces all around them as big, live Powers with imperious wills and uncertain tempers. The Power that manifested itself in Wind and Storm they took to be the All Father, Odin. (To this very time we call the fourth day of our own week Odin's or Woden's Day!) The flying clouds were warrior

Position 22. Map 4.

maidens, Amazons hurrying on supernatural errands. Over such a bridge as this radiant curve before us, by way of Bifrost, the rainbow road, the high gods descended from Asagaard, their home, to the earth of human homes.*

Old-fashioned people in these country districts still have a more or less concealed belief in supernatural creatures haunting a lonely spot like this. Some of these creatures of superstition are small; there are, for instance, *nisser* (goblins), the size of a five-year old child, but with the figures and long beards of full-grown men. The trolls are, on the contrary, usually great, lumbering, awkward creatures with overgrown heads, amazingly strong, as befits a dweller on the vast mountains, but clumsy and rather stupid and generally bad tempered. A solitary journey over one of these heights here might open up exciting adventures with the Queer People, like those which befell Peer Gynt in Ibsen's famous drama. For that matter, if one left the main highway, the simple dangers of falling rocks and slippery steeps would be enough to satisfy an ordinary man's desire for strenuous traveling. They tell a sad story about a young man who had lived near here long ago and gone away to seek his fortune—after several years he came back to keep tryst with his waiting sweetheart, and as he was coming down by a short cut over the mountain-side he fell or else a rock avalanche overtook him; at all events the damsel waited and waited, but the lover never saw the long-anticipated wedding day.

After making this excursion to the falls, we may return to position 18—the boat landing at Tinoset,

* See pages 293-7 for notes on the ancient pagan faith developed hereabouts before the introduction of Christianity.

Position 22. Map 4.

where we saw the little steamer and the country neighbors. From Tinoset our proposed route takes us some twelve or fourteen miles southwest to a place which the map marks 23. At that point a few building make a little hamlet—not a large village; someway the country folk hereabouts do not often seem to care to have their houses near neighbors—it is the exact opposite of the custom of country people in England and Ireland.

Position 23. Many-gabled timber church with curious 12th century arcade and turrets. Hitterdal

Direction—We are looking nearly east. *Surroundings*—We are standing in the highway, with pleasant green fields about us. The parsonage is just across the road.

It seems at first thought strange that, in a rock-ribbed land like this, most of the buildings should be of wood. The fact is that though building stone could be easily quarried, the limestone necessary for mortar is rare (see, this stone wall is laid without any mortar), so it is easier to use timber from the omnipresent forests. These pine walls are dark and reddish, with pitch, which has been rubbed into the wood to preserve it from decay. The dry air of this province where we are now is favorable to planks and timbers, so, if an old farm-house or a country church like this escapes accidental destruction by fire it may stand for centuries. Against fire the people in such a neighborhood are, of course, helpless. There are no fire-engines outside the few large towns, and water-buckets are of little use in a serious emergency.

Comparatively recent repairs make this curious, unpainted structure looks almost modern, albeit strange

Position 23. Map 4.

in design. Those ugly patches of window glass are necessarily modern. Between seven and eight hundred years ago, when this church was built, only a century or so after the energetic missionary work of Saint Olaf, glass was little used in Norway; probably it was only a very "dim religious light" that entered by small unglazed openings in the wall to show the faithful where to kneel in prayer. But here the stay-at-home Norsemen of this region did gather for worship during the times of the Crusades, while some of their distant cousins, the descendants of Viking forefathers, were taking part in those great Holy Wars under the French banner of Philip Augustus and the English banner of Richard of the Lion Heart. (How the pious souls of that time would have marvelled if anybody could have foretold for their benefit the way in which messages now flash through the air here overhead, along those insulated wires!)

The plan of the quaint old timber church (a *stav-kirke* the Norwegians call it) is really more simple than at first appears. Imagine both of those two lower roofs taken away, together with what is under them, and we should have just a tall, three-story structure, forty feet square, gable-roofed, with a lower gabled structure (the chancel, 25x30 feet) added at the east end. Then imagine how the floor of the church might be enlarged all around by the width of an aisle, a row of wooden columns taking the place of the solid wall—that roof which runs around the building, just below the big windows, covers such an aisle. The lowermost roof of all protects a curious sort of piazza which is not connected with the interior of the church except by way of the entrance doors. It is an odd detail of mediæval design almost never repeated by modern builders—they say it was intended as a shelter for

Position 23. Map 4.

worshippers who had to come long distances and could not precisely time their arrival. On the whole, the ancient building has a close family likeness to the picturesque edifice from Gol that we saw in the park at Christiania (Position 11). Here the dragon-heads projecting from the gables are not quite so conspicuous and elaborate. They remind one of the queer, evil-looking monsters in stone that adorn Continental stone churches of about the same period. They probably had originally some meaning with regard to the expulsion of evil spirits from the interior, by virtue of the holy Presence therein—a picturesque reminder of the mediæval faith.

Sunday services are held here still and farmers' families come from miles around. The church bell is not in that tower above the roof, but in a detached belfry a few rods distant across the way. The farmers tie their horses in sheds near by and then pass in decorously under that red-tiled gate beyond the post-boy. Husbands and wives part at the church door, for good manners require that men and women shall occupy different sides of the house, the men at the right, the women at the left. The altar stands, of course, at the east end; a low railing separates it from the rest of the church, and behind it is a raised seat for the bishop when he comes. Both bread and wine are given to communicants at the celebration of the Lord's Supper, but the bread is in the form of wafers. The Lutheran pastor wears a long black gown with a stiffly starched ruff of white around his neck, and the theology he expounds is pretty nearly what it was in Luther's day—there is hardly a country in Europe where Protestant orthodoxy is more staunchly conservative in matters of doctrine. The prayers, the Scripture lessons, the hymns, the sermon, are all in

Position 23. Map 4.

the familiar native tongue, but they together constitute a service which seems long indeed to a youngster whose aching legs dangle from the hard wooden seat of the pew. No wonder if repressed Nature now and then asserts herself, boiling over in the form of a childish quarrel like the one Björnson describes in his country story called *Synnöve Solbakken.*

Mrs. Tweedie's *Winter Jaunt in Norway* tells about coming here to this very church in a season of deep snow.

Now let us look again at our map of southern Norway (Map 2). About twenty miles south from Hitterdal Church we see the upper end of a long, crooked lake, the Nordsjö. The lower end of the lake has an outlet into the sea. From that upper, northern end it is possible for a small steamboat to follow up from lake to river and lake to river, by a long chain of waterways reaching far up into the heart of the province of Bratsberg. It is true that now and then a stream is met proceeding so boisterously on its way over a steep incline that a boat could not breast the current nor brave the rocks. In that case Scandinavian engineers have cut huge staircases in the rock alongside the tumbling stream and constructed gates across the stairs, then diverted part of the water into the new channel, forming a canal where the flow can be mechanically controlled.

If we take our stand at the spot which the map marks 24, we can see with unusual clearness how such a piece of engineering is practically utilized. Notice that the red lines show we shall be looking up the course of a small stream.

Position 24. Map 2.

Position 24. Steamboat climbing a steep hill beside the Vrang waterfall by locks in the Bandak-Nordsjö Canal

Direction—We are facing north-northwest. *Surroundings*—Hitterdal Church and Tinoset are ahead of us and off at our right, twenty to thirty miles away. Mount Gausta that we saw from the Maan valley (Position 19), is something over fifty miles away, beyond that horizon straight ahead.

Passengers on the boats almost always land as we have done and walk about during the time a vessel is making her way up or down the hill. The engineering here is exceptionally interesting because of the unusual lift (80 feet), requiring, as we see, five successive locks. First, water was let through from that first lock into the basin at our feet, equalizing their level, the boat passed in and the gates were shut behind her. Then water was let from the second lock down into the first, equalizing those two levels; at this moment the gates have been opened and the boat is steaming into the second lock, to be ready for the third up-lockage. It will take half or three-quarters of an hour longer, so there is plenty of time to explore that gleaming path, which zigzags up the steep side-hill at the left or to go up to the bridge and look off over the boiling tumult of the falls. We could cross the canal by a narrow footpath over any one of those gates. The children who live in this neighborhood are usually on the lookout for travelers, and offer delicious berries for sale in birch-bark baskets —sweet, wild strawberries in their season, raspberries, blueberries—a number of small fruits practically the same that Americans find at home. Five or ten *öre* (i. e., two or three cents) make the little vendors feel prosperous and happy.

Position 24. Map 2.

The boats that go through here start from Skien, a seaport off behind us on the south coast of Norway, and they bring up a good deal of miscellaneous freight just as a slow local railway train might do if there were any railways hereabouts. (There is a railway connecting Skien with Christiania, 125 miles away at our right.) The deck of the boat over there now is probably crowded with wares ordered by farmers and country shopkeepers—barrels of sugar, casks of molasses and syrup, bags of coffee, rolls of cotton cloth, boxes of ribbons and gay-colored kerchiefs, crates of window-glass perhaps, some iron stoves in readiness for the chilly weather of early fall, oil lamps and oil wherewith to fill them—such things take up a deal of room in a small boat and passengers are sometimes uncomfortably crowded. The return freight is likely to include a considerable amount of dairy produce. There are some copper mines up above here, worked by English capital.

That house up at the head of the locks is conspicuously fine with its trimmings and window-casings painted white, just as they might be on a town street. Dwelling houses hereabouts are oftener quite unpainted, unless, perhaps, the roof may be given a coat of red for the sake of protecting the wood from the weather.

In Goodman's book called *The Best Tour in Norway,* the author speaks of making a journey by boat over this route and seeing the falls during the wait for up-lockage.

After one reaches the end of this water journey near Dalen, seventy miles up in the interior of the country, horses and post-boys once more become the indispensable means of getting across to the western

fjords. Distances here in southern Norway do not look very great on a map; indeed, the air-line distance all the way from Christiania across to Bergen is less than two hundred miles. American railway trains cover the same space, e. g., between New York and Providence, R. I., in four hours. Here, where there are no railways,* the roads have to climb up and up steep hills, then creep down again, only to climb once more. No wonder the ponies, despite their pluck and endurance, take several days, instead of a few hours, to carry a traveler and his luggage over to the Atlantic side of the land.

Perhaps you would like to see how it looks at a typical, average posting station along this route. Such a spot is marked on Map 2 with a red 25, about midway between Kongsberg and the western fjords. The shortness of the red lines indicates that we are to have no extensive outlook—we shall presently see why.

Position 25. On the picturesque Telemarken road. Changing horses at Grundesbro skyds-station

Direction—We are facing north. *Surroundings*—Other wooded, rocky hills of the same character as the one which looms up ahead cutting off our view. Kongsberg and Christiania are away off at our right. Hardanger Fjord is still a long way off at the left. Far ahead over beyond that hill lie vast reaches of lonely heights where nobody lives, in the central part of the country.

Stolkjærres and kariols are not very comfortable vehicles, and, even with all the intervals of getting out and walking up-hill to spare the horses, a traveler

* A railway is now building between Christiania and Bergen, but its route is north of where we are now.

is likely to hail with relief this opportunity for a change and perhaps a substantial meal. At just this moment several travelers seem to have arrived almost simultaneously, and maybe not everybody can have fresh horses at once. The safest way, if one is really in haste, is to write or telephone ahead about the time when the horses will be needed. (See those familiar wires over beyond the bridge. The telephone goes everywhere in this part of the country.) Mail is brought by a carrier in a pony cart, or, in winter, on *skis*. It is not certain that one will find the people at a little station like this speaking English, still it is always possible, so many country people have either been in America themselves or have had opportunities to pick up at least a few useful phrases. If we wish to experiment with the Norwegian tongue, we might say:

*Gōd Morgen! Jeg vil saa snart som muligt have en Stolkjærre og en Hest. Hvad koster Skydsen til næste Station?**

(Good morning! I wish as soon as possible to have a stolkjærre and one horse. What is the cost of driving to the next station?)*

If we wish merely to rest the horse and then go on with the same animal, we may perhaps take dinner here. We could even spend the night, for a small chamber or two under that sod-covered roof can always be spared for guests. The partition walls inside a country house of this sort are usually of thin boards, and the floor is only partially covered with rugs or pieces of carpeting. The furniture and tableware are plain, but neatly kept. A substantial meal

* Pronounced approximately as follows: "Goo Morn! Yea vill so snart some moolikt ha en stool'-chair-re og en hest. Va (*a* as in father) kos'-ter shys'sen till ness'-te sta-shoon'?"

can be had for less than a quarter of a dollar. Potatoes are pretty sure to be obtainable, with fresh eggs and ham or salt pork, if we like—possibly sausages. There will probably be fresh berries of some sort served with cream, and well-made coffee. The bread will be of rye or barley or a mixture of the two, and cheese is sure to be in evidence—*mysost,* most likely, that is, a sweetish brown stuff made from goat's milk. It is not bad when one is familiar with it, but many foreigners have amusing experiences learning to like it. Norwegian housewives make it in bars or oblong cakes, which look like soap, and the color of the stuff is really so like old "Brown Windsor" that a stranger might easily misunderstand its nature. They tell in Christiania of a Norwegian who sent some *mysost* as a present to a German friend, and received in due time a letter saying "the soap is very nice indeed, though somehow we have great difficulty in making it lather!" Special instructions followed.

Before these travelers proceed on their way they will register in the station *Dagbog* (day-book), stating how many persons were in the party and what was required in the way of horses and vehicles. The posting service is all subject to government supervision, and its details are supposed to be kept continuously on record.

Seeing the place to-day, a traveler from New England might be reminded of Vermont. It is like the Green Mountain region, "only more so!" Just such rocky hillside fields are in Vermont, just such stone-wall fences with planks to bar the gate spaces, just such mountain brooks and winding little rivers. If emigrating Norwegians went to settle in northern New

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Position 25. Map 2.

England instead of on the vast, fertile prairies of Illinois, Minnesota and Nebraska, they would find themselves much more at home.

A lonely place this must be when the midsummer tourist season is over and the road little traveled save on neighborhood errands. The winter lasts so long it takes every bit of hay that can possibly be gathered to feed horses, cows and goats through the cold season. The house is modern and well-built, and roaring wood fires keep things comfortable even when the shrill squeaking of the snow under sledge-runners outside tells of a temperature far below zero.

As we go on, with a stolkjærre and post-boy, we pass waterfalls innumerable. They say that in some parts of Norway one might see a hundred, big and little, in the course of a single day's drive. Streams are continually running down from mountain springs and melting snow banks; the ponds that they form in the hollows spill their liquid surplus and send new streams racing to find still lower hollows, and so on, till the country is well-nigh covered with irregular water-chains set with ponds for beads. Map 5, to which we should turn now, shows a district a little farther west than our last position. Near the lower right corner of Map 5 a red 26 marks a spot beside the highway where we can see one beautiful knot in such a water-chain.

Position 26. Halt of a stolkjærre beside the foaming Little Rjukan Falls

Direction—We are facing about northwest, i. e., in the direction of the sea, but the dividing height of land has still to be climbed, for, as a rule, the greatest elevations in Norway are along the ragged Atlantic

Position 26. Map 5.

shore. *Surroundings*—Steep hillsides with wild flowers growing among the rocks and in openings among the trees.

They call these the Lille Rjukan (Little Smoking) Falls, as a suggestion of their kinship to the thunderous waterfall which we saw over near Mount Gausta (Positions 20, 21, 22).

Now that we are near the horse we can see better some of the details of the harness. The shafts are attached only at one point on each side. There are no tugs (traces); no way is provided to hold back a load as the horse goes down a steep hill, save only that attachment of the shaft. The short cutting of the horse's mane so that it stands up, pompadour fashion, is according to almost universal custom. Most of the native horses are cream-colored, like this one, or a sort of dun mouse-color. Tenth century Rolf, who sailed away from Norway to France and shaped later European history by his venture,* is said by tradition to have been too heavy for riding a Norwegian horse. Most of the animals are, however, considerably smaller than the continental breeds, so the old rover may not have been gigantic in stature after all.

The woman in the road is a farmer's wife on her way to visit a sister at a mountain dairy (*sæter*) above here. The box which she carries slung in a big bag contains a live fowl. Young and middle-aged women walk for miles alone over country roads like this, sometimes knitting as they go in order to utilize the time thriftily. There is really nothing to be afraid of. Bears used to be common in these parts, but now they are seldom seen, and the few people one might

* See page 247.

meet would be likely to be just plain, decent country neighbors. As a matter of fact, a solitary pedestrian would be more likely to be afraid of supernatural creatures than of anything real and tangible. A good many country people about here do believe still in ghosts and queer, unearthly creatures of forest and mountain. In all probability this very woman if we could talk with her (unfortunately she speaks only Norwegian) could tell us some very "creepy" stories of things which happened to people her mother used to know! Without doubt she herself has the wooden stick with which she stirs the porridge at home marked with a cross to keep the milk from curdling!

Our road now steadily rises, for we have soon to cross the mountain height which forms the divide or watershed between the Skagerrak and the North Atlantic. As we gradually reach higher and higher levels, the soil grows thinner until even Norwegian thrift can do very little with it. The lakes and streams, however, are full of fish, and wild fowl are so plentiful as to call a good many sportsmen to the district during the hunting season. Suppose we pause again at a certain little inn which is a popular resort for devotees of the gun and fishing-rod. Its location (beside a mountain lake) is marked 27. Be sure to look it up on Map 5, just a little northwest of our last position. The diverging red lines say we shall look off some distance across the surrounding country.

Position 27. Gossip at a wayside inn at Botten overlooking Voxli Lake. View towards the Haukeli Mountains

Direction—We face now about west-southwest. *Surroundings*—Barren heights rise behind us, their

Position 27. Map 5.

summits streaked with snow. There is no village here—only one or two farms are within several miles.

That sod-covered roof with the neat ornamental railing around it is the inn proper. The more roughly constructed building just below our feet is an older house which stood here before the inn was built—they use it now for a kitchen. The prettily picturesque affair with the balconies and decorative gables is a sort of annex to the inn, containing bedrooms for guests. Its general design is like that of some of the beautiful old *stabbur* (storehouses) that one still sees in many parts of Norway. Farmers in old times often made their stabbur much more beautiful than their dwelling houses, perhaps on the same principle which keeps a kitchen table plain and bare, while a chest for best clothes and fine linen might be decorated with hand-carved patterns. In several places nowadays such old stabbur are utilized for bedrooms when the rising tide of summer travel makes extra chambers needed. In this particular case the building is not actually old. It is a modern construction, but the builder had a happy thought and gave it a form like the most admired old models.

All three roofs are sod-covered. That is the favorite finish for a roof in this district. Sheets of birch bark or something of that sort are fastened over the boards, then a layer of sod is placed upon it, roots up, then another layer with roots down; the two layers interlock and form a fairly close, weather-tight covering. If it does spring a leak, it can usually be mended with a patch of turf or a sprinkling of additional earth. Evidently that kitchen roof, being the oldest of the three, has had to be repaired several times.

These girls are country born and bred, employed at the inn. Their wages would be considered pre-

Position 27. Map 5.

posterously small in America, but money is scarce here and every *krone* (twenty-seven cents) is a welcome addition to the little hoard which will some day buy a wedding outfit. Perhaps they may marry and settle down somewhere in this very province. As likely as not destiny may lead them over-seas to end their days in proud proprietorship of comfortable wheat farms in America.

The embroidery on that long white apron was doubtless done by the owner's fingers during long winter evenings. Girls like these all know how to knit their own stockings and long woolen mittens (one-fingered gloves) for winter wear. Many of them can spin too, and weave coarse homespun, such as their dark-colored skirts are made of. The bodices they wear over the white blouses or shirt-waists are of red woolen stuff. All their clothing is of strong, durable material, which lasts a long time, and, as fashions here remain the same from one year to another, a Sunday gown lasts almost a lifetime. White garments, like blouses, aprons and underclothes, are energetically washed in tubs in a little building separate from the house, and then smoothed by pressing under heavy wooden rollers—a device like the "mangle" familiar to British housewives.

The sport hereabouts is considered very good. A number of books have been written by British authors about Norwegian angling, bird shooting and reindeer stalking, all entertaining to a sympathetic reader. Several such books are mentioned on pages 353-354. Hunters who go off up in the mountains for several days at a time usually take professional guides along with them, for even in midsummer blinding storms of snow and sleet often sweep over the heights, and one needs to be thoroughly familiar with the country

Position 27. Map 5.

in order not to get into trouble. There is seldom a time when those ridges over beyond the lake are entirely clear of snow.

As a tourist continues this journey he climbs still higher and higher. The road leads up over bleak, treeless heights, like those which we have just seen in the distance, and reaches an altitude of more than 3,700 feet. Moisture-laden winds from the Atlantic, blowing in over the land, are often so chilled in sweeping over the height, that what would be a gentle, drizzling rain down in Bergen, turns up here into a shrieking snow-storm. Thus it happens that we find a most un-summer-like landscape effect at the spot where we pause for our next outlook. Find the place marked 28 (on Map 5), a little west of the Botten inn. It is right on the main traveled highway.

Position 28. Digging a road through the deep July snowdrifts upon Dyreskard Pass

Surroundings—Just deep snowbanks and ragged ledges. There are no trees or shrubs of any account in this vicinity, though mosses grow among the rocks.

Evidently the wind led this snow a lively dance, so irregular is its distribution now—these huge drifts accumulating right here, while parts of the road ahead were swept bare and clean. The photographer who went over this route before us was caught in the storm when the air was so thick with flying flakes that he could not see as far ahead as that steep slope opposite us now. The cold was intense, and the wind so searching that the post-boy advised a halt and a rest in a small hut only a few rods from here around that turn at the right. A fire was soon blazing on an open hearth in that hut, and, after getting

Position 28. Map 5.

well warmed, the travelers felt better courage for facing the rest of the storm.

The men we see here now are farmers who "work out" their share of the public road tax, paying in labor instead of cash—a common custom in many parts of the country.

A part of the way through this gigantic snowdrift the men did not cut out the whole depth of snow, but merely cut through it. Let us go down inside the hollow through which that stolkjærre has to pass.

Position 29. Looking through a great snow-tunnel on a midsummer journey over Dyreskard Pass

We do not see the full length of the tunnel; that is impossible, as it bends so that the entire passage is not visible from any one point. Nearly every summer such a tunnel has to be cut here, and even under the full blaze of July and August sunshine the walls and roof remain intact for several weeks. (This particular one caved in sometime in August.)

Seeing that this sort of thing is possible in July, we can more easily imagine what midwinter storms must be up on these lonely heights when the Wind and Cold have everything their own way. It is not strange that there should be an old Norwegian legend about how the earliest civilization came to an end long ago under such a pall of heavy white. We can read all about it to-day in various translations of the ancient Eddas. The gods had known that sometime the end of the First Age of the World would come; at last it did come, for there settled down upon the earth the terrible Fimbul winter. Three years it snowed without ceasing. Three years more it snowed and snowed and snowed. One great wolf swallowed the

Position 29. Map 5.

sun. Another swallowed the moon. Ragnarok, the awful Twilight of the Gods, settled down over all.*

Continuing along the mountain road you begin to descend, and in three or four miles reach regions which, though still lonesome and without trees, have enough soil to support a scanty crop of grass. Look once more at Map 5 and find the spot marked 30. There we are to have our first sight of an establishment such as figures in almost every tale of Norwegian country life—a summer dairy up on the mountain.

Position 30. Pretty Norwegian girls tending cows and goats on the Haukeli Mountains, Midtlæger Sæter

Direction—We are facing northeast. For seventy miles or so beyond that bleak horizon line there are no farms, only desolate heaths and silent lakes, where fish and wild fowl and wandering herds of reindeer have things pretty much their own way. *Surroundings*—Immediately around us are pasture lands where other cows and goats are nibbling the short grass.

These girls live at Röldal, several miles away down the mountain; we shall presently see the village from which they came. According to the universal custom in this part of Norway, they have come up here to spend the better part of the summer, taking care of the cows and goats and making up butter and cheese on the spot, in order to leave untouched all the available grass in fields near home. The winter lasts so long that farmers have to plan with the wisest foresight and thrift, in order to provide enough fodder for the live stock. Perhaps these women-folks may take turns going down home now and then for a

* Consult books on Norse Mythology, mentioned on page 355.

brief holiday, but oftener they stay several weeks at a stretch, and friends come up on Sunday for a neighborly visit.

The rude stone hut at the left is a storehouse where butter and cheese are kept until it is time to go down home at the end of the season. In old times such a cabin served as a temporary home also, but these are prosperous people, and that little timber cottage now comprises lodgings and dairy. Everything is bare and plain to the last degree, but scrupulously clean according to farmhouse standards. There is a stone hearth on which a roaring fire can be built for scalding these milk-buckets, for cooking oatmeal porridge, or for keeping the place cosy through a hard storm. The bedsteads are bunks built into the side of the room and furnished with beds of hay or straw.

Norwegian people are famous for their hospitality, and never more so than at a place like this. Over and over again travelers have told about the kindly reception given to strangers who came tired and hungry. The baggage brought up from home weeks ago included plenty of *fladbröd* (bread of oats and barley in thin cakes), bacon and coffee; milk, butter and cheese are naturally plentiful. The work is confining, for the cows and goats must always be watched to prevent their wandering off into dangerous places, and the labor of milking is itself no small matter, preliminary to churning and cheese-making; however, these young women have probably brought knitting or embroidery with them to fill available scraps of time. The animals are called together at night by yodeling somewhat as Swiss cowherds do it, and by blowing on long horns made of birch bark. One such yodel has been put into English in this wise:—

"Come children all
That hear my call,—
Brynhilda fair
With nut-brown hair!
Come, little Rose,
Ere day shall close;
And Birchen Bough,
My own dear cow;
And Morning Pride;
And Sunnyside;
Come children dear,
For night draws near.
Come, children!"

A walled yard or corral is set off close by the house, in which the animals are shut up over night.

Du Chaillu, the author of the *Land of the Midnight Sun,* gives a pleasant account of his own visit to a sæter like this years ago, and the generous kindness with which he was treated. Norse writers of country stories almost always tell more or less about life at a place of this sort; it is a nearly universal experience of farmers' daughters, for even those who are so well-to-do that they are not obliged to share in the work like the "picnic" part of it, and often join the others for the fun. Björnson's *Synnöve Solbakken* has an interesting chapter where Synnöve and Ingrid come up to a place like this. Boyesen's *Gunnar* gives a charmingly poetic account of the long climb up to Ingeborg Rimul's sæter, of the work and the strange fascination of out-of-door life so far up on the heights.

Mrs. Tweedie, who wrote *A Winter Jaunt in Norway,* had a desire to see what such a place would seem like in the dead of winter, and persuaded some obliging Norse friends to get up a cold-weather picnic for her benefit in a sæter farther east in this same province. The experience is worth reading.

Position 30. Map 5.

Leaving the sæter girls at their work you go on now down the road which they too will travel at the end of the summer, with the cows and goats and the accumulated stock of dairy stuff. In three-quarters of an hour or so you reach a turn of the road where every traveler pauses to look off. Find the place on Map 5. It is marked 31, and the red lines, as we see, indicate an outlook of several miles, including part of a distant lake.

Position 31. Great zigzag loops of road descending from Dyreskard Pass; west to mountain-walled Lake Röldal

Direction—The map shows that we are looking nearly west. *Surroundings*—The sæter and the dairy maids are away up behind us. The snow-drifted Pass is still farther behind us.

Here we are actually over the "divide," and indeed it seems a steep enough plunge we shall have to make when we go on. The irregular slope is in fact far steeper than it looks from here, for our outlook from above foreshortens the grade of the road and minimizes its difficulty. At the first glance one is pretty sure to underestimate both the distances and the steepness of the grade. Each loop is really a great deal higher than its predecessor, one practically piled on top of the other. If we notice the apparent size of the horse and stolkjærre down there on the highway, it will help us to realize how far it is below this mountain shoulder from which we are looking off. It was a tremendous task to build that road and set up the guard-stones—a tremendous task also to keep it (as they do) in good repair. But Norway's natural scenery is practically one of her most available re-

sources for money-making, and in the more enterprising districts people are generally awake to the desirability of encouraging summer tourist-travel as a source of income for themselves.

Goodman's *Best Tour in Norway* tells how the author came up here from Röldal and took "short cuts across the windings of the road, which, as we looked back, lay like a coiled ribbon upon the ground behind us." This is what he saw!

The general formation of the Scandinavian peninsula has been described by geographers as resembling that of a long wave. Beginning at the comparatively low shores of the Baltic over in Sweden, four hundred miles away behind us, the land gradually rises higher and higher and higher like a billow that swells bigger and rounder—then, like the billow, breaks into a confusion of shattered forms just as it reaches the Atlantic. Here we begin to see the picturesque force of the analogy, for we have now passed the height of land, and indeed salt tides are sweeping at this very moment along Aakre Fjord only six or eight miles in a straight line beyond that ragged, broken line of mountain-barrier above Lake Röldal.

See how the character of the country has changed since we came down over the Pass. Though the mountain framework is still so wild and grandiose in effect, spruces, pines and firs find soil enough for vigorous growth.

As one follows the road still farther down toward the head of the lake, he presently finds cosy hollows where farmers cultivate little fields and build permanent homes. The red 32 on the map marks where we are to pause for a few minutes in company with a Norse farmer's family.

Position 31. Map 5.

Position 32. A farmer's family making hay in a sunny field between the mountains. Röldal

Direction—Northeast. It is the forenoon sun that is shining on us. *Surroundings*—Wooded hills like those ahead, with scattered farmhouses along the highway.

All through Norway it is customary to cure the hay in this way on tall racks instead of on the ground. The sun and the breeze certainly do have a better chance at it, so there is less danger of losing a crop through dampness after the mowing. Every farmer keeps on hand quantities of long, slender poles for making such racks. Other poles are fastened across them by withes or pins in long horizontal parallels; sometimes wire forms the parallels; the hay is pushed between the horizontal bars, a handful at a time, beginning at the bottom and continuing till the fragrant wall of green is as high as the workers can reach. (That elderly woman has nearly reached the limit of her own strong arms.) The wooden rakes were probably made at home during long winter evenings by the men of the family—most Norwegians are clever with the knife. When the hay is perfectly cured it will be carried off and stored in the loft of the barn—or barns, if the establishment is a large one. The carts they use for transporting the hay are, to American eyes, curiously small and low, with wheels no bigger than a toy wagon, such as the chubby urchin might have for a plaything. We shall see such a cart later, over near Olden (Position 64), when we reach the Nordfjord district.

The people here speak only Norwegian. The young women may both belong to the family, but it is not certain. It is here as it used to be a few generations ago in a New England farming district—the daughter

of a farmer in modest circumstances often works for wages in the family of a neighbor where there is more work to be done, and mistress and maid share the toil without much evident distinction of rank. Underneath the apparent democracy there is, however, in many cases a strong consciousness of social rank, based on property qualifications. A man who owns his land and buildings is the superior of another man to whom he leases a part of the estate or an adjoining estate. Bright eyes and a winsome manner are a girl's most valued assets, still, everything else being equal, the girl whose father has the sunniest acres and the biggest barns is likely to be the belle of the neighborhood. In any case girls learn to do all sorts of housework and lend a hand in the field besides, outdoor air and exercise giving most of them robust strength. Their favorite social amusement is dancing evenings and Sunday afternoons—strictly religious they all are, but the custom of the country encourages any innocent recreation after church is over for the day. Young people make the most of their opportunity for friendly visiting.

Country girls like these have practically the same freedom as American girls in the matter of youthful friendships and courtships, but it is still customary for the father, mother or some elderly relative of the young man to pay a formal call and make the definite offer of marriage, addressing it to the girl's parents or guardians. Sometimes, of course, matchmaking parents take these matters arbitrarily into their own hands, just as in other lands, and Romeo and Juliet have a sad time. Oftener the affair has really been all decided beforehand between the lovers, and the formal asking in marriage is merely a decorous recognition of the claims of etiquette.

Position 32. Map 5.

Anybody who knows *Gunnar*, that delightful story written years ago by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen,* will be reminded at once by this solemn youngster of the little Norse lad who used to play go riding, astride of a beam in his grandmother's cottage, and of the way he used to devour her tales about the enchanted princess and the three-headed Trold and the beautiful, mysterious Hulder with a scarlet bodice and long golden hair. The simple country idyl is well worth reading, for the insight it gives into the inner life of a shy child who awakens to the fascinating reality of life beyond the confines of the little valley at home.

Life in this particular valley is really much less isolated than it was where Gunnar dreamed his boyish dreams, for a little farther down that road which we see leading along the hillside is a village—only a small one, to be sure, but still a considerable social center for Norway where scattered homesteads are the rule. Consult the same map that we have lately been using (Map 5) and the encircled 33 will show where we are to stand to look over the village. The length of the red lines extending from the 33 promises a view considerably more extensive than the last.

Position 33. Pretty mountain-walled village and lake of Röldal in rugged western Norway

Direction—We are looking southwest, i. e., towards the sea, though the distant mountains shut it off. *Surroundings*—Behind us and at both sides rise high hills of the same general character as those which we saw from our last two positions.

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* A distinguished Norwegian-American for many years a professor at Cornell and Columbia Universities, New York.

Here we find the outlet of those brawling mountain streams that we saw racing down the rocky slopes off behind us when we stood above the *slyngning*—the road with the big loops in its own course. Those ragged little islands in the upper end of the lake are accumulations of sand, gravel and loose pebbles brought down partly by ancient glaciers and partly by spring freshets when the overfull streams tear stuff out of their own banks with the energy that comes from heavier descending volumes of water. Indeed all the soil now forming the fields down there in the valley must have been gradually brought down in times past, either by bigger streams or by the slow, heavy plowshare of some prehistoric glacier, sliding down on its way toward the sea. It took thousands of years to get this valley into such condition that human homes could be established here!

It would be interesting if we could know whether the girls whom we saw at the sæter away up on the Haukeli mountains came from one of these very houses now in sight; at all events they belong in this parish—they said so.* It was in order to save for winter the grass in some of these fields that they had taken the stock up there for the summer.

Several Röldal families have sæters up on the Haukeli mountains. Paul Du Chaillu many years ago traveled through this region and visited at one such cabin-dairy managed by girls from Röldal, one of them the sister of his guide. He told about it in *The Land of the Midnight Sun* and printed some interesting letters which were later written to him by the young people after they had come home to the village here.

* i. e., to the photographer.

Position 33. Map 5.

By the way, though this is not the "midnight sun" which is now shining on the roadway (on the contrary, as we know we are facing southwest, it is evidently in the forenoon), those shadows seem surprisingly long until we remember that we are in about the same latitude as St. Petersburg and Cape Farewell. The sun naturally cannot sweep so high in the sky here as it does at home—that accounts for the longer shadows.

That large frame building directly beside the highway is, as we readily infer, a hotel. There are in fact several good inns here, for the place is visited every summer by increasing numbers of travelers. There is good trout fishing in the lake, and in streams that flow into it. Röldal is a larger village than it appears to be from this point of view—the parish church and a number of houses are out of range at this moment, but we pause here in order to get this superb view over the lake with the rocky Holmenut and Röldalssaaten standing guard beyond, their heads against the sky.

Röldal church used, centuries ago, to be famous in its way. It owns an ancient wooden crucifix, which, tradition says, was found by a fisherman floating in the water of a fjord a few miles away. According to local legend the people found that its touch worked miracles for the sick, and its fame spread far through the countryside, so that devout believers used to make long and weary journeys here to seek help. These pilgrimages, which were made at midsummertide, continued until the year 1835, when they were prohibited by governmental authority. As the result of a fair that was held at the same time, much worldliness developed in the course of years, and hence the prohibition. Tradition still says concerning the old market

place: "Here many a dance has been turned, many a horse wind-broken, and many a hero drubbed." The crucifix still remains, but certainly works no miracles to-day.*

The young women whom we saw in the hayfield (Position 32) had doubtless been to school in the village here when they were little girls, and the shy small boy will come here in his turn. Country schools cannot, of course, keep up to the high educational standard of Christiania, but they are good so far as they go; the children do at least learn to read and write and reckon simple arithmetical problems, so they all possess the key to further learning if taste and opportunity lead that way. It would be considered a serious disgrace to allow children, no matter how poor, to grow up without at least as much as that in the way of education.

The constantly increasing volume of summer travel through this region is becoming a very important source of local revenue. The Norwegians, like the Swiss, are thrifty folk, conservative by instinct, and yet not so conservative but that they will put themselves to vast trouble if a new enterprise recommends itself as practically worth while. Some of the best road building in Europe has been done within the last twenty years here in Norway for the sake of making certain natural beauties of the land more accessible to foreign tourists, with pockets full of money. One such new road we have already seen, forming a narrow shelf above the thundering Rjukan Fos (Position 20). Another remarkable highway, partly the widening of an earlier road and partly quite new, follows

* Major Ferryman's *In the Norseman's Land* gives an interesting account of his own visit here a few years ago.

Position 33. Map 5.

the outlet of Lake Röldal down through a wild ravine between high mountains south of the lake, on its way to the sea. The general course of our journey would lead us in nearly the opposite direction, but we will make a special détour to see the Bratlandsdal road. The map includes the valley away down near its southern margin. Before we reach the most picturesque pieces of engineering, let us pause for a minute beside a humble peasant home. The map marks our standpoint 34. Notice the red lines indicate that we shall look across a small stream—the outlet of Lake Röldal.

Position 34. Old log houses down in the Bratlandsdal with trees growing on their sod-covered roofs

Direction—We are facing south, down stream. *Surroundings*—High, gloomy mountain walls like the one just ahead.

We can hardly find to-day in Norway anything more primitive than these old structures, rudely fastened together by hewing out matched notches near the timber ends, fitting the logs together at right angles, and pounding them into place with heavy mallets. A few big iron nails would be sufficient to make the walls stand secure as need be around corner posts well driven into the ground. Evidently this nearer structure is not used for a dwelling (more likely it is a shelter for the cow and goats), but in old times, with that gable tightly boarded and the cracks stuffed with moss and hay, it would have been a shelter not to be despised on a cold, wet night. True, there is no sign of a chimney, but even that does not prove much. A few generations ago many farmers in the remotest corners of the country built the household

fire on a big stone hearth in one corner of the living room and let the smoke find its way out of a hole in the roof above.

This ancient roof, covered with heavy sod, was made on the same plan as the smooth, tidy one we saw at Grundesbro (Position 25), only here the roof blanket is so thick and so old that not only grass, but young trees actually grow out of its soil. A good many weeds were naturally started in the soil when the first layer of sod was put on there years ago, and every time the roof has been mended with a patch of sod or a handful of dirt, more seeds have sown themselves or even been thrown up there in order to encourage the growth of a tough mat of interlacing roots. It is not at all extraordinary to see a goat up on such a roof—the little beasts have sharp eyes for the discovery of every toothsome bit of green.

Boys and girls like these young folks here expect to have some tasks every day—watching the goat, drawing water, fetching wood to boil the porridge-kettle, and things of that sort, but they have a good deal of fun besides. Every boy enjoys fishing and hunting foxes and squirrels. Little girls here, as in other lands, treasure gay bits of decorated crockery and play at housekeeping. Wild berries are abundant in sunny clearings in the edge of the woods. To be dressed in Sunday best clothes and go up to Röldal to church is a great occasion, and quite exciting on account of the number of other people to be met there. In winter, when the sun does not rise over the mountains till after the middle of the forenoon and then sleepily goes down behind other mountains before the middle of the afternoon, the long hours by firelight or candle-light serve a boy for learning to whittle and fit together farm tools or to carve wooden

trays and bowls. The small maiden has a chance to become early expert with her knitting needles. And, if they are as fortunate as the children in Norse stories, there is probably some older person willing to tell long, rambling tales of adventure, of ghosts and of goblins. These children may never have heard of "Little Red Riding-hood," but most likely they have heard eerie tales of "the Hulder"—a siren-like witch whose delight it is to cast a spell on some human being and keep him wandering, wandering, wandering through the woods and over the barren moors, unable to get back home. The Hulder, it is told, sometimes comes to farmhouses, even to village festivals, in search of victims. She looks like a pretty young woman with fair hair, but she has a long tail like a cow and that often betrays her by showing beneath the border of her petticoats. Gunnar's grandmother told him all about the Hulder and how one youth in old times was saved by hearing the church-bell ring just as he was being lured away.*

"Then saw I the form of the Hulder fair
Vanish as mist in the morning air.
With the last toll of the Sabbath bell
Gone was the Hulder and broken the spell.

O, young lads and maidens, beware, beware,
In the darksome woods!
The treacherous Hulder is playing there
In the darksome woods!"

Children like these almost never beg for money. No matter how scanty may be the means of the family, a rigid tradition of self-respect forbids everything of that sort. However, most little Norwegians

* See the story by H. H. Boyesen, before mentioned.

are human and like as well as anybody else to get a few *öre** by selling berries or opening gates or performing similar services. The customary form of acknowledgment is a shy *Mange tak* ("many thanks") and an offer to shake hands. There is hardly a place in the world where everyday etiquette involves so much handshaking as here in Norway.

The remarkable part of the valley road is a little farther down, where the ravine narrows sharply, its walls holding very little soil—mostly just bare rock. If you read Goodman's *Best Tour in Norway,* you will find it all described, but better than reading is the chance to see it with your own eyes at the point marked 35 on the map. There is no outlook to any considerable distance; the "lay of the land" forbids.

Position 35. The wonderful Bratlandsdal road, blasted through mountain walls of solid rock

Direction—We are looking back northeasterly, toward Röldal. *Surroundings*—Precipitous cliffs, like these on both sides below, and overhanging between us and the sky.

For nearly a mile the road is a succession of gloomily picturesque places like this; in one place there is a complete tunnel. Part of the way the ravine is so narrow, you could throw a stone across to the opposite wall. The little river is racing along through a rocky channel down at our right. This crevice for the highway was blasted out of the solid cliff, the workmen who made the drills and set the fuses being lowered by ropes from a vantage point higher up in

* The *öre* is a copper coin worth a quarter of a cent.

the mountain-side, above our heads. The labor, of course, occupied several seasons' time, but (a wonderful thing to relate of a public work anywhere, even in Norseland) it is said that the total cost—about $100,000, came out within two hundred dollars of the original estimate! Of course, a good many tax-payers contributed their share in the form of personal labor. The investment will certainly be a profitable one for Norway. The road has become widely celebrated; every year more and more people ride through here on their way up-country after landing from a steamer at Stavanger (see the map), or else make a special side-trip down here as we ourselves have done.

(Just before the photographer passed through here, a landslide or earth-avalanche had swept down the mountain-side not far away and temporarily filled the road with rocks and earth; pony and travelers had to pick their way over it as best they could. The damage was soon repaired.)

Returning to Röldal, or rather to a point on the west side of the lake, about two miles this side of Röldal village, we will push on northwesterly toward the sea. Part of the way one climbs up from the lake in great loops and windings somewhat like those he descends when approaching from the east side. (Position 31). Lake Röldal lies 1,225 feet above sea level. In order to reach the fjord or arm of the sea, to which we are bound, the road has first to climb up over an intervening mountain wall two thousand feet higher still. At last it begins to descend at the other side of the mountain barrier.

Be sure to consult Map 5 at this point, it will be so much more interesting to know just where we are and what we are seeing when we take our next posi-

tion. The spot where we are to stand beside the highway is marked 36. See how the red lines reach off down the valley, ending against a huge, snow-covered plateau called the Folgefond.

Position 36. Travelers on a mountain road through the wild ravine of Seljestad, northwest to snowy Folgefond

Direction—We know from the map that we are looking toward the sea, though still in the heart of the mountains. The farther side of that snow-covered wall drains off into the salt sea. *Surroundings*—Behind us and on both sides are nearly barren, craggy mountains like those walling in the valley ahead.

These tourists have come up from Odde to which we are bound. (By the way, now that we see one of those stolkjærres from the rear we have a better chance to see how the post-boy rides. Sometimes he merely stands on the part of the floor which projects behind.) We notice that the rule of the road is to keep to the right when meeting another team—it is like the American custom rather than the English. Odde is half a day's ride farther on, beyond the height around which the gray ribbon of highway bends to the right.

The view from this point where we are now is a favorite with travelers—indeed, in its own way, it is one of the most striking in this part of the country, with these gray, rock-ribbed mountains near by streaked with green vegetation, the little green lake gleaming down there in its bed like a brilliant jewel, and that dazzling white fringe hanging over the lofty summit of the long, level mountain wall which rises against the sky before us. The summit of the Folgefond (*fond* means "snow field") is 5,425 feet—i. e.,

more than a mile—above the level of the sea beyond. The plateau of which we now see a part is over twenty miles long, covering an area of one hundred square miles without any distinct peak. There are many such *fonds* in Norway, and some plateaus somewhat similar in cut which lack the summer coat of snow and ice. It looks easy to believe what the topographers tell us, that about a third of the land area of the kingdom is 2,000 feet or more above sea-level.

As one proceeds down the valley, the mountain brooks along the way are too many to number; every height has to send down its contributions somewhere, over the cliffs or through the ravines. There are two places between here and the village of Odde which are particularly well known to summer tourists and whose photographs are often used to illustrate books of travel. One we find presently on the left side of the road. The map marks at 37 the place where a waterfall comes down over a hillside. We are to go on a few rods past the fall and climb a steep bank at the opposite side of the road, from which a particularly good view can be had, looking back.

Position 37. Espelandsfos, one of the loveliest waterfalls in all Scandinavia—a gem in superb setting

Direction—We are facing somewhat south of west. The Folgefond is towering into the sky away up beyond that hilltop, but, of course, we are too far down under the lee of the hill to see it. *Surroundings*—Behind us is another hill corresponding to the one we see.

That is the highway by which we have come. The waiting horse is headed toward Odde. That loop of

road at the left has been constructed to allow carriages to come up for the view and return without backing the horse. They take a good deal of trouble nowadays to help strangers see the beauties of the country, and an especially large number of tourists come to this point because the Hamburg-American and other popular excursion boats go to Odde, and this is only a comfortable ride—three hours or so—from the village. A little hotel has in fact been built up here on this side hill, and takes care of a good many transient guests during the season. A three-hour drive gives one a good appetite for bread and cheese, fish, fresh milk, smoking coffee, and sweet wild strawberries!

Those waters that seem in such haste have only a comparatively short journey now to reach the ocean—that is, a long fjord below here at the north.

But before they have gone many rods they receive another contribution, a double contribution as it were, from the hills on this east side of the highway. (See 38 on the map.)

Position 38. Skarsfos and Lotefos leaping over the rocks to the meeting-place of their waters

Direction—We are facing east. *Surroundings*—Other craggy hills are behind us and at our right. The little river is bending around to flow nearly north toward Odde at the head of the fjord.

This is Norway all over! Nothing could be more characteristic than the way those ledges push their bare elbows out through the thin, ragged earth—"the bones of the earth" old Norse poets used to call them. Just such stone bridges span tumbling streams in

hundreds of places up and down the land. Passengers crossing this particular bridge sometimes find the spray from the falls blowing across the road like a summer shower.

That horse is headed as if his passengers were going up through the Seljestad gorge and over to Röldal—the way by which we have just come.

But we shall turn in the opposite direction and visit Odde, the famous haven of summer excursionists. Do not fail to find on the map the location of our next standpoint. The spot is marked with a red 39 at the southern end of a long, narrow inlet of the sea—the Sörfjord, an arm of Hardangerfjord. The waterway is so crooked and so far reaching that the upper end of it might almost be taken for a lake. Observe, too, what the diverging red lines tell about the outlook we are going to have; we shall see some distance down the fjord, but the view will be cut off by mountains. The left-hand line reaches as far as the Folgefond, that same snowy table-land which we saw from farther back near Seljestad.

Position 39. Village roofs and sunny fields of Odde-north down the narrow, mountain-walled Sörfjord

Direction—We are facing now toward several of the most beautiful of the western fjords. For more than two hundred miles straight ahead the coast line is so cut up by long, irregular inlets that it would measure probably three times the straight distance. *Surroundings*—Behind us the land rises to form the long, sloping, crooked valley through which we have come from Seljestad.

Position 39. Map 5

This is a good-sized village for Norway. The fertile land here at the end of the valley is sufficient for several excellent farms. That white church calls together the country people from long distances, both up in the valley through which we have come and from various spots along the fjord, so the village is naturally regarded as an important center. There are shops here supplying people with the few things they have to buy—coffee and sugar, pretty kerchiefs, leather shoes, clocks, etc.—such articles as they cannot produce by home industry. The largest buildings down there near the edge of the fjord are summer hotels, all doing a thriving business for two or three months each year when swarms of tourists land here from excursion steamers, like that big French vessel which now lies off-shore. The tourist season is short, but busy.

Almost every book of Norwegian travel tells about coming here.* The open ocean is, of course, off at our left, but, in order for that steamer to reach it on her return voyage, she will have to steam ahead, northward, twenty-five miles before the mountains part; then she will turn southwestward and have a further voyage of nearly fifty miles among picturesque headlands and islands before fairly reaching the open Atlantic.

The lad in the cloth cap is a post-boy in charge of a horse which waits not far away. Down beyond his right shoulder, behind that sod-roofed cottage, we can see one of the tall hay-racks ready for its load; similar racks, stuffed full of drying grass are dotted all over the valley fields. Fine, fertile land like this may

* See, for instance, Putnam's *A Norwegian Ramble*, Wood's *Norwegian By ways*, Goodman's *Best Tour in Norway*, etc., etc.

easily be worth as much as three or four hundred dollars an acre, but, of course, it is almost never in the market—as a rule the title to such real estate is inherited, though sometimes a *gaardmand* (land owner) may suffer reverses of fortune and a *husmand* (tenant) succeed in accumulating money by dint of special thrift, good luck, or prudent marriage; then a good bit of land may change owners. Such farms are often rather heavily mortgaged, in order to settle estates where several children have inherited equal titles to the land.

That little river which opens into the fjord down there at the right is practically the same stream which we saw racing along below the Espelandsfos (Position 37), though it has meanwhile poured into a pretty little lake an hour's walk up behind us, and then reappeared as the lake's outlet. The highway follows its course.

At the left of the river's mouth, between there and the church, we can see the gleam of tombstones in the parish churchyard. The Norse people hold pretty closely to certain traditions in regard to funerals and burials; it would be thought a great misfortune not to have one's body laid away in consecrated ground. Readers who remember Professor Boyesen's *Falconberg*—a story of Norse emigrant life out in Minnesota, U. S. A., will recall the dramatic punishment meted out by an autocratic pastor to an offending parishioner, by the stern refusal to give a certain protegé the prayers of the church and a bed in hallowed earth. That Minnesota settlement, by the way, was called "Hardanger" after this very district where we are now. Every person in the story may be supposed to have known by heart the popular verses of Wergeland praising this charming corner of old Nor-

way. Poets have eternal license to ignore small discords and immortalize the harmonious.

"If there be a place so blest,
Where from lonely, flower-clad valley,
Mountains rear their silvery crest
Toward high heaven majestically.
And where from behind the screen
Of a birch wood may be seen
Peeping out a cottage lowly,
O, where find you so much grace,
Such repose from noisy clangour,
Such retreats, such peaceful ways—
Say, where is there such a place
But in beautiful Hardanger?"

But now let us go down into the village itself. Our next position will be at a window in the Hardanger Hotel at the left of the church.

Position 40. Families and neighbors on a summer Sunday morning before the village church at Odde

Direction—We are facing now about northeast. The fjord is just too far to the left for us to see at this moment. *Surroundings*—Right around us are the village houses and gardens. We saw from our previous position up on the hill that the village buildings are grouped quite close together.

They do not have service every Sunday through the year, or, as they themselves might put it, not every Sunday is a "Sermon Sunday." The pastor conducts public worship also in one or two other churches, some distance away, and dates must alternate at certain intervals. Only by some such plan can the people in places smaller than Odde manage to pay a pastor. The "circuit" plan is practically similar to

Position 40. Map 5

that followed in some sparsely settled districts in America.

Morning service is just over now. The men and boys are coming out from their seats in the right side of the bare wooden sanctuary; the women and girls had been sitting decorously at the other side. Nearly everybody has a hymn book. Now, as they stand or stroll along in the summer sunshine, there is a chance to greet relatives and friends. "Thanks for the last meeting" is a favorite salutation which children are taught to offer. "Thanks to yourself" is the conventional reply. The talk is just such as one hears at any gathering of country folk—inquiries for the health; comments on the weather; comparison of experiences or judgments on the crops. Norwegian people are taciturn oftener than talkative, and a few well-worn phrases do duty for the expression of a great amount of neighborly interest and cordial good feeling.

Confirmation is a great occasion celebrated once a year, when boys and girls of fourteen or fifteen years, after a series of special lessons with the pastor, stand in line in the aisles, the boys on one side of the house and the girls on the other side, to pass a public examination in the Church catechism. To be appointed by the pastor to stand at the altar end of one's line, in the sight of the whole congregation, is an honor comparable to that of being chosen valedictorian at an American grammar school "commencement." The benediction given to the young people is practically the same one that is familiar to members of other Protestant churches:—"The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord make His face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace."

It is the ceremony which ends childhood and admits boys and girls to the rank of young men and women. A good many romances begin at a place and time like this, when a youth's eyes rest on some demure damsel in new Sunday clothes and he suddenly begins to realize how grown-up she looks, and how pretty, and he feels grown-up, himself.

Weddings are solemnized here, the invited guests coming from far and near, on foot, in farm wagons, and in row-boats over the fjord. The guests go back to the house with the wedded pair and spend at least the day and evening in gay festivities.

Many Norwegian authors have portrayed interesting types of country clergymen. Brand in Ibsen's famous dramatic poem, known to English and American readers through Herford's excellent translation, is a clergyman, but in no sense a typical one. Nor is Björnson's Pastor Sang in *Over Evne,* who lives in a realm of spiritual exaltation so far above the level of everyday experience that he is represented as curing a bedridden invalid by the compelling power of prayer.

Even in a country church like this the pastor is a man with a university education, and tradition makes him a greatly respected figure in the community, the respect sometimes implying a certain degree of social isolation.

The smart little shop at this side of the church, with the flag-pole over the door, is devoted mainly to the sale of photographs, embroideries, silver trinkets, knicknacks carved out of wood, and other souvenirs for summer tourists. Shops are closed on Sunday, though custom encourages picnics, athletic sports and dancing on Sunday afternoons after church is over for the day.

Position 40. Map 5

Had you noticed that electric lights are established here? Nothing could be easier than to install electric lights in a land like Norway, where water-power is going to waste on every hand. Progressive innkeepers are finding it wise to introduce more and more such modern improvements.

There are several interesting excursions from Odde. Some of them involve journeying in a little fjord steamer which touches at various small piers like an accommodation train. If we look out from the second story of a building on the Odde wharf, a few rods beyond the church, we can see passengers gathering for such a voyage.

Position 41. Leaving Odde for an excursion down the picturesque, mountain-walled Sörfjord

Direction—We are facing almost due north. *Surroundings*—The village is directly behind us.

Norwegian poets have always shown a special affection for this part of Hardanger. Henrik Wergeland's great poem *The English Pilot,* contains a particularly vivid description of this charming region. Here is a fragment of it in English:—*

"Where in pale blue ranks arise
Alps that rim the mountain valley;
Where above the crystal spring
Blooms the snow-white apple-tree,
And in tracks of snow you see
Wild white roses blossoming;
Where a stream begins its song
Like a wind-harp low and muffled,
Murmuring through the moss and stones;
Then among the alders moans,

* Edmund Gosse: *Northern Studies.*

Rushes out, involved and ruffled,
By a youthful impulse driven,
Foaming, till it reach the vale,
And, like David with his harp,
From a shepherd made a king
By the songs that it can sing,
Triumphs through the listening dale."

And Andreas Munch has written a beautiful poem on this region. It has a magnificent melody and is popular in all of the Scandinavian countries. Here is the first stanza of it:—

"There quivers a glittering summer air
Warm over Hardanger fjord's fountains,
Where high 'gainst the heavens, so blue and so bare,
Are towering the mighty mountains.

The glacier shines bright,
The hillside is green,
The people are clad
In their Sunday clothes clean," . . .

It is for all the world as if he had written it about this very day and these very people!

That larger vessel off shore is the same French excursion steamer which we saw when we were up on the hill behind the village. Some of these people on the wharf are foreign tourists, some are country people. A great many middle-aged and elderly men shave the upper lip, but wear a full, bushy beard under and around the chin. The favorite hand-baggage of the women ought to be in evidence, but someway nobody seems to have her *tine* in sight at just this moment. A tine corresponds to a lunch-basket, a shopping or traveling bag, a market-basket, a "suit-case" or valise, in short, to almost every sort of re-

Position 41. Map 5

ceptable for hand-baggage. It may be of any size from a mere toy a few inches long to one or two feet. It is an elliptical wooden box with a flat cover; the cover has a deep notch at each end and is sprung into place by fitting each notch around a sort of stave which projects above the end of the box. The nicest tines are painted in gay colors or finished with a burning iron, and decorated with conventional flowers and leaves. Sometimes a tine has a wooden partition inside, dividing the space so that clothing and luncheon may be neatly packed under the one cover. There is a handle in the cover by which to carry it.

Nearly all the supplies used at Odde and the scattered farms in this vicinity are brought on steamers of this sort from the coast towns. It is a twelve-hour voyage from Bergen, off ahead of us at the left, or a twenty-four-hour voyage from Stavanger, behind us at the left. Local fares on a steamer like this are trifling in amount, and people patronize the boat quite freely. Money is, of course, comparatively scanty, even where people live very comfortably indeed. Many a prosperous farmer hereabout handles in the course of a year less actual cash than a single month's wages of an American factory operative, for almost every commonplace daily need is supplied from his own few acres of field, pasture and woodland or from the water of the fjord.

We can guess for ourselves somewhere near the time of day by noticing those shadows on the wharf and remembering that we are now facing almost due north. The western sunshine tells its own story. If we were to ask one of these people the exact hour, the answer might mislead us, even if we understood Norwegian, for they have a different way of describing certain intervals. *Halv fem* ("half five") means

not 5:30, but 4:30; it signifies literally "half-way toward five." *Tre Kvarter til et* ("three-quarters to one") means what Americans call "a quarter to one," i. e., 12:45; but the Norwegian expression is really more exact, for the hands of the clock do stand three-quarters of the way toward one!

Far ahead on the east side of the fjord we can see farm-buildings occupying little hollows in the mountain-side—such homes will be seen many times as we continue our way through the country. The snow-field, of which we see one corner drooping over the high cliffs beyond that mast, is part of the same one which we saw in the distance when we were up in the mountains near Seljestad. In several places along the side of that big, high tableland, masses of snow, compacted by their own weight into the form of glacial ice, slide downward, filling the steep valleys which form their channels. One such glacier (the Buar) is farther southwest, off behind us and out of range. There is a tradition that its enormous weight of ice, perpetually wasting and perpetually renewed, covers the place where once upon a time used to be a little hamlet. They say the people there had committed some awful sin and as a punishment the Lord sent a terrible snowstorm which lasted seventy days, burying the entire settlement as a solemn warning to ungodly communities. If you doubt, they tell you how years and years ago remnants of old dairy furniture, milk buckets or bowls or something of that sort, were found under the glacier, freed by the midsummer melting of its lower edge. Perhaps that proves the story. Again, perhaps the fragments may have come from some long-abandoned sæter. Perhaps they had never been milk buckets at all. In any case the story is impressive.

Position 41. Map 5

One of the most interesting local excursions made from Odde is to a certain valley high up on the mountains at the east (right) of the fjord. It takes a whole day to go up there and return. The custom is to go in a row-boat or a little launch from here to a point about four miles down the fjord, then land on the east bank and climb up through woods and steep, rocky pastures to a point 1850 feet higher than the fjord. Beyond that height is a hollow with two lakes, one of them about four miles long. One rows the length of that lake; then another half hour's climb takes the tourist to the spot which our map marks 42. It is worth while to identify the spot (on Map 5); the knowledge that it takes six hours to get there from Odde will make the spaces on paper mean more!

Position 42. A humble mountain home at the foot of the cliffs where the imposing Skjæggedalsfos leaps 525 feet

Direction—We are looking southwest, i. e., almost in the direction of Odde. *Surroundings*—Rocky heights, mostly barren like those seen ahead.

The famous American traveler, Paul Du Chaillu, saw this same sight years ago and recorded in his widely-read book (*The Land of the Midnight Sun*):

> "I had seen hundreds of large and thousands of small falls in Norway; many were much higher, but none had ever impressed me with their beauty like the Ringedal.* I gazed at it for hours, and new combinations and wonderful forms continually presented themselves."

*Another name for the Skjæggedalsfos, and also the name of the valley in which we stand.

Even while we gaze at the falls, ourselves, it almost seems as if those drifting clouds of spray were changing shape—shifting from one elusive form to another. Skjæggedalsfos is probably the grandest cataract in Europe. The approach to the falls on the gloomy Lake Ringedal is most impressive, and the first sight of them, in their rugged environment, as they suddenly burst upon the view, is awe-inspiring.

If it were not for the tourists who come up here in little parties every few days for a short season in midsummer, this farmer's family would lead a life as isolated as one would care to imagine, yet this *bonde* (peasant) is apparently contented with his lot. The wife and daughter make no profession of entertaining travelers, for meals are served at a larger farm farther down on our route, but they can furnish *fladbröd* and goats' milk, if you wish. Meat is rarely seen at a little farmhouse like this; the main dependence all the year round is on barley or oatmeal porridge, bread and cheese and potatoes. Notice that the top of a low stone chimney shows above that sod-roof. It collects and carries off the smoke from a wood fire on an open stone hearth in the living-room. Most of the plates, bowls and spoons they use are wooden and home-made; the few pieces of iron, steel and earthen ware that they own were probably brought up from Odde. It is surprising how few articles people do actually need to buy when they know how to do things and make things with their own hands.

We can see now quite plainly how the logs are dovetailed together at the corner of the house. Very likely that little four-paned window does not open at all. Norwegian people with their natural dread of winter's piercing cold, often overlook the desirabil-

ity of fresh air, and shut themselves up in an atmosphere so vitiated that it induces consumption of the lungs—a sad sarcasm of fate in a country where the air is like a tonic wine, but conservatism in such matters yields slowly.

Away back in the fourteenth century the black plague was somehow introduced into Norway and spread from one hamlet and farm to another, sweeping off thousands of people. On some of the isolated farms in this very province everybody died and only after the lapse of years were the desolate houses found uninhabited like forsaken birds' nests.

We should have to return the way we came, for this farmhouse and waterfall lie on no road to anywhere else. Most tourists go from here back to Odde and make a fresh start from there by one of the many fjord steamers.

Take a moment now for the map, and observe how the Sörfjord, reaching north from Odde, opens into a crooked east-and-west-reaching fjord with many straggling arms and subdivided inlets. These and the Sörfjord ("south"-fjord) itself, and some others farther west nearer the open sea, together constitute what is known as Hardangerfjord. Almost every mile of the way in from open sea is walled in by lofty mountains. Our route now takes us north in a small steamer down the Sörfjord, then east through the Eidfjord to a point near its head. A mile or two southeast of the head of Eidfjord the map shows a lake with a highway along its western bank. That highway leads to one of the famous sights of this region, which we shall presently see. First, however, we pause for a moment at the spot marked 43, on the road beside the lake.

Position 43. Map 5

Position 43. Narrow rock-shelf where the road to Vöringfos creeps past Lake Oifjord's deep waters

Direction—We are looking north, i. e., down the lake towards its outlet into the fjord. *Surroundings*—For some distance behind us the lake lies just below the road, like this.

Here again the cliff had to be blasted out to give room for a road, just as they managed over in the Bratlandsdal which we passed through some time ago (Position 35). Even now the road looks almost too narrow for teams to meet, but actually there would be room, for those small two-wheeled carts require very little space, as one learns by experiment. As for passing in the same direction, that is seldom done at all. It seems to be the etiquette of the road to allow a horse ahead of you to keep ahead, whatever his pace may be.

When Bayard Taylor traveled through this part of the kingdom fifty years ago, there was no highway along here. An almost unbroken cliff rose from the waters on this side of the lake, and the few visitors who came exploring the region had to row up the lake to reach its farther end, off behind us.*

This young woman in the picturesque Hardanger costume is a farmer's daughter, who thriftily adds to her modest savings by working at a summer hotel some distance down the road. Such a maid is respectfully addressed as Fröken—equivalent to "Miss" or the French "Mademoiselle." The fair-haired little girl is the inn-keeper's daughter, shyly observant of the strange dress, manners and customs of foreign travelers. No wonder our ways seem strange! It is indeed a strange world of hurry and noise from which

*See *Northern Travel.*

we come, in comparison with a sunshiny crevice of the earth like this! Scarcely a sound is to be heard here save the musical splash and gurgle of running brooks on their way to break with widening ripples the lovely reflections in that deep lake.

The chief feeders of this lake are a couple of little rivers which come down from mountain heights farther inland, at the east. One of these streams may be followed up to a point two hours' climb beyond the head of the lake. There is a good path, kept in repair by a Norwegian Tourist Club. Long before one sees anything especially remarkable, the roar of falling water begins to be heard. The roar grows louder and louder, and at last, when one reaches the place marked 44 on the map—behold! This is what he sees.

Position 44. The seething waters of the mighty Vöringfos, one of the largest waterfalls in Norway

Direction—We face southeast. It is afternoon light which shines down into the gorge from up behind us. *Surroundings*—All around us are tall cliffs, some bare, some mossy. It is just a deep cleft in the rocks into which the river hurls itself.

In a place like this it is difficult to estimate the dimensions of things, because there is almost nothing by which to measure; however, the lady in the white blouse, standing on the rocks part way down the bank, gives us a suggestion of relative heights. As a matter of fact the stream leaps 470 feet from the brink of the precipice to the bottom of the ravine. If we compare those figures with the altitude of some familiar church spire at home they will mean more. The spray which we now see blowing hither and

thither in the counter-draughts caused by the fall itself are afterward borne upward by an ascending air current, like a tremulous pillar of cloud. Indeed it was such a pillar of mist, seen from a lonely farm miles above here farther inland, which first led to the discovery of the falls themselves in the year 1821.

If we did but know it, our own sight of the plunging waters is a remarkably fortunate one, for only during a short time in the afternoon does the sun get a chance to shine into the ravine in this way and light up the sparkling veils of white. All the rest of the day that part of the narrow gorge is in shadow.

Excursions to the Vöringfos and the Skjæggedalsfos (Position 42), are considered quite thorough exploration of the remote splendors of this famous Hardanger country. The greater number of tourists through Norway do not venture so far from the main traveled ways of steamship route and dusty highway. But we are now going to see such a sight as never confronts the mere tourist, but only the trained mountaineer or the specially enthusiastic and indefatigable sportsman.

In order to understand exactly where we are to go, turn yet once more to the same map which we have been using (Map 5) and look over its extreme northeastern portion. South of the Vöringfos and several miles southeast of Lake Oifjord, the map marks our forty-fifth standpoint. The distance on flat paper does not seem great, but so ragged and rough is the utterly trackless waste of heights, ravines and barren plateaux, that it takes a couple of days to reach the spot, tramping with a Norwegian guide, loaded with blankets and provisions. The thing we are to see is not stationary like a mountain landmark,

Position 44. Map 5

but variable in location; moreover, while the traveler is anxious to *see* he is equally anxious not to *be seen,* consequently one moves about cautiously, according to the guide's instructions, until, creeping along a ridge of bare rock at the edge of a big July snow-bank, one peers over the ridge. . . .

Position 45. Herd of reindeer, hardy creatures of the northern wilds, and snowy heights of Hardanger glacier

Direction—We are facing north. *Surroundings*—This is the northern slope of Mt. Berakup on which we stand. All around us are dreary, uninhabited wastes of moor. At our right the moor stretches off sixty or seventy miles toward the interior of Norway.

These are wild reindeer that have never been milked or harnessed or otherwise reduced to domesticity, and are exceedingly shy.* The only human creature whom they would knowingly allow to approach them is a certain Lapp who spends his time wandering over this lonesome district. The herd is nominally owned by certain people, but they have no definite knowledge of the number of the animals any more than the owner of an estate in the Scottish highlands knows the number of his nesting grouse. The creatures wander about as they please, summer and winter, always moving against the wind. In summer the scanty grass and other herbage give them a good living. In winter, when snow lies deep over all the ground, and the thermometer goes down far below zero on these heights, three-quarters of a mile above sea-level, these hardy creatures still manage to subsist. The beautiful,

*A moment after the exposure was made for this negative, the entire herd ran off pell-mell in a panic and were soon nearly out of sight.

yellowish and reddish-brown skins are singularly impervious to the cold, and depth of snow merely gives them desirable exercise. With their hoofs and horns they dig away the snow from over banks of the so-called "reindeer moss" and come out the following spring in good condition.*

The entire growth of antlers we see now has been made since those of last year were shed in the spring. While still short, soft and tender ("in the velvet," as sportsmen say), through the spring these animals are peaceable with each other. The lengthening and sharpening and hardening of those splendid, spreading branches takes place at a very rapid rate, and before winter they will be tough as flint, ready for duty as swords in some reindeer duel. At this present time of year—midsummer—the creatures roam long distances, so their Lapp friend reports, often feeding one day forty or fifty miles from where they were a day or two before. Their tolerance of the Lapp himself is partly owing to a curious sort of mutual understanding which seems to exist between them, and partly to the explicit fact that he carries salt with him—a dainty for which they share the traditional appetite of domesticated cattle.

Later in our journey we shall see reindeer reduced to the state of servitude.

Sportsmen occasionally come up where we are now with guides, tents and provisions, for the sake of a shot at such big game. Campbell's *Wild Norway* tells of stalking a huge buck whose horns measured 51 inches long, with 29 inches beam. Major Ferryman's

*Du Chaillu in *The Land of the Midnight Sun* tells about seeing reindeer dig such deep holes in the snow, in order to reach edible moss, they themselves were almost entirely out of sight while actually feeding.

Position 45. Map 5.

In the Norseman's Land has some exciting accounts of similar sport.

In clear weather like this to-day there is something magnificent about the very bigness of the open spaces of earth and sky, and the magnificence is curiously characteristic of Norway. You notice the strangely monotonous level of that gigantic ice field straight ahead fifteen or eighteen miles away against the northern sky. Just such are most of the high contours to be seen from the "Hardanger Vidda," as this huge open heath is called.

Bayard Taylor, whose book on *Northern Travel* fifty years ago awoke America to a realization of how much there is to see in Norway, said:—

> "Once upon the broad, level summit of a Norwegian fjeld, one would never guess what lovely valleys lie under those misty breaks which separate its immense lobes—what gashes of life and beauty penetrate its stony heart. There are, in fact, two Norways; one above, a series of detached, irregular masses, bleak, snowy, wind-swept and heather-grown, inhabited by herdsmen and hunters; one below—a ramification of narrow veins of land and water, with fields and forests, highways and villages."

When storms sweep over this bleak highland, even in midsummer, the desolation is something better to hear about than to experience. It sometimes rains or snows a week at a time, the wind sweeping across in great gusts, making it impossible to keep a tent in place except in some specially sheltered spot. It seems pretty evident that Nature never intended the region for human habitation.

The great glacier which we have just seen at the north is perpetually losing parts of its thick ice-

blanket; their own weight drags them over the sides of the plateau and makes them scrape slowly down the side slopes, as the midsummer sun melts their lower edges.

Returning now down to the eastern end of the Eidfjord below Lake Oifjord (see the northeastern part of our map), our proposed route calls for an hour's row northeasterly to the head of a small inlet, and then involves a long hard tramp up through the valley known as the Simodal, towards a part of the great glacier. A professional guide accompanies travelers, for it is a rough, wild country, with hardly any signs of habitation—a bad place in which to lose one's way and be overtaken by an avalanche or a sudden storm. Part way up a ravine we pause at the point which the map marks 46 and look ahead.

Position 46. Flood from a melting glacier, where Rembesdalsfos comes over a towering precipice

Direction—We are facing north toward part of the great glacier which we saw in the distance when we were with the reindeer over on Hardanger Vidda. *Surroundings*—Around us on all sides are crags and ledges like what we see.

We cannot possibly take in the awful grandeur of the falls until we have gazed at them again and again. If it were not for the presence of our guide* down there on the rocks some distance ahead, we might easily underestimate the heights and depths and cross distances, so difficult it is to believe the titanic scale on which this ravine is made. Those precipices at the right and left are as high as two lofty cathedrals piled

*Lars Legreid. He is one of the best guides in Norway, knowing every rod of the way, and speaking English.

one on top of the other; no wonder that sturdy Lars Legreid looks like a doll in comparison with his surroundings!

The bare rocks of the gorge ahead offer such scanty footholds for would-be explorers that iron staples have been set at intervals, holding chains to which a climber may cling while he creeps or scrambles over the most dangerous places. Down here where we are now, shut in by high walls, the heat of the midsummer sun is almost stifling, especially to one wearied by the previous rough climbing. Up ahead there, where the water comes down apparently out of the sky, the wind blows a chilly gale and the water is ice-cold. Everything here is on a gigantic scale, even the contrasts of temperature!

But where does the river really come from?

Away up over that lofty rim of the precipice is a shelf or shoulder of the mountain, and on that shelf, at the foot of another irregular height, is the sky-reservoir from which this flood comes rushing. Our next position (47) will be on the margin of that reservoir.

Position 47. Stream of solid ice (Hardanger glacier) and lake (Rembesdalsvand) formed where it melts

Direction—We are facing northeast. *Surroundings*—Ledges of rock with occasional patches of moss, and off at our left a scanty growth of grass around a deserted sæter.

That is Lars again. The boat used to belong to the sæter before it was abandoned, and he has bailed it out to serve for a row across to the glacier. The

greenish water is full of fine, powdery waste from the rocks over which the heavy ice-mass has been scraping and grinding, as it slowly settles toward this melting-point.

It looks like a frozen river emptying into the lake, and indeed it amounts to that, only it was never a liquid river—it was solid ice before ever it began its downward movement. Its depth can only be estimated; it may vary anywhere from fifteen or twenty feet at the edges to one or two hundred feet in other places—evidently this part facing us partially fills a deep valley between the cliffs. Those wave-like corrugations on the surface are much larger than they look from here, in many cases probably thirty or forty feet high; some of those streaks of shadow mark deep, yawning cracks (crevasses), where the thick mass gave way under some extra pull or strain caused by unevenness in the bottom of the valley underneath.

The falls which we saw from Position 46 are now a short distance away at our right, where this lake spills its outlet down over the edge of the mountain-shelf on which we now stand. The water then descends through the long, steep, rocky valley and joins the salt depths at the head of the fjord.

Leaving now Map 5 to which we have been so often referring, let us go back for a moment to Map 2, which shows the whole of southern Norway. The red oblong between 60° and 61° latitude shows the region around the Sörfjord which we have lately been exploring. Now we shall go to Bergen, the chief town of western Norway, on the seacoast in latitude between 60° and 61°. Be sure to find it on this map, for our outlook over the town will be much more significant if we

Position 47. Map 5

understand how the harbor lies with relation to the open ocean.

Now turn to Map 6, which shows Bergen by itself. Our forty-eighth standpoint is marked on a hill at the east of the town, and the branching red lines indicate a far outlook across a portion of the town itself, across the harbor and an outer bay, and farther still, beyond the limits of this special map. Notice that a zigzag road leads out of the town proper and goes some distance up the hill at the east—the Flöifjeld. Zigzags like those on any Norwegian map are sure to imply a very steep grade.

Position 48. Bergen, west from the Flöifjeld, over the harbor and Puddefjord

Direction—We are facing west, so the open ocean must lie beyond those islands which wall-in the horizon. *Surroundings*—We are only part way up the Flöifjeld; it rises steep and rugged behind us.

It is the oldest and most picturesque part of the town that we see now. Bergen has grown so much during the last thirty or forty years that streets have spread and been well built up over an area as large as this, farther south (left) beyond our present range of vision. The railway station is down in that part of the town—the terminal of a seventy-mile line over to Vossevangen at the east. Before long a railway will be completed from here to Christiania. A number of the oldest streets are crowded close under this hill, too far to the right for us to see from here.

This is the favorite outlook over the town—tourists come up here, usually in carriages like the one which

stands waiting;* some come up on foot, making short cuts by means of stairs built over the hillside, and are glad of the chance to rest on that bench. Such benches are set along the road at spots where the view is considered particularly good. We ourselves are peculiarly fortunate in finding clear air—actually bright sunshine! Rainy days are so many here in the course of the year that numberless jokes are made about the climate; the annual rainfall actually does amount to seventy-two inches, so the jokes have a good basis of fact. They say, for instance, that the first gift Bergen etiquette prescribes for a new-born baby is a waterproof cloak. According to local tradition this horse should shy at the sight of a man *without* an umbrella. Legend says that a Bergen shipmaster was once coming home after a long voyage, and, seeing bright sunshine on the red-tiled roofs of these Bergen houses below us, he thought he had mistaken his port and put out again to sea!

That large steamer down in the harbor is an ocean-liner; the smaller vessels are chiefly fishing boats. Those warships anchored over in the Puddefjord beyond the town are German vessels escorting H. M. Emperor Wilhelm II on the occasion of a visit here (1905). Bergen has now no military defences worth mentioning, though an old fort still standing down by the mouth of the harbor (we do not see it from here) was considered powerful in the Middle Ages. Eight hundred years ago, and for several centuries after that, the kings of Norway held their court here—the old palace of King Olaf Kyrre stood close by the foot of this hill, near that cathedral with the square

*Travelers who are familiar with the sculpture of Attic Greece are often struck by the resemblance of these stocky, thick-necked ponies to the famous marble steeds on the Parthenon frieze.

Position 48. Map 6

tower. Some of the sixty vessels with which Sigurd the "Jerusalem-farer" sailed to the Holy Land in 1107 started from this very harbor on their long voyage away around Europe and through the Mediterranean Sea, bearing sturdy Norsemen to fight around the walls of old Jerusalem.* In the twelfth century, when the home kingdom was itself in a turmoil of civil wars, the most important battles were fought in this harbor or right off-shore.

It was probably out from this harbor that a Scottish ship sailed in 1290 or thereabouts, carrying "the king's daughter o' Norroway" to mount the throne of her Scottish grandfather; (Eric Magnusson had married Margaret of Scotland). Histories say little about it, but the famous old Scotch ballad, *Sir Patrick Spence,* preserves the legend. Scotland is only forty-eight hours' away by steamer, over beyond those islands straight ahead, but the North Sea is treacherous, and the second-sight of Sir Patrick's reluctant seamen boded true. The Norroway princess never reached shore.

"Half o'er, half o'er to Aberdour
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies good Sir Patrick Spence
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet."

For the last four hundred years, commercial interests have predominated here in Bergen—this is one of Europe's greatest centers for the fish trade, and here, too, arrive a large proportion (about $9,000,000 worth) of the country's imports from other countries. Forty-five per cent. of the national revenue is derived from duties on coffee, tea and sugar.

*See Map 1 to recall the peculiarly roundabout route they had to take.

Old Sagas record Norway's early recognition of the importance of foreign trade. Like all other people of spirit, in old times, the Norsemen accounted it perfectly fair to seize English, Irish and French valuables as the prize of victorious warfare, but, after the fighting was over, they frankly took to barter as a means of securing further supplies. Egil's Saga tells how:—

> "Thorolf had a large seagoing ship; in every way it was most carefully built, and painted nearly all over above the water-line. It had a sail with blue and red stripes, and all the rigging was very elaborate. This he made ready, and ordered his men-servants to go with it; he had put on board dried fish, skins, tallow, gray fur and other furs, which he had from the mountains. All this was of much value. He sent it westward to England to buy cloth and other goods that he needed. They went southward along the coast and then out to sea. When they arrived in England they found a good market, loaded the ship with wheat and honey, wine and cloth, and returned in the autumn with fair winds."

A twelfth century historian records:—

> "Some time after, King Sverrir held a *Thing* (council) in Björgyn (Bergen) and spake: 'We thank all Englishmen who bring hither wheat and honey, flour or cloth, for coming. We thank also all men who bring hither linen, wax or kettles. We will also name those who have come from the Orkneys, Hjaltland, Faroes, Iceland, and all who bring into this country things useful for it.' "*

At the present time Bergen capital alone supports a mercantile fleet comprising over one hundred steamers and nearly three times as many sailing vessels, large

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*Sverrir's (Sverre's) Saga.

or small. Several great ship-building establishments conduct a prosperous business over beside the Puddefjord, west of the town.

There are more than a hundred factories, large and small, within the municipal limits, and five thousand employés earn their bread making leather, wood pulp, woolen cloth, matches, etc., etc. The increase of such manufacturing industries accounts for the recent growth of the town as a whole.

That large open space down in the nearer part of the town, at the left, is the principal public square; those modern buildings close by are the exchange, banks, insurance offices and the like. That square is practically part of a still larger open space, for it adjoins the principal market-place at the head of the harbor. We cannot see down into the market-place at this moment, because buildings at its southeast side cut off our view, but we shall presently go down there (Positions 49 and 50) to see what is going on. A little farther to the right, close by the harbor, a few minutes' walk northwest from the cathedral with the square tower, stand some famous old warehouses which we shall also take pains to see when we go down into the town (Position 51). Now look directly over the head of the waiting coachman and find, at the farther side of the harbor, a large building with an arcaded lower story and three upper stories generously provided with windows. We shall, by and by (Position 52), stand in a square beside that building and look across the harbor to some interesting historic landmarks which stand now too far to our right to be visible.

The conspicuous white buildings away out near the northwest end of the town peninsula include a fine new city hospital.

Now to go down into the town. Look on the city map (Map 6) and find our forty-ninth position, where it is set down in the square at the head of the harbor. As the red lines end on the side of the Flöifjeld, this height must evidently form the background of our view.

Position 49. In the great market-place of busy Bergen; from the flower market to the fish market

Direction—We are facing north towards the steep wall of the Flöifjeld, from which we had just been looking off. *Surroundings*—The harbor is just at our left. The peninsula district of the town, over which we have been looking, lies off over our left shoulder—i. e., partially behind us. Directly behind us and at the right are the newer sections of the town.

There are nearly seventy thousand people in Bergen; it is next to Christiania in point of population, so we need not be surprised to find a large throng attending the semi-weekly market.

A pretty sight, isn't it, with this gay display of flowers? Bergen people love them and have money to buy them; the mild climate and the frequent rains are good for the gardens, and dozens of industrious gardeners get both pleasure and profit out of flower-raising. The glazed cases are like those we saw at Christiania for cut flowers.

A few rods ahead at the edge of the harbor, other vendors are disposing of fish of all sorts. Vegetables, small fruits and the usual miscellaneous stock of a large country market can also be found here, but fish and flowers seem to be the most conspicuously in demand here in Bergen. A good many people here have comfortable fortunes; mill-owners, ship-owners, ship-

Position 49. Map 6

builders, importers and commission merchants make up a prosperous moneyed class, and similar prosperity has existed for several generations, so that there are people here who were born to comfortable living and who have always had opportunities for culture. The result is that Bergen has an unusually large number of highly educated people. The public schools are admirable. Boys and girls attend school without any fees until they are fourteen—the payment of a modest fee in the public high school gives them about the same training that they would receive in an American high school and prepares them, if desired, for either the university or one of the large technical schools. There is a fine public library here; a good art museum, a museum of natural history with summer classes for school teachers; a museum of archæology, and another devoted especially to fisheries; there are industrial and trade schools for both boys and girls; a theatre where good plays and concerts are given—altogether Bergen is distinctly "up-to-date," as the American phrase puts it. Ole Bull, the world-famous violinist, was a Bergen boy. Grieg, the famous musical composer, was born in Bergen and still lives here; Ibsen and Björnson, the celebrated litterateurs, have both lived here. Nansen, the Arctic explorer, was for a time curator of the Bergen Museum. It is a fine old town, and its children, native and adopted, do it credit!

Most of the older buildings here in Bergen are of wood, but the tendency now (distinctly shaped by new ordinances) is to build in less inflammable masonry. Fire has always been a fearful scourge in this land of wooden building construction.

Those electric lights are an incalculable advantage in a place like this, counterbalancing the depressing effect of the long winter evenings. When, even in

clear weather, the sun stays below the horizon eighteen hours at a stretch—and it does that here in December—the enlivening effect of such lights is something to be thankful for. Of course, the town streets had for years been lighted after a fashion, but the new method has special effectiveness and charm.

A few foreign tourists are mingling to-day with the crowd of townsfolk and country people before us, but most of the faces we see are thoroughly Norwegian. Many of the people speak one or two foreign languages at least well enough to serve ordinary practical purposes; English, French and German are taught in the schools here and by private tutors. Very little peasant picturesqueness is to be seen nowadays in the way of costume. The Bergen folks themselves dress just as they might in Copenhagen or Berlin or Chicago, and many of the farmers' wives and daughters follow their lead as far as scantier purses will permit.

Let us move a few rods forward, from where we stand now, then, stationing ourselves at the second-story window of a building alongside the market, look across towards what has been at our left. The new position is marked 50 on the city map. Observe that the red lines extending from it reach away off down the harbor.

Position 50. The harbor, northwest from the market-place in Bergen, the greatest fish market of Norway

Direction—Towards open ocean, though large islands cut off the view in the distance. *Surroundings*—The flower-sellers are now at our left. The tower-

Position 50. Map 6

ing bulk of the Flöifjeld is now beyond a few crowded streets at our right.

This pier, shaped like a blunt arrow-head, is a famous old center for retail sales of fish. Almost every tourist who ever visited Norway has been here. The people leaning over the rail at this side of the triangle are looking down into the boat of a fisherman and listening while somebody tries to make a shrewd bargain. The rule is never to give what the fisherman first asks, but to beat down his price. This is partly because the average housewife really has a very small income, a good mechanic earning perhaps not more than $3 weekly, and partly because that is the way to play the game, chaffering, holding back, refusing and relenting by turns. Many of the fish are alive, swimming in water in the bottom of the boat or in tanks of water along the edge of the pier. Every sort of fish can be had here, from salmon of the most expensive quality down to the cheapest kinds of fish costing a cent or less. Dried, salted and smoked fish are also for sale.

These city people are too sophisticated to carry wooden *tiner* for their purchases. Baskets are more in favor.

Now that we are so near the water we can see quite plainly the style of boat used by the fishermen, almost without exception high and pointed at both ends, like the old Viking ship that we saw at Christiania (Position 7). By the way, the Norwegian name for one of those sail boats— *jægte,* is the same word as the English word "yacht." Those staunch little craft can stand an almost incredible amount of knocking about in rough weather—the Norsemen have been boatbuilders from time immemorial. They know their business. Immense quantities of cod and herring are

brought in here every season direct from the fishing banks among islands farther north. Valuable cargoes of cured fish, cod liver oil and whale oil are brought in here from Aalesund, Svolvær, Hammerfest and other fishing stations at the north, and reshipped to European buyers. Six million dollars worth or thereabouts leave this harbor every year for foreign ports.

That tall stone building in the distance, at the north side of the harbor, known as Valkendorf's Tower, has stood there almost seven hundred years. King Haakon Haakonson built it after the civil wars were ended in the thirteenth century, and a national convention held here in Bergen had confirmed his right to the throne of Norway. Of course, it is not just as it was in Haakon's time; it was enlarged in the sixteenth century and repaired sixty years ago. It is now used as an arsenal and military museum.

Consult the city map and we find it shows a long quay, bordering the north side of the harbor, around a turn of the shore from the market-place. On the land side there are evidently buildings of some sort facing the quay. It is the old Tyskebrygge (German Quay)—a place widely celebrated and one which every tourist takes pains to see, because of its curious history. We shall stand where the number 51 is printed, and look off alongside the harbor as the red lines indicate.

Position 51. Warehouses along the quay in the old town of Bergen

Direction—Northwest. *Surroundings*—The market-place is now off over our left shoulder. The harbor

Position 50. Map 6

waters are just out of range at our left. The steep side of the Flöifjeld rises only a few minutes' walk from here, at our right.

Those masts at the left show how near are the harbor waters. The tall roof at the right of the masts is that of the same thirteenth century stone building, which we saw from the market-place. They call it the Valkendorf Tower—sometimes the Rosenkrantz Tower. The high gable cut in steps, which shows above the end of the street, is another of Bergen's historic places, the King's Hall; we shall see that better by and by when we go over to the south side of the harbor (Position 52). Both buildings date back to the thirteenth century, but have been carefully restored.

Those flags, blowing in the wind that sweeps up from the harbor, emphasize proudly the fact the Norsemen themselves are masters here. It was not always so. These old wooden warehouses were once the local habitation of one of the most curious and powerful of all the great "Trusts" of the Middle Ages. The famous Hanseatic League of Continental trading towns began about 1241, simply as an association for protection against highwaymen and pirates, and developed gradually into what would now be described as a gigantic "syndicate" of rich municipalities engaged in trade. About the middle of the fifteenth century certain German members of the Hanseatic League were allowed to establish offices here and carry on an export trade in fish; that was during the period when Norway was ruled by a non-resident Danish king, and the Norwegians themselves were given little consideration if their claims had to be balanced against those of powerful foreigners. By one means and another the Germans managed to get

greater and greater privileges from the Danish government, until after a while they were actually permitted to monopolize the foreign fish trade of northern and western Norway, driving out of business not only their English, Scottish and Dutch competitors, but even the Norwegians themselves! The vast capital and enormous political power of the League stood behind them, and shrewd Germans made the most of their unjust opportunity, amassing princely fortunes for certain natives of Bremen, Lubeck and other "Hansa" towns over on the Continent.

These wooden buildings were all occupied two hundred years ago by agents and clerks of merchants in the great League. They stand on the site of similar buildings occupied in the same way since the middle of the fifteenth century, but destroyed by accidental fires. On the ground floor of each building were great store-rooms, where cured fish accumulated, awaiting shipment. On the next floor the manager or superintendent had his office, counting-room and private apartments; on the upper floors lived the bookkeepers and correspondence-clerks, common laborers and servants. The employés were obliged to live on the premises, and were at all times under their managers' authority; a dull time they must have had in most cases. Not a man was allowed to find a wife or sweetheart among the Bergen girls, for fear his interest would become divided and the German capitalists make less money. Serious courtship and light-minded flirtation were alike forbidden; the semi-monastic discipline of these establishments would not permit any woman to enter the men's apartments, even as a servant, and the beds had to be made up by reaching in clumsily from an outside room through a small window in the partition wall beside each bunk!

Position 51. Map 6

According to old accounts, the German clerks must have been a very uncouth and boisterous lot, and the Bergen girls were probably quite as well off without them. They used to play all sorts of rough-and-tumble practical jokes on each other, and they practised for years a hideously brutal system of hazing, applicable to each new member of an office staff. Such doings are described in considerable detail in the chapter on Bergen in Zimmern's *The Hansa Towns,* a book well worth reading in connection with a visit here.

Of course, there must have been some who took satisfaction in reading and study after the long hours of work; but the well-grounded dread of fire caused another rule strictly forbidding fires and lights in the main buildings. When a midwinter evening begins about 2 P. M. such a regulation is no small hardship; however, the managers built small, separate structures in the garden space behind each house, where men could smoke, play cards, read and talk in comparative comfort. Those "common-rooms," as they were called, are now mostly destroyed by accident or the wear-and-tear of time.

Christopher Valkendorf, whose name is borne by the old stone tower beyond, kept up a gallant struggle in Norway's behalf against the crushing burden of this German trade-monopoly, and through his efforts the situation became less intolerable in the latter part of the sixteenth century. It was not, however, until 1764 that the very last of the old German offices here was sold out to a native of Norway. Now, of course, Norwegians are making fortunes for themselves, shipping fish to all quarters of Europe, especially keeping up a large and profitable trade with the Catholic countries on the Mediterranean, where religious obligations necessitate the wide use of fish for food.

Bergen is one of the few places in Norway where there are enough resident Catholics to support a church; the Catholic people here are mostly sailors and workmen with families. The Catholic church is in the new (southern) part of the town, away over behind us and off at the left. It is only sixty years since the Government allowed churches other than those of the State (Lutheran) faith to be built at all. Ever since the Reformation, Norway has been rigidly intolerant of other forms of religion, and even now any Dissenter (that means anybody who is not a Lutheran) suffers definite social and professional disabilities, being ineligible to government office, large or small.

Take one more look at the city map and find our fifty-second standpoint in a sort of broad cross-avenue or oblong "square" in the peninsula district of the town about opposite the middle of the harbor. The various open spaces which seem disproportionately numerous, are left on purpose, as a safeguard against the spread of fires. Notice how the red lines reach across the harbor, including several buildings inside the line of some old fortification.

Position 52. Sternly picturesque old fortress (Bergenhus), seen from a square in the modern town of Bergen

Direction—We are looking north across to the hill known as Sverresborg, and the mountains behind it. *Surroundings*—The streets of the town surround us here, reaching off to the right and left and behind us. The market-place at the head of the harbor is some distance away at the right.

Position 52. Map 6

The Flöifjeld, from whose steep side we got our first outlook over Bergen (Position 48), is off at our right, at the other side of the harbor. You remember that when we were up on the Flöifjeld we looked down over this peninsula part of the town and noticed this very building with the arcaded lower story, the many-windowed upper stories and the gable in the roof.

That tall, square building on the opposite side of the harbor, its peaked roof indistinct against the mountain background, is the same one which we saw from the fish market and from the quay beside the old German warehouses. At the left we see the quaint King's Hall, recently restored after years of neglect; for some time it had been used as a grain storehouse. Both buildings were originally included in the walls of Bergen's little citadel—Bergenhus; the fort proper is a bit too far to the west (left) for us to see from here. Both the Tower and the Hall were built during the thirteenth century, after the time of the civil wars when Bergen saw the hottest fighting yet they have had some experience of warfare—there are to-day still sticking in the walls of the tower some cannon-balls fired in by British frigates outside the harbor in an effort to frighten the townspeople into giving up some Dutch vessels that had taken refuge here. But Norwegians are not easily frightened.

The King's Hall looks from here somewhat like a church, but its purpose was social and ceremonial, not religious. There is a huge fireplace inside, and at one end a throne for the old monarch (Haakon Haakonson), who annexed Greenland and Iceland, including in his realm not only all Norway, but also the Orkney and Shetland Islands, the Faroes, the

Hebrides and the Isle of Man. In that hall he used to give great banquets where ale was quaffed by brawny Norsemen with unlimited thirst. There, too, hard-fighting warriors sat around the fire, listening to the rhythmic chant of story-tellers recounting old tales of heroes, giants and gods.

The hard-drinking practised in those old times has at this distance a certain picturesque aspect, but Norway has come to feel that it is out of place in this twentieth century. Two or three generations ago drunkenness was appallingly common—so common in fact, that it threatened to eat out the vigor of the people, reducing their physique and seriously retarding the prosperity of the kingdom. To-day the situation is immensely improved. Partly through the steadily rising social standards of average people, and partly as the result of wise legislation pertaining to the liquor traffic, the evil is now abated to a great extent—indeed the present average consumption of alcohol in Norway is only about one-third as much as in Great Britain, one-fourth as much as in Germany, one-fifth as much as in Belgium and France. Here in Bergen, for instance, retail sales of intoxicating liquors can be made only in a certain limited number of shops licensed by popular vote. The persons making the sales are on fixed salaries, and so have no personal interest in pushing sales beyond their normal volume. All books and accounts are audited by municipal and State examiners. The owners or stockholders in the business can retain only 5 per cent. of the profits, the remaining profits being divided in certain fixed proportions between the municipality of Bergen, the *amt* (county or province) and the State—such income being used for the maintenance of jails and hospitals and for public improvements of

general utility. For example, that fine road up the steep side of the Flöifjeld (we had one brief glimpse of it when we were looking over the town from Position 48), was built in part, if not wholly, with funds derived from liquor sales down here in the town. Municipal ordinances forbid sales of intoxicants under any circumstances between 10 P. M. and 8 A. M.; on Sundays and church holidays; and after 1 P. M. on days preceding Sundays and holidays.

On the other hand, increasing efforts are made to provide decent, wholesome recreation to take the place of hard drinking. Bergen supports an excellent public library; the municipality appropriates a small sum every year toward the support of the theatre; band concerts are given in summer in a pretty public park; the school children are being led to take an intelligent interest in the museums of natural history and northern antiquities. Boating, *skiing,* skating, sledging, and all such out-of-door sports, are heartily encouraged by prize competitions. Old Norway certainly holds the key to her difficult social problem, and the solution is being steadily worked out.

This open space where we are now is Holbergs Almenning or Holberg's Common (*almenning* means ground belonging to *all men* alike). It is named in honor of a Bergen man, Ludvig Holberg, who was in the eighteenth century one of the most popular authors in Europe. He was born in Bergen and spent some of his early years here, but lived most of his life in Copenhagen, where he became a professor. He traveled a good deal for those days, and became an exceedingly wise and witty student of human nature. His comedies and verse are still popular, especially in Scandinavia and Germany; anybody who has access to a large public library can find English translations

of parts of his works in Howitt's *Literature and Romance of Northern Europe.* One of the comedies, *The Man Without a Minute,* is a deliciously funny picture of a fussy, over-important person, whose mind works helter-skelter, who fancies himself desperately busy over important concerns, and who really accomplishes nothing at all. He and his absurdities are as well known to readers of Danish as Bob Acres in Sheridan's *Rivals* is to readers of English.

One of the most celebrated of all Norway's valleys and fjords lies northeast of Bergen. The general map of southern Norway (Map 2) shows the Sognefjord opening among innumerable ragged islands just above 61° latitude, and reaching crookedly in, far in eastward, with many arms and inlets. It is, in fact, more than one hundred miles that the sea does reach up through deep clefts of the broken land. Find Bergen once more on this map, so as to have in mind the relative situation of that town and the southeastern inlets of the Sognefjord. The red oblong set off on the map, northeast of Bergen, tells us that section of country will be found mapped by itself on a larger scale. We find the special map (Eastern Sognefjord district) marked Map 7.

Travelers going overland from Bergen to the inner valleys of the Sognefjord usually cover the first seventy miles of the journey by using the railway already mentioned. At the eastern terminus, Vossevangen, stolkjærres are hired, and the excursion is continued with horse and post-boy as before. The country around Vossevangen is exceptionally good farming land, and the hotels and boarding-houses are very popular in summer, both with Norwegians from

Position 53. Map 7

Bergen and Christiania and with foreign visitors. Six or seven miles beyond the village our road passes an unusually fine waterfall; if we pause there for a moment we shall find it not at all a lonely place—there will be companions a-plenty. Our standpoint is marked with a red 53 near the lower margin of Map 7.

Position 53. Children at play in a farmer's field before terraced Tvindefos near Vossevangen

Direction—Northwest. *Surroundings*—We are just off the highway, with fields close by and hills off behind us.

A fine new house stands only a few rods away; this is an old farmhouse which has been here a long time. You see we have come once more into the region of sod-covered roofs, and tall hay-driers. Those tall poles leaning against the end of the house are such as the farmer used to construct the hay racks. The field over there on the distant slope looks from here like a patch of potatoes.

It is about three hundred feet the water descends from that precipice to the level of the highway. It is on its way to the fjord above Bergen.

Some of these children are here only for the summer vacation—two of them are wearing the pretty Norwegian peasant clothes—the others have nothing distinctive about their costume. Nowadays city children from Bergen and city children from England are dressed in nearly the same style. Norwegian and English children could play together very readily, so many popular games are common to the neighbor lands—"tag," "blindman's

buff," "puss-in-the-corner," all have Norse equivalents, and other games, peculiar to Norway, can be easily learned. Indeed, little English folks know a great many stories which were originally written in Danish (or Norwegian—practically the same tongue). All the fascinating tales by Hans Christian Andersen circulated here before they were translated into English. The fairy stories of Moe and Asbjörnsen* were the delight of Norwegian youngsters before ever a London publisher could bring them out in a British version. They are among the best fairy tales extant, quaint, picturesque, with intimate homely touches of domestic detail, such as make the *Märchen* of the German brothers Grimm beloved by children everywhere. The fantastic, the grotesque, the preposterously absurd, are all so interwoven with familiar, matter-of-fact details of everyday life, that none but the most drearily unimaginative child could help feeling a delicious thrill of reality in each tale as a whole. The Norse story of "Wooden Jacket" has a Cinderella sort of heroine. The Norse adventures of "Herr Peter" read like our own "Puss in Boots."

Norse folk-stories over and over again have for their hero the youngest son of a family; sometimes the youth has several elder brothers, at all events, there are pretty sure to be two older youths, whose disagreeable faults set off the hero's fine spirit and courage in a most effective way. Trolds, giants and goblins figure largely in the popular stories, and someway they do not like to have their names pronounced by mortals. Over and over again one comes upon the tradition that the evil power of a trold is nullified if one can learn the uncanny creature's name and cry it

*See page 358.

aloud. Just how it should be so, . . . but why inquire? Children themselves never do inquire!

A few miles northeast of the farmhouse and the waterfall leaping from stair to stair over the terraced cliffs, the road runs along near a little river with rocky banks. The red 54 on Map 7 near its lower margin, indicates a place where we shall linger a few minutes to see how farmers utilize small portions of the local water-power.

Position 54. A log-built mill and a water-wheel grindstone on Stalheim River

Direction—We are facing northwest. *Surroundings*—The highway which we have been following is up behind us at the left. The river lies at our right.

Nobody has yet calculated how much energy—millions, billions, of horse-power—runs to waste, commercially speaking, among the Scandinavian mountains. Probably Norway's water-power is sufficient to run all the factories of continental Europe, but only the merest inconsiderable fraction of it is forced into any utilitarian scheme for industrial activity. Farmers do, however, avail themselves of some of the numberless opportunities to get their lumber sawed, their oats and barley ground into coarse meal, and their tools sharpened. Right here a little mountain brook is captured as it comes racing down to jump into the river; one slender portion of the stream, diverted into that sluiceway of planks, is now turning a heavy grindstone. The little old mill itself looks as if business were not very lively, but it is picturesquely suggestive of the way people live close to Nature. Froude, the English historian, wrote once after a tour through this country:—

> "I confess for myself that, sublime as the fjords were, the saw-mills and farmhouses and fishing-boats, and the patient, industrious people wresting a wholesome living out of that stern environment, affected me much more nearly."

A prosperous farmer living on an isolated farm needs a mill of his own almost as much as a barn of his own to save him the necessity of carrying grain twice over a steep, hard road. In old times such a farmer was his own blacksmith, too, having a forge of his own ready for need. Saw-mill, grist-mill, blacksmith-shop, cloth-mill, tannery, carpenter and joiner shop—a whole group of such establishments in crude and primitive, but practically effective form, made up the old-fashioned farmer's establishment. Now modern innovations are creeping in more and more. The women weave less homespun stuff. At Stalheim's Hotel, a few miles farther on, they use wheat flour grown and ground in America!

We are on our way to Stalheim's now. There is a stolkjærre waiting for us in the highway up at the left. The telegraph poles gleaming here and there among the trees lead the way—wherever they go one may safely follow, sure of reaching some hospitable shelter.

The road gradually mounts higher and higher above the river and comes out on a plateau overlooking a long valley—one of the most celebrated valleys in Europe. Be sure to look up our fifty-fifth standpoint on Map 7, not far from the two previous positions. See—the red lines indicate definitely that we are to look down a narrow valley towards the upper end of one of the Sognefjord's long, crooked inlets.

Position 54. Map 7

Position 55. Stalheim's Hotel and its superb view through the famous Nærödal

Direction—We are looking east-northeast, towards the head of the fjord, though the water is not in sight. *Surroundings*—This mountain-side rises still higher behind us. The little mill which we lately saw is now off at our right and behind us, considerably lower down.

These stiff, shy little damsels are the children of a farmer not far away. It would be interesting to know how far they appreciate the glories of such a scene as this. People come half way around the world to get the view we have now, looking off over the valley. There is a good deal of latent poetry in the Norse temperament, and very likely the children are more or less impressed by the landscape splendor, though the effect probably suffers with them from over-familiarity.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, years ago, put beautifully into words the experience of a Norwegian boy about the same age as these children, when he climbed for the first time up from his home in the bottom of a narrow valley to a place where earth and sky opened all around him as they do here.

> "To him, who had never been used to see more than a few rods around him, the change was so sudden and so unexpected that for a moment he had a sensation as if he was losing his breath, or as if the earth had fallen from under his feet and he had been left floating in the air. . . . The immense distance dazzled his unwonted eye. . . . He drew a long, full breath; surely he had never known the delight of breathing before. A throng of childish plans crowded into his mind; half-hidden dreams, half-born hopes revived and came forth into light.

> They had not had room while they were crowded together down in the dark, narrow valley."*

It has been raining and the clouds are just breaking away; the distance, as we see, is still shadowed by clouds. That curious, thimble-shaped mountain is the Jordalsnut. It is almost 3,500 feet from the valley floor up to its summit. The mountains on the opposite side of the valley are the Koldafjeld and Aaxel—all three are mostly a beautiful silvery gray feldspar or "Labrador" rock, forming a splendid contrast to the wooded heights nearer where we stand. Away down there in the valley we can see the same river that we saw beside the old mill (Position 54), only it is now at a much lower level. In order to get down into the valley it has leaped over a tall cliff—we shall presently see it making the plunge.

That fine, large hotel is one of the best known inns in all the north of Europe. Twice it has been burned, but each time the rebuilding has brought still greater popularity and prosperity. Almost every foreign tourist is certain to come here, whatever else he does or leaves undone. During the short tourist season the house, large as it is, becomes full to overflowing. It is managed on much the same plan as any good hotel in Christiania or Bergen, so far as bed and table are concerned; that is, everything is modern and comfortable, and the meals are such as one might expect in a large town. There is a good deal of social gayety here—band concerts, dances—the usual variety of entertainment for summer hotel guests, and visitors naturally do some mountain climbing. An interesting ascent for the ambitious is that of the extraordinary cone of Jordalsnut yonder—not really dangerous, but

*From *Gunnar, a Norse Romance.*

difficult enough to require a local guide who knows every obscure turn of the route and every symptom of the sky. A sudden rainstorm, such as often sweeps over this valley, is one thing when you are snugly settled at Stalheim's with a blazing fire on the hearth, a piano, books, and plenty of company. It is said to be a seriously different matter if you are cowering in a chilly crevice on the top of Jordalsnut, your clothes soggy with rain, your muscles sore with unwonted use, and the lunch-basket empty!

It is no small height on which the hotel itself stands, though looking down on it as we do now we might easily underestimate its dignity. Beyond that terrace with the flag-staff the cliff drops almost straight eight hundred feet down to the valley floor below.

That monumental stone on the neighboring cliff yonder, just over the little girl's head, commemorates a visit made here by Kaiser Wilhelm II.*

It will be interesting after we leave here and explore parts of the Sognefjord, to recall to mind the formation of this narrow valley which opens now ahead of us, for it is precisely that of a narrow fjord, lacking only salt water to cover the river bed and the winding highway and the little fields. If we can imagine water thus filling the bottom of the valley and reflecting the walls above, we have an idea how things are going to look presently when we reach the end of a seven-mile journey by that river road down to Gudvangen.

There are several pleasant walks about Stalheim's, quite feasible for those who do not feel the fascina-

*The monarchs of Norway and Germany have family connections though not related to each other. King Haakon is nephew and son-in-law to Queen Alexandra and King Edward of England. Kaiser Wilhelm is the nephew of King Edward of England.

tion of adventurous mountain climbing. One such ramble would take us to a point which is now off at our left. The place is marked 56 on the map. Look it up on the map and notice how the red lines run—they promise an outlook almost at right angles to the one we have just been enjoying.

Position 56. The zigzag mountain road up to Stalheim's Hotel on a cliff above the Nærödal

Direction—We are facing now about south. *Surroundings*—Steep, rocky pastures are all about us, dotted with berry-bushes and birches; dark pines and firs cover still higher slopes around us.

There is Stalheim's again, and we can now get more of an idea of the cliff (Stalheimsklev) on which it stands. Our last position (55) was up on that steep hill which now shows above the hotel, at the right. The long valley which then faced us is now off at our left. Directly facing us at this moment we can see little Stalheim river making a valiant leap to the valley below, and getting torn to snowy rags in the process.

Those heights which close in the southern horizon straight ahead, stand between us and parts of the country which we have already seen. Forty miles or so from here, in a nearly straight line, are the Skjæggedal Falls (Position 42), and about as far beyond them in turn lies Röldal, where we saw the haymakers and the village by the lake (Positions 32-33).

That zigzag road looks steep, but it is really about three times as steep as it looks! It shows disadvantageously from this point of view, we ourselves standing at so much higher a point that the remarkable grade is considerably foreshortened. That is the

road all horses have to take to get down into the valley on the way to the fjord. If tourists from an excursion steamer come up to Stalheim's just for the day, they often leave the horses down at the base of the long hill and ascend on foot. There are short-cuts across the zigzags for those who wish to save time by means of a stiff climb.

It is a mountain paradise up here in July and August. The big, airy openness has something splendidly inspiring about it, and during the brief midsummer everything hastens to grow and to bloom. As Jonas Lie, the Norwegian story-teller, somewhere says of summer in his native land:—

> "It is as though the sun kisses Nature all the more lovingly because he knows how short a time they have to be together, and as if they both, for the time, try to forget they must part so soon."

Wild flowers bloom gayly all over these hills, many of them the same that are common in America. Strawberries ripen sweet and juicy in the short grass. Bilberries absorb the hot sunshine and the fragrant air till their plump skins can hold no more. Butterflies chase each other over the slopes. Meditative goats wander about, browsing on the short, thick grass, apparently free, like this one dozing on the rock, but really under the shrewd surveillance of some sharp-eyed boy or girl sent from a distant farmhouse.

But it is time for us to proceed down into the valley.

As one goes down that road, another beautiful waterfall is seen on this side of the valley to match the gleaming ribbon of Stalheim River.

Position 56. Map 7

Position 57. The Sevlefos, dashing and splashing, near Stalheim's Hotel in the Nærodal

Direction—North-northwest.

There is no end to the Norwegian waterfalls, but each one seems to have special beauty of its own. This particular cascade is one familiar to thousands of tourists who come to stand right where we are standing now and gaze at that never-ceasing downpour over the broken stairs.

Once down in the bottom of the valley which we saw from behind Stalheim's (at Position 55), the highway follows the crooked lead of the river along between towering walls of mountains.

Position 58. Rocky Jordalsnut (3620 feet), from beside the road filled with tourists' carts

Surroundings—Behind us runs the river, and beyond it rise other mountains nearly as steep as those that are in sight.

That bare, bald crown of old Jordalsnut is certainly a most extraordinary formation. It looks from here as if it would be impossible to find foothold for scaling such precipices, but the ascent is practicable in certain places. The rock is mostly silvery gray feldspar.

The nearer slope, strewn with débris, shows the work of a landslide earlier in the season, most likely when the frost came out of rocks and ground in the spring, releasing a great mass of splintered fragments which had been frozen fast to the mountain during the winter. Such avalanches are necessarily rather common here in Norway, but, on the whole, they do comparatively little serious damage.

These wagons have all come up from the steamboat wharf at Gudvangen, five or six miles away, bringing

tourists for a day's excursion to Stalheim's. Now while the horses wait here the passengers are doubtless climbing that steep zigzag road, which we lately saw (from Position 56), or refreshing themselves after such a tramp with a good dinner at the hotel.

Horses like these have a fairly comfortable life, in spite of the loads they have to pull. Of course, they are sometimes sadly overworked, like the poor beast in Jonas Lie's story of *Little Grey* (*Nordfjordhesten*), or stupidly ill-treated by some quick-tempered youth, like the one whom Synnöve Solbakken* afterwards tamed into manly self-control. As a rule, however, the Norwegians are good to their animals, and treat them as well as they know how. The men themselves will probably spend this interval of waiting in smoking and talking politics. Norsemen are stubbornly argumentative among themselves, and take sides with vigorous decision on all sorts of public questions, helped out with more or less one-sided statements of facts in partisan newspapers to which they subscribe. Anybody who knows how people discuss politics in American country districts, has a pretty good idea of such arguments over here. Indeed, in a gathering like this there may easily happen to be some fellow who has been in America, and can quote precedents of transatlantic success or failure—apropos of some of the subjects talked over. In old times a man who had been to America and returned was something of a lion, and received a good deal of frank deference from his less traveled neighbors. Now that returned travelers are more common, they have somewhat less prestige, partly because they brag too much about American ways. Norwegian patriotism involves a

*See Bjornson's story with that title.

peculiarly sensitive pride which will not willingly allow praise of any other land implying criticism of this one. It is a good object lesson for some Britons and Americans, who have the same fault and rather pride themselves thereon! Ibsen and Björnson have for years been loyally striving to cure this sort of sentimental vanity in Norway, by showing up with the artist's relentless pen the sordid, narrow, unclean and ugly side of Norwegian life as well as its noble and beautiful side. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend." In his own time Ibsen suffered so much abuse from his misunderstanding countrymen, that he might well know how to write *An Enemy of Society* as the satirical picture of a reformer's experiences; . . . all the same he bravely did the work he had deliberately laid out for himself—"to rouse the nation and lead it to think great thoughts."*

Our next position is to be at the northern end of the valley, just where the sea reaches in. We find the place marked 59 on the map.

Position 59. Gudvangen's outlook over the Nærö-fjord, where the sea reaches far in among the mountains

Direction—We are now facing north. Stalheim's is behind us and somewhat off at the west (left). *Surroundings*—The two summer hotels and the few other buildings that together make up Gudvangen are on the shore at our left. They are hardly enough to be counted as a village.

The bottom of the valley must drop a good deal between us and those vessels, for right here the cows

*See his dramas and published letters.

only wet their ankles, wading in as they have to cool off during the noonday heat. The stolkjærres which we just met on the valley road had carried up passengers from the excursion boats, and will soon bring many of them back to continue the journey by water. It requires a voyage of a hundred miles to reach open sea, although this marvelous mirror before us is part of the salt ocean. The channel winds in and out between those mountains that we see ahead at the north; after several miles it opens into somewhat wider and still deeper waters between other mountains at our left, and the vessels' course is then approximately westward. The map (7) will make it perfectly plain.

Now we see, as we had anticipated, how this fjord is like the valley above, with its bed filled by the salt sea instead of by one rocky river and some tiny fields. The space directly around us at this minute is so closely walled around with mountains at the east, south and west that for several weeks in midwinter the sun never gets high enough in the sky to send a single ray of direct sunshine down to the Gudvangen houses. In midsummer, on the contrary, the mountains reflect the heat back and forth across the narrow space till it is sometimes breathlessly warm here, and one would be glad to follow the example of the cows.

Sometimes a gun is fired on one of the excursion steamers, to show off the echoes, and the roar is like that of powerful artillery.

In a region like this, one gradually grows into the spirit of the country and recalls with increasing sympathy of understanding the old Saga accounts of giants and heroes, of big, bold adventures and gigantic jokes, and battles unto death with mysterious Powers.

Position 59. Map 7

Was it possibly some thought of a long, crooked fjord like this one, which lay behind the old story of how the god Thor tried to empty the magic drinking-horn in the giant's banqueting hall? He almost did it, but had to give up, overwhelmed with shame until his host explained that it was the whole surging Sea he had tried to drain through the horn! As for the ancient tradition about how Thor used to hurl his hammer, Mjolner, at the evil giants, calling it back to him after each stroke, ready for another—one good, heavy thunderstorm here at Gudvangen would make anybody believe the old days were come again, with Thor in the thick of a fight!

Before we go, do notice that slender thread of a waterfall that sways from the edge of cliff and sky up ahead there at the left. It is like the one Prince Henry pointed out to Elsie, as they went through the Swiss Alps:—

> "Over our heads a white cascade is gleaming
> against the distant hill;
> We cannot hear it nor see it move, but it
> hangs like a banner when winds are still."*

And did you ever see a farmer's pasture set so nearly on end as the one which slopes to the fjord just below?

Travelers without number have come here, and afterwards tried to describe the place, but it is almost impossible to put one's impressions into words. Probably Bayard Taylor, who was one of the first to write about it, fifty years ago, succeeded best. He recorded in his *Northern Travel,* already many times quoted:—

> "The Gudvangen Fjord, down which we now glided over the glassy water, is a narrow mountain avenue of glorious scenery. Unseen plateaux

**The Golden Legend.*

Position 59. Map 7

> . . . spilled their streams over precipices from 1,000 to 2,000 feet in height, above whose cornices shot the pointed summits of bare, gray rocks, wreathed in shifting clouds, 4,000 feet above the sea. Pine trees feathered the less abrupt steeps, with patches of dazzling turf here and there, and, wherever a gentler slope could be found in the coves, stood cottages, surrounded by potato-fields. . . . Not a breath of air rippled the dark water, which was a perfect mirror to the mountains and the strip of sky between them."

There are some interesting short-distance walks about Gudvangen; one is by a path along the west side of the fjord. If we take that path now we shall get a glimpse of some of the queer, strolling folk that American and English people call gipsies. The map marks their location 60, a little way around the point below the steamboat landing.

Position 60. Where the road creeps under the jutting cliffs by the waters of the Nærö̈fjord

Direction—We are facing south, i. e., back towards Gudvangen. The hotels and the steamboat pier are ahead and around at our right. *Surroundings*—Steep, ragged cliffs rising overhead and behind us, and other cliffs as high over on the opposite side of the narrow fjord.

Those long, white streaks on the mountain opposite are more waterfalls. All along the fjord it is like that. Streams come down, as it were, from the very roof of the world, to tell of unseen icy wastes far above.

This girl with the immaculate white apron is a Norwegian maid from one of the hotels; the lady

sitting on the bank yonder is a tourist; but the other woman, the child, the dog, and the boat, belong to a little band of gipsies encamped here. Such bands are rare in Norway, and yet common enough for the country people to be used to them and to have no fear of them, except, perhaps, in the way of petty thieving. The wandering folk have here, as elsewhere, a reputation for being light-fingered, though, to do them justice, no offence is often proven against them. A Norwegian author* many years ago made a special study of their manners, customs and language; they would seem to be at least akin to the wanderers who sing, dance, and tell fortunes in Spain, England and other parts of Europe. An Englishman who had become an enthusiast in gipsy lore once brought three English gipsies over here to Norway, and spent a whole summer with them, roaming about the country with donkeys, tents and camp supplies, hoping to fall in with such people as this woman with the baby. As it happened, they met no Norwegian gipsies at all the whole season, but they themselves had "the time of their lives," and the organizer of the expedition, Mr. Hubert Smith, wrote an entertaining book about the summer's happenings.† Over and over again, as he relates, both Norwegian country people and foreign tourists came to see them, to admire their tent, to wonder at the unfamiliar donkeys, and to dance to their music.

Evidently these gipsies do their traveling by boat instead of overland, a very convenient method, too, for this Sognefjord‡ alone has more than two hun-

*Eilert Sundt.

†*Tent Life in Norway with English Gipsies.*

‡The name "Nærøfjord" is the local name of this particular inlet. "Sognefjord" is the inclusive name.

Position 60. Map 7

dred miles of banks, though, of course, not all are so invitingly easy of access as this spot right here.

Just one more glimpse near Gudvangen before we go away—there is a particularly beautiful sight to be seen when the wind is asleep, about a mile below the pier. Look for 61 on Map 7, and see what the red lines have to say about the outlook.

Position 61. Looking down the deep, still Nærö fjord from near Gudvangen

Direction—We are facing northeast, the way an outward bound steamer would have to go. *Surroundings*—Mountains, more mountains are behind us. The place has every appearance of being an inland lake.

Was there ever a clearer mirror for earth and heaven?

This is the sort of thing beloved by every Norseman with any poetry in his soul. Boyesen used to dwell on such sights over and over with the tireless affection of a lover:—

> "The fjord looked as if it wanted to speak, but was too happy to find expression, therefore it remained silent; but it gazed at the wanderers, with those strange, speaking, though speechless, eyes, which no one ever forgets who has once penetrated to the heart of Norway."*

Or, again, such a sight as this may typify some tragic experience of the soul, as it does in Björnson's *Laboremus*:—

> "The ocean yearns for the land—restlessness surrounding that which is stable. Remember that

*From *Gunnar*.

> the ocean reflects also the sky. . . . With what melancholy must not the ocean look into eternity! What a yearning! The land it cannot move. The sky it cannot reach."

These marvelous reflections suggest positively dizzy depths below, and, for aught we know, they really may not be so far wrong. It is claimed on good authority that in some places along the Sognefjord the water actually is from 2,000 to 4,000 feet deep!

The sea is not always like this. As one might expect among such mountains, sudden winds often start, and not infrequently turn into a squall dangerous for anyone not perfectly familiar with boats. Vessels the size of the excursion steamers are always safe, for their voyages are by daylight, and every rod of the way is personally known to the pilots.

The shores of the Sognefjord have many times served as the setting for Norwegian tales and romances. Farther up towards the eastern limits of the great branching inlet, Björnson located the events of *Magnhild*. Our own route, as we find it traced on the map, turns northwestward after we get fully out into the main body of the fjord, and our next position is on the shore of another arm or *vik* of the main fjord. (See No. 62 on Map 7.)

Position 62. Looking across Essefjord from Tjugum to mountain-side homes below ice-covered Kjeipen

Direction—We are facing nearly westward. *Surroundings*—The main fjord lies off behind us.

Somewhere in this immediate vicinity tradition locates the immensely popular old romance of Frithiof and Ingeborg, retold many times (best of all by Esaias Tegnèr of Sweden, in his *Frithiof's Saga*),

Position 62. Map 7

after the original version in an old Norse Saga. Various localities have been fancifully identified as the place where the hero's house stood—most people think it was nearly opposite here on the south side of the fjord, on a point where the map sets down the hamlet of Vangsnes (Framnes).

"Peaceful he heired, sole son to his father,
and settled in Framnes.
Far to the right and the left and behind his
homestead ascended
Hills and low valleys and rocks, but its fourth
side fronted the ocean."

Thousands of readers in many lands in different parts of the world have read that old story of fond lovers kept apart by family pride, of wild adventure, and sorrow, and wrongs revenged.

Those houses whose whitewashed walls and red roofs gleam so gaily from among the trees are the homes of rich Norwegians; a number of city people have summer places in this vicinity, and hotels and boarding-houses along this part of the fjord are well patronized.

A good many muscular young Norsemen accumulate some welcome *kroner* during the summer by rowing tourists and summer boarders in boats like this or heavier craft. Can you see that these rowlocks are curiously different from ours? The oar is slipped through a stout loop of rope (sometimes it would be just a tough twisted rope of birch twigs), fastened to a single projecting pin. It does not encourage "feathering" one's oars, but it answers every practical purpose of moving steadily and with reasonable speed. There are regularly fixed tariff rates for the hire of boats, somewhat similar to the schedule for stolkjærres on land. Boats of different sizes and

weights are classified according to the number of oars required. Each *rōrskarl* (oarsman) usually handles two oars. If two men are required the boat is described as a *firring* (four-oared boat); if three men row, it is a *sexring;* sometimes a big boat on a windy day may need four men—that is an *ottring.* Payment is according to the boat used and the number of men needed—not necessarily with strict regard to the number of passengers. The fees are very small. Two men would row you a mile (almost two kilometers) for less than ten cents apiece.

Almost everybody living along the fjord here knows how to row. The men and boys learn to swim. The water is, however, too cold for sea bathing to be generally practised as a recreation, even if there were good beaches, as there are not. A good many old stories are still told of the splendid vigor and skill of the Vikings who lived in such places in earlier times. This sort of thing, for instance, is related as showing what they could do when they tried:—

> "One day as Herraud and Bosi sailed near the land in a strong gale, a man standing on a rock asked to be allowed to go with them. Herraud said they could not go out of their course for him, but, if he could reach the boat, he might go with them. The man jumped from the rock and came down on the tiller; it was a leap of thirty feet."*

People who live near the fjords naturally do a good deal of fishing. As one sails through in an excursion steamer, one sees again and again a tall triangle of weather-beaten timbers rising from the edge of the water, sometimes bare, sometimes hung with

*Quoted by Du Chaillu from *Herraud and Bosi's Saga.*

huge nets like a species of giant clothes-drier. A short walk southwest of our last position, a certain point is marked 63 on the map. It will be found directly on the shore of the main fjord. There we have a chance to examine the characteristic apparatus at our leisure.

Position 63. Fisherman arranging salmon nets at Balestrand on the Sognefjord; Balholm in the distance

Direction—We are now looking nearly north. *Surroundings*—Our last position, where we saw the *rōrskarl* with his passenger, was ahead and off at our right, beyond that long, low, tree-covered point. This is just a cove of the fjord where we are now—the main body of water is off at our right, dropping to unknown depths.

The tide is low just now, so a broad expanse of rock lies bare. The houses over on the farther curve of the cove, beyond the festooned fishing nets, are those of Balholm village, a popular Norwegian summer resort. Edvard Grieg, the famous musical composer, and a good many of his distinguished countrymen, have spent vacations there during the heat of midsummer.

Only twenty or twenty-five years ago there used to be bears in the woods behind the village, indeed one man was killed during a bear hunt in 1881, but now the savage creatures are nearly extinct in this part of the country.

This is one of the local salmon ladders. During the latter part of April each year salmon begin to come up the fjord in countless numbers, on the way to fresh-water streams, where they always resort at the spawning season. From the first of May to the

twenty-sixth of August, the law maintains an open season for salt-water salmon fishing,* and here is one of several thousand similar devices for ensnaring part of the migrating multitude. The apparatus is so rigged that the *nöter* (nets) can easily be let down under these shallow waters close along shore, to lie there anchored in place by weights such as we see now gleaming here and there among the meshes. The fisherman waits up there at the top of the "ladder" and watches quietly, looking from his point of vantage directly down into the clear waters above the stretched-out net. The salmon, as they come up the fjord, swim along largely in these shallower waters along-shore, looking for the entrance of fresh-water streams, and, when conditions are right, large numbers will soon be seen swimming directly over the net, as it lies inconspicuously and apparently innocent on the bottom. Then suddenly the fisherman hauls the net up by a pulley conveniently at hand, bringing out a very good catch if his judgment and dexterity are of the best. Of course, any true amateur despises this unsportsmanlike method of procedure, but the men who practise it are after bread-and-butter, not sport.

Nets like these must have a mesh of not less than 2.56 inches, and they cannot be used every day. Each week the law prescribes a "close" time, lasting from 6 P. M. Friday to 6 P. M. Monday. The fishing is not likely to be exhausted.

It is said that some fishermen have resorted to the trick of painting rocks white at some one spot on a shore like this, to resemble the gleam of falling

*Salmon may be taken with rod and line in fresh-water streams until the middle of September.

Position 63. Map 7

water, and so to attract the fish in-shore; but that may not be true. It seems like a rather mean trick to play on even a salmon.

The best river fishing for salmon is nowadays leased by the season or for a long term of years, most of it to rich sportsmen from Great Britain.

One of the old Eddas tells why the salmon has a thin, pointed tail. It seems that long, long ago, Loke, the Scandinavian Satan, had worked so much mischief that the gods felt they must make an example of him, and he fled before their wrath. They sought him everywhere, in order to deal out the punishment he richly deserved, but for a while his crafty cunning eluded them. At one time, when they had almost captured him, he turned himself into a salmon. Thor, shrewdly surmising what had happened, snatched up a magic net of Loke's own weaving and caught him, holding him by the tail. If you do not believe it, look at a salmon and see how its tail to this day shows the pinch of Thor's fingers on that slippery ancestor, ages ago!

Bishop Moe wrote, many years ago, of a place like this:—

"Softly, lightly, the evening dies
Gold-red upon headlands and waves without number,
And a soundless silence tenderly lies
And rocks all Nature to dreamless slumber.
Meadow and dingle
Reflected mingle
With waves that flash over sand and shingle
In one dim light.

Ah, slim is the fisherman's boat, and yet
High on the glittering wave it soars;
The fisherman bends to his laden net,
While the girls are hushed at the silent oars.

Position 63. Map 7

The soft emotion
From vale and ocean
Has quenched the noise of the day's commotion
And bound it still."*

We should now refer again to the general map of southern Norway (Map 2), and find both the Sognefjord, which we have been seeing (just north of latitude 61°), and the Nordfjord (a little south of latitude 62°). Our next excursions are to be to a group of famous fresh-water lakes, above the eastern end of the Nordfjord. Some tourists go overland from one fjord to the other; some voyage in one of the excursion steamers away out to the mouth of the Sognefjord, up along the coast and among the islands and so into the Nordfjord. Notice that a certain district east of the head of the Nordfjord is marked off by a red oblong. That district is shown by itself on a larger scale, in Map 8.

Now examine Map 8. All the southern and southeastern part of the map shows high land, covered with glacier ice, indeed that district is part of the biggest glacier in all Europe. Find the long, narrow Olden Lake, lying north and south. Our sixty-fourth standpoint is marked near the north end of that lake.

Position 64. Young farmers of the Nordfjord country before their turf-roofed cottage home

It is nearly eight o'clock in the evening, and cloudy besides, which accounts for the somewhat poor light.

The young man with the short, many-buttoned coat, and the sheath-knife tucked in his belt, is Thor Eide, an excellent guide and a capital fellow for a com-

*Translation taken from Gosse's *Northern Studies*.

Position 64. Map 8

panion on a hand tramp. The girl is his sister, and this is the house where they live.

Standing close by the sod roof, as we do now, we can plainly see the edges of the big sheets of birch bark that form the lining of the roof, next to the boarded rafters. That tall pole is for the display of a signal flag to certain boats on the lake below. Thor Eide is one of the best-known guides in this vicinity, and is kept busy with strangers during the tourist season, but he works on the little home farm at other times of year.

Those low wooden wheels with the skeleton platform attached, constitute a hay-cart. A considerable load of hay or grain can be transported with its help from a field to the barn. The tall, slender stacks are grain, drying according to local methods. After being cut with a sickle, the grain is gathered up and tied in bunches, then the bunches are impaled one after another on tall stakes—one such stake down there on the slope between us and the water has not yet received its full quota to hold for the drying. Beyond the grain stacks we can see one of the long, fence-like hay-driers.

The house is just an average country cottage for this district; you see it is built of heavy planks, not simply logs. The big cracks are protected on the inside with a board sheathing, so that everything is snug and warm in winter. The house consists of a small entry-passage, two fair-sized rooms, and a loft above, the steep, sloping hillside allowing space for a sort of basement at the farther end, below the living room, for doing the heavier work, washing, and the like. The greater part of the furniture is home-made, out of pine and spruce wood. The beds are box-shaped

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Position 64. Map 8

affairs, somewhat shorter than an English or American bed, two sides being practically part of the wall of the room, and the other two sides supported by a post set in the floor. (Some houses have a cupboard or wardrobe closet built to fill in the space between two beds, which then practically occupy alcoves in the room.) Benches, chairs and tables are usually of unpainted wood. Sometimes a table is fastened by a hinge to the wall and supported when in use by one or two braces. If not needed, the braces are taken out and the table folds down flat against the wall, out of the way. The cooking is done in kettles hung over an open fire, or on plates of sheet-iron set over beds of glowing coals.

In old times housekeepers used to strew the floor of a clean-swept room with finely broken twigs of juniper, but that custom is now nearly obsolete.

Most of the clothing worn by the young people is home-made; only Thor's cloth cap, and silk neck handkerchief, and the stout shoes worn by both were bought for money. This is the young girl's Sunday gown; the gay brooch with its dangling pendant, the bright embroidered bodice and that elaborately trimmed apron are details of costume which she might consider extravagant while about her housework, though the general style of her dress would always be pretty nearly what it is now.

These particular young people do, of course, make friends among the summer tourists who come to see the region round about. Except for that, it would be a life with only a small circle of acquaintances and very little variety. Farmers hereabouts seldom have large families, and, small as the farms are, the work is so exacting that no large margin of time remains

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Position 64. Map 8

for visiting and holiday making. On the whole it would seem as if youthful spirits had not much to feed on in the way of social pleasures, yet people do seem to enjoy life and get a good deal of satisfaction out of the process of living. One of the best means of understanding how life looks from the standpoint of such young people, is, doubtless, to read Norse stories by Norse writers. A good many stories of country life are accessible in English,* and it is doubly interesting to read them after one has seen the country as we are seeing it now.

Would you like to see where Thor Eide sharpens his haying tools and that sheath knife at his belt? That we can do at a spot only a short distance from a neighbor's house. (See 65 on the map.)

Position 65. A farmer's water-power grindstone and sod-roofed grist-mill in deep Olden Valley

See how ingeniously the sluices have been arranged, so that water can be used for turning this grindstone or for turning the wheels inside that little mill.

The valley here is so deep-set between the mountains that we should have to look much higher than this to see any horizon at all. Streams are running down the mountain-sides all around us, comparatively few of them utilized in any way, so disproportionate is the water-power to practical needs.

The best farm-tools are bought, but nearly all old-fashioned farmers have scythes that were made at home years ago by grinding a mere strip of iron down to an edge. Some knives worn stuck in the belt, like Thor Eide's here, were thus ground down by hand.

* See book titles on page 356.

Position 65. Map 8

The Lapp people are also clever at that sort of work, and sell a good many of their knives to tourists. The most valuable knives have elaborately carved handles, as well as good blades, and some that are worn with as much pride as a costly watch, have sheaths of engraved silver. These knives do not signify anything corresponding to the stiletto of the Sicilian, and the razor of the negro in the southern states of America, for Norwegians to-day are not given to bloody feuds, however much they may dispute and wrangle in words. Sheath knives here are like the omnipresent "jack-knife" in America, tools of general utility, with which every boy is proud to be equipped. It was a knife of this sort that little Gunnar's father gave him when he went for the first time away from home as a cow-herd for the widow Rimul.*

To this little mill oats and barley are brought and ground into coarse meal between stones turned by water from that farther sluiceway.

Not far from here, just a few rods farther up the valley, we can watch the harvesting of barley. The spot where we shall stand is marked 66 on the special map of the lake region at the head of the Nordfjord (Map 8).

Position 66. Harvesting barley on Mindresunde farm in the valley near Olden

Direction—We are facing north, towards the lower end of the valley. *Surroundings*—The lake is only a few rods distant at our right. Away up above us at our left a mountain is towering, capped with ice and snow.

**Gunnar*, before quoted.

This is an excellent farm, belonging to a prosperous family. Those numerous barns and outbuildings make it look almost like a tiny hamlet. The grist-mill just over the head of that stooping man is the very one at which we have just been looking. Most of the thrifty farmers have them unless a neighbor's mill is particularly easy of access. The other buildings include barns, cow stables, winter shelters for goats, pigs and hens, a granary, a storehouse for all sorts of household belongings packed in chests or hung from the rafters, a wash-house and various other annexes to the establishment. Bacon and ham are often cured in a smoke-house belonging to such a farm; sometimes the master even has a forge of his own—life here has great possibilities of independence.

The barley which they are cutting now will be tied in large handfuls, and then the bunches will be stuck on poles to dry after the manner in which we have already seen it. Over there in the distant field are stacks of some kind of grain already drying, probably barley, oats or rye. They say Norway barley has been known to grow two inches in twenty-four hours, so powerful is the effect of twenty hours' continuous sunshine such as they get here in clear July weather. Rye planted about the tenth of June sometimes grows taller than this man's head before the end of August. There is a wonderful generosity about Norway's scanty acres when Mother Earth does make up her mind to give! Naturally enough the primitive country folk, before they had heard any preaching of Christianity, cherished the belief that among the many warring gods there was one whose mission was all kindness and goodness. Balder the Beautiful, the Sun God, brought the birds and the flowers and the warm sunshine; thanks to his beneficent smile, the earth

gave them food for themselves and for their cows and goats and sheep. No wonder that Midsummer Day was the happiest festival of the year, a time of public rejoicing.

Taking the country as a whole, almost every other man in the kingdom to-day still gets his bread and butter directly from the soil, as these people do here ($48\frac{65}{100}$ per cent. is the official published figure.) In this part of Norway the population averages less than fifteen persons to a square mile—we shall presently see parts of one immense glacier that covers 500 square miles, thus helping to bring the average down. Almost everywhere, as here, women are in the majority—that is to be expected, when emigration figures reach, as they do, 25,000 in a single year, for, of course, men are most numerous among the emigrants, though Norwegian women face with admirable courage the problems of life in a new land.

Modern agricultural machinery is practically unknown. It is not needed on these small, rocky farms, even if the workers were not conservative by instinct; but many of the people hereabouts know from letters and from hearsay about the marvelous doings that take place on the great wheat ranches of America and western Canada. Indeed, some of their own relatives and old friends over in Minnesota and Manitoba do harvesting with a huge horse-power machine, cutting, binding, threshing and sacking, as it moves along over a field, and doing as much work in one day as all the able-bodied people in this parish could do together in a week.

A home like this is almost invariably hospitable; that has for centuries been the tradition of the country. In the *Elder Edda* there is a delightful picture of a visit at a rich farmer's house:—

Position 66. Map 8

"He came to a hall,
The door was to the south
And it was shut.
A ring* was in the door-post.
Then he went in.
The floor was strewn with rushes.
The husband sat
And twisted strings,
Bent an elm,
Shafted arrows.

. . . . . .

"The mother took
A broidered cloth,
A white one of flax,
Covered the table;
Then she took
Thin loaves,
Laid them on the cloth.
Forth she set
Full trenchers,
Silver covered,
On the table—
Shining pork
And roasted birds;
Wine was in a jug.
They drank and talked,
The day was passing away."†

Now let us see Lake Olden itself. The map shows how long and narrow it is, so we shall not be surprised to find that, when we look across it from the spot marked 67 on the east bank, it looks almost like a river—not like a Norwegian river, though, for Norse streams seldom have a chance to lie so quietly in their beds!

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*i.e., a latch or handle.

†Quoted by Du Chaillu from the *Rigsmal* of the *Elder Edda*.

Position 66. Map 8

Position 67. Grytereids Glacier glittering above drifting clouds, seen across placid Lake Olden

Direction—We are facing west. *Surroundings*—Behind us rises a very steep mountain pasture, where these goats have been feeding.

The shining white above those fleecy clouds is solid ice—a part of the great Jokul (glacier) of Jostedal, the biggest in all Europe. It was just such a Jokul that Boyesen described in that wonderfully beautiful opening chapter of *Gunnar,* sparkling and glittering under the spring sunshine; "it was almost merry, for it smiled at the sun's trying to melt it." And it was such a lake as this that he pictured as hearing the swallows tell about far-off lands and about the sea.

The lake waters at our feet have a greenish tinge, and at the same time are somewhat milky in effect, because they hold in suspension so much finely powdered rock-waste washed down from the glaciers that cap its high walls on both banks. That low hill just opposite, on which the farmhouse stands, is an old moraine, or deposit of débris, left there by a glacier of long ago, which evidently once filled the steep valley above. Indeed, we have right before our eyes at this moment a sort of condensed, illustrated history of the material earth on which we live, brought up to date.

Away up there next the sky are big, ragged ridges of the original stuff of which the earth is made, just as it cooled from liquid form, only broken by the contraction and wrinkling and bulging of the hardened crust. Those clouds floating past are practically the same thing as the storm clouds of winter that blow over the heights in blasts of bitter cold, dropping their watery burden in the form of snow. The glacier, as we know, is snow compacted into solid ice. The

Position 67. Map 8

moraine down on the lake shore, facing us, is an accumulation of ground-up fragments of rock, torn from the cliffs during the descent of an ancient arm of the glacier, and pulverized under its moving weight, as barley is pulverized under a stone mill-wheel. The mosses and lichens coating the rocks right here at our feet show how vegetation first appears, feeding on bare rock, digesting it and crumbling it, ready to serve as food for plants more critical in their appetite. The grass and bushes over on the moraine in their turn serve as food for browsing goats: the beasts, by means of their own simple, vital processes, turn grass and juicy twigs into milk, flesh and hairy hide, ready for the food and clothing of primitive man.

And over there on the farther bank at the right gleam the walls of a home made by a twentieth century man, who tills the ground with cleverly devised tools, and harnesses the melting waters of the very glacier itself, making them grind his oats and barley.

A little farther southward up the lake on that same west shore, two or three neighbor farms lie close under the mountain on another old glacial moraine, which gives soil for good fields. Our standpoint on the opposite, east bank, is marked 68 (Map 8).

Position 68. Farmhouses of Yri nestled at the mountain's base. Yrifos pouring down from the glacier

Direction—Again we are facing due west. *Surroundings*—Part of the same mountain, as before, looms up behind us.

See how clear the pearly-green waters are! Dwell-

ing and barns and that little boat-house down at the edge of the water are all repeated in the mirror below. Even the tumbling waterfalls have their reflected duplicate.

Imagine being here on a midsummer night when everything is hushed, and yet the sky overhead is not dark, but full of the pale glow of a ghostly twilight. That sort of experience made a profound impression on Björnson when he was a boy, a few miles from here, over in the Romsdal. He afterwards put the feeling into words in the story of *Arne,* already quoted:—

> "It was one of those light summer nights, when all things seem to whisper and crowd together, as if in fear. Even he who has from childhood been accustomed to such nights feels strangely influenced by them, and goes about, as if expecting something to happen. Often the sky looks out between the pale clouds like an eye, watching . . ."

One calamity which really might easily overwhelm homes like those, would be an avalanche of snow or of rocks and earth from that steep wall up behind the gaards (farms). Another of Björnson's stories* begins with the destruction of such a farmhouse, and the survival of just one little girl out of a whole family. During the bewilderment of this tragic turn in her fortunes, Magnhild is struck by one remark she hears a neighbor make about herself: "She must surely be destined for something great," and for years afterwards that idea haunts her like a vague invitation and command. Life in the family of the

**Magnhild.*

Position 68. Map 8.

country parson, who adopted her, seems to bring no opportunity for great things. Marriage with an eccentric man many years her senior brings disappointment. The story itself should be read, in order to appreciate how she finally came to realize that her life was not so narrow as she had thought it, but rich in unsuspected blessings and opportunities.

Let us look now up towards the head of the lake. Our sixty-ninth position is marked not far from those last taken. Better find the place on the map and observe where the red lines reach off.

Position 69. On somber Lake Olden, lying deep between cloud-covered mountains, below Mælkevold Glacier

Direction—This time we face, as the map told us, almost precisely south. *Surroundings*—Mindresunde farm, where we saw the people reaping their barley (Position 66), is now almost directly behind us, down the lake. Grytereid Glacier (Position 67) is across the lake at our right.

If it were not for the boatmen waiting there with the *firring* (four-oared boat), one might think he had left all human life behind. Cliffs and ice and clouds above—cliffs and ice and clouds below—it looks as if we had come to a wall at the very end of the world, with nothing beyond but ghosts and giants and spirits of the wind and storm. We should not be so far wrong, either, for, over beyond that horizon of glittering ice at the south, other ice fields stretch out, covering the mountain tops and filling the valleys over five hundred dreary square miles. Well might the ancient Norsemen, living in a land like this, gradually work out for themselves big, poetic notions about

how the world began, and about the warring Powers that governed it. According to the old pagan mythology, it was out of the union of Fire and Frost that the giants were born, and out of the body of the giant Ymer the world was made by three brother-gods, Odin (spirit), Vile (will) and Ve (holiness). The giant's bones formed the rocks, his blood the seas, his hair the forests and his brain the floating clouds. The first human creatures were Ask and Embla, made from an ash tree and an elm. All this mortal life was a ceaseless struggle by man against the giant powers of evil, but the gods were on his side.

Even here the inquisitive zeal of the modern mountain-climber has penetrated the forbidding loneliness of the heights. A few energetic Alpinists do occasionally climb up over that cloud-draped mountain, which we see at the east (left) of Mælkevold Glacier, and come down again along the eastern slope of the glacier itself. Slingsby in his *Norway, the Mountain Playground,* tells how he did it, himself, a few years ago.

If we look upward almost anywhere on the banks of this lake, it is like gazing towards the top of a huge, enclosing wall. Try it, for example, at a point almost opposite here on the east shore, where the map shows a red 70. (And when you have the proper stereograph in place, throw your head back just a little, so that you see things at a slight upward angle.)

Position 70. Rustöifos, as it seems to come out of the sky above Mt. Rustöi's rugged heights

Direction—West. *Surroundings*—The deep pocket of the lake drops from this bank only a few rods away

Position 70. Map 8

behind us. The Mælkevold Glacier, towards which we have just been gazing, is now at our left.

Here again we find every available foot of ground utilized for grain, hay or vegetables. Those little patches of grass higher up at the south (left) of the falls will be mown to add to the barn-stores for next winter.

How tiny the sod-roofed cottage does look in comparison with Nature's background! It is no wonder at all that people in old times used to believe in giants; it certainly does seem as if this land had been planned for giants' habitation, so singularly "out of scale" are all human belongings. Old Norse stories are full of accounts of dealings between giants and men. One popular fairy tale begins with a peasant girl's meeting one of the Big People in the woods; her father sent her to fetch his coat, which he had left there while he was chopping wood. The giant was going to carry her off, but she persuaded him to let her first carry the coat home. "To-morrow night," she said, "when I go to the stabbur (i. e., the outside storehouse) for bread, you may take me if you choose, but to-night let me take father's coat home, else he won't like it." And sure enough, the next night, when they sent the girl to get the bread, the giant was waiting and he seized her and carried her off to his home. But she had three brothers, and the brothers set out to rescue her; the adventures they met on their quest make up the rest of the story, full of realistic details.

Many a child in Bergen and Christiania has read that story and shivered with sympathetic excitement over the little maid's courage in making that eerie bargain for time!

Position 70. Map 8

There is a highway on this side of the lake leading three or four miles up the valley to Brigsdal, and in summer one can hire a stolkjærre for about sixty-seven cents (2 *kroner* 50 *öre*); it is an hour's drive. At Brigsdal (the spot is marked 71, near the south end of the lake), we shall be fortunate enough to see one of the characteristic festival costumes of this west-country district—the sort of thing we have read about in all the Norwegian stories.

Position 71. A Nordfjord bride and groom with guests and parents at their house door. Brigsdal

We do not see the whole of the party assembled for the wedding, though a few neighbors stand within range. (The man in the long coat, just beyond the bridegroom, is not a Norseman, but a foreign tourist). The elderly people in the doorway are the bride's father and mother. A great many Norwegians of the elder generation wear a beard of that peculiar cut. Ibsen himself followed the same fashion. (See Position 10).

The wedding ceremony itself has been performed in church down at Olden, at the lower end of the lake. Now the bride is no longer to be addressed as *Fröken* (Miss), but with the more dignified title of *Fru* (Mrs. or Madame). These titles are, however, in practice, applied only to women of the upper classes.

Every Norwegian country girl looks forward to the honor of wearing such a bridal crown; the custom is of very ancient origin. (City girls oftener follow the more commonplace customs of the Continent, from which they take their standards of fashion.) A wealthy farmer's family in many cases treasures a silver-gilt bridal crown as one of its most

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Position 71. Map 8.

interesting heirlooms, the daughters wearing it in turn, and perhaps borrowing it for the granddaughters when their time arrives. People in humbler circumstances, like these Brigsdal citizens, provide an imposing crown, whose outside is either gilded or finished in shining brass, though it has no intrinsic value. Sometimes a pretty girl manages to produce the traditional effect by means of a coronet neatly covered with gilt paper—the idea of a crown is the main thing. The tinsel-embroidered ribbons which hang from this crown are not invariably a part of the decoration, but the heavy embroidery of the bodice and the showy pendants worn on the breast are dear to girlish hearts. The costume, as a whole, omitting only the crown and its appurtenances, will constitute the young woman's holiday toilette for many seasons to come.

Unfortunately for the picturesqueness of life, the tendency is for the men to abandon whatever was once distinctive in their own garb, and to adopt the very same commonplace cut which prevails over Europe in general. It is a natural result of the increasing ease of communication between town and country.

Mention has already been made* of the custom of sending a formal offer of marriage by a third person to a girl's parents. The long engagement which often intervenes between the formal betrothal and the actual wedding is sometimes a weary waiting, but it is often unavoidable, so hard it is in this part of the country to make a place for an additional home. Not an inch more land is there to cultivate; the community can probably not support any increased number of independent artisans or tradesmen. If young people are

* Page 90.

not inclined and able to emigrate, they may perhaps be actually obliged to postpone their wedding until some change in the parish makes a little house vacant, and so gives them a chance to set up housekeeping. In old times, before so many energetic, enterprising young people went to America, the practice of waiting for a house was much more common than now, and often a sadly unfortunate thing it was for the peace of mind of all concerned. Miss Martineau's old-fashioned romance, called *Feats on the Fjord,* gives a pretty picture of a country betrothal, and of how the young couple waited for a certain cottage on their employer's large estate, before their marriage could actually be celebrated.

There are curious old superstitions connected with Norwegian weddings. The "hill people," trolds, goblins, and the like, used to be credited with special designs against weddings. If they could possibly manage it they would steal a bride and carry her off to live with them in realms subterranean, so that the human race might not increase in numbers and strength. Even if they did not go so far as to break up a marriage altogether, goblins used to make mischief. Over near Eidfjord, so the story goes, a bad spirit once took the form of a wandering fiddler and attended a wedding, offering to play for the evening dance, and he wielded his fiddle-bow with such magic power, that the bride danced and danced and could not stop, but danced until she died!

There are many descriptions of wedding festivities which can be read in English. See, for instance, the Nordhoug wedding in *Synnöve Solbakken*, the wedding in Ibsen's *Peer Gynt,* and others. Björnson, in *The Bridal March,* describes the shy wonder and ad-

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Position 71. Map 8.

miration felt by a little girl guest, about the age of this small damsel in the kerchief. Stone's *Norway in June* gives quite detailed accounts of ceremonies witnessed in this country several years ago.

The objective point of most of the tourists who visit Brigsdal is a certain arm of the vast Jostedal Glacier, which reaches down into the valley not far above the few farms of the neighborhood. Our standpoint is numbered 72 on the map.

Position 72. Perilous Brigsdal Glacier, one of the grandest in all Norway

Direction—We are facing south-southeast. *Surroundings*—Lake Olden is now behind us.

(Everybody is surprised by the first look through the stereoscope, which makes it evident how high we are standing above the bottom of the valley.)

These two men are both Norwegian guides. The one with the coil of rope slung over his shoulder is Rasmus Aabrekke, one of the most expert mountain climbers in northern Europe. The other is Thor Eide, whom we have seen before at his home (Position 64).

The matter of surnames is in an interesting transitional stage here in the country districts. For centuries past country people have not been in the habit of inheriting the same surname from generation to generation, as is the custom in English-speaking countries, but have acted in accordance with a custom they had long ago, in common with our own Anglo-Saxon forbears, calling each new child by some Christian name (e. g., Hans, Rolf, Harald, or the like), and identifying him further, when necessary, by saying

whose son he was (Peders-son, Sigurds-son, etc.) Sometimes a family record would show a long line of alternating names; if Lars Sigurdsson named his own boy Sigurd, the lad would be called Sigurd Larsson. If Sigurd in turn named his own boy Hans, that youth would be Hans Sigurdsson, and so on—a system which answered very well in a small community, where everybody knew everybody else, and could take time to recall the neighbors' genealogies.

Another method was to give a child as a surname the name of the farm or estate where he was born. The surnames of Thor Eide and Aabrekke were thus derived. (Look near the south end of Lake Olden on the map, and you will find Aabrekke set down. Eide is over on the west bank.) Again, a surname sometimes describes a person's occupation (like our English names Baker, Cooper, Fisher, Shoemaker, etc.) Occasionally they are more fanciful, being taken from Nature, like Ash (tree), North, Wolf, and the like: Björnson means literally "Son of a bear." The custom suggests that of American Indians, but it rarely went so far as to become fantastic or grotesque.

If Norse country people go to live in a large city, in Christiania, for example, local traditions are, of course, unintelligible to their neighbors, and a surname once adopted becomes permanently fixed, just as it would be in Germany or England.

Aabrekke is one of two men who enjoy the distinction of being the only living mortals who ever succeeded in climbing over the Brigsdal Glacier here before us. The undertaking is so exceedingly difficult and dangerous that even seasoned Alpinists thus far leave it on the list of the unconquered; but there is no telling what may be done as time goes on.

Position 72. Map 8

As we readily see by reference to the map, this is only one of several great icy arms that hang down in various places from the same vast glacier of which we have had other glimpses. It is the largest glacier in all Europe, covering nearly as much ground as a British county. The downward movement of the ice-sheet in a valley like this can be quite accurately measured by surveyors, sighting certain parts of the ice that are recognizable by their structure or by the débris they carry; yet in many cases glacial movement is found to vary greatly in different seasons, even when the conditions seem nearly identical. One such glacier over near the Sörfjord* thirty years ago was pushing bodily down into the valley below at the rate of over one hundred feet in a season; then for some reason it stopped, that is to say, its annual waste by melting balanced whatever advance it made, so that the ice-covered area remained actually unchanged. Little wonder if, in the presence of such freakish changes in a big, silent monster of this sort, helpless little human folk came to regard the glittering *Jokul* with superstitious dread. Centuries ago priests were sometimes called upon to exorcise a *Jokul* and keep it back within bounds, but that is, of course, a thing of the past.

Unless one has had experience in seeing glaciers, he is likely to have an inadequate notion of the depth of the ice and the width of such fissures as that mass shows by its nearest edge. Suppose we descend into the valley and go quite close to a low arched hollow under the edge of the ice.

*The Buarbræ (bræ means glacier).

Position 72. Map 8

Position 73. Cavernous mouth of huge Brigsdal glacier where its melting ice forms mountain torrents*

Direction—We are now facing pretty nearly south. *Surroundings*—The ridge on which we were standing with Aabrekke and Eide is behind us at the right.

There is now before the cavern more fallen ice than when we saw it from across the valley. Some of those great fragments broke off and crashed on the ground while the photographer was standing here with his camera. Evidently that ice cavern would not be a safe region to explore!

By the way, here is a chance to see the making of just such a moraine or bed of débris as we found turned into farmlands down beside the lake (Positions 67 and 68). If the glacial action keeps on long enough, a big bed of its rock scrapings may accumulate here and gradually become transformed into fertile earth. Geologists say that the very existence of Lake Olden itself is caused by the accumulation of an ancient glacial moraine at the north end of the valley, acting like a dam to hold the valley waters back from the fjord.

In order to get some idea of what it would be like to cross such an ice river as this, let us watch our two guides clambering over part of one of the edges close by.

Position 74. Among mountains and caverns of ice; enormous crevasses of Brigsdal Glacier

Surroundings—We are standing on the edge of the ice. The valley is behind us.

*The intense light reflected from this glittering mass of ice made it necessary to cut short the time of exposing the photographic negative, hence the darkness and lack of detail in the figures of the men.

This is the way they use the rope which we first saw carried in a coil on the guide's shoulder. If there were three or four men together making an ascent of the glacier, they would all be fastened to one rope in this manner, then, if one should slip, or if ice should give way under him, the others could, by maintaining their own footing, pull him back to safety. Though the rope is not large, it is amazingly strong, being woven especially for such use by mountaineers. It is usually kept a bit slack between each two men—not so slack that a person could fall far, and yet not so taut that one person's fall would too promptly pull the next man along with him. The right tension is a matter for expert judgment.

The ice axe is used chiefly for chopping out steps on surfaces where there would otherwise be no foothold. The pointed end of the axe is invaluable as giving a support. Thor Eide's brawny arms could easily drive it so far into a mass of ice that the embedded staff would serve as a substantial post.

It was in 1895 that Aabrekke and another guide named Bing climbed over this glacier for the first time. From half-past seven one morning to half-past four that afternoon they were cutting their way over the glittering blue ice, part of the way like this, much of it immeasurably worse, with the probability—in case of a fall—of being dashed to pieces over a hundred-foot cliff of ice, or being frozen to death in the fathomless depths of some dark and treacherous crevasse.

Lake Olden, beautiful as it is, has a neighbor perhaps more beautiful still. Turn to Map 8 once more, and see how Loen Lake fills another space between the mountains a little farther to the northeast. Our next

Position 74. Map 8

position is to be where the map shows a red 75, on the east side of the lake.

Position 75. Mountain-walled Loen Lake, unrivalled in beauty and grandeur, from Seten farm

Direction—We are looking now southeast, that is, up the lake. *Surroundings*—Lake Olden is now at our right, beyond a high wall of ice-capped mountains.

One is continually tempted to quote Björnson up here in the Nordfjord country, and, indeed, it hardly calls for apology. Björnson actually is, to a great extent, the voice of Norway, the poet, who, better than all others, knows how to put the soul of his native land into articulate words. Do those boys down by the old barn know him too, we wonder? Do they ever gaze off like Arne to the wall of granite and ice, and long to fly away to the big unknown world beyond?

"What shall I see if ever I go
Over the mountains high?
Now I can see but the peaks of snow
Crowning the cliffs where the pine trees grow,
Waiting and longing to rise
Nearer the beckoning skies.
* * * * * * * *
Forth will I, forth! Oh, far, far away,
Over the mountains high!
I shall be smothered if here I stay;
Courage arises to seek the way.
Let it a flight now be taking,
Not on this rock-wall be breaking!"

These lake farms are, in truth, not quite so isolated as they used to be, for, even if the families born here stay here all their lives, every summer brings an influx of strangers from the outside world. This dis-

Position 75. Map 8

trict is becoming more and more popular both with Norwegian city folk and with foreign travelers.

The glaciers that we see straight ahead at the south, and high up on either side of the lake, are parts of the same vast ice-sheet to which the Brigsdalsbræ belongs. Here around Loen Lake it not infrequently happens that the midsummer sun loosens great blocks of ice at the edges of such lofty ice-fields, and broken fragments come tumbling down into the lake in sudden avalanches. Some years ago such an avalanche descended on the side of the lake where we are now, and only a few miles from this very spot; it tore off trees and earth in a ragged streak down the mountain, and, though it happened not actually to touch any human habitation, its swift passing (like that of a gigantic express train) caused such a draught that two little farm houses were blown off into the lake!

Three or four generations ago it was not uncommon to find people in an isolated region like this believing quite firmly in the existence of supernatural creatures, on whose will such happenings depended. They had an idea that certain spirits watched over each farm, ready to do friendly services when in a good humor, or to cause all sorts of calamities if offended. When the mistress began to make new cheese, she always set a piece of the first and best somewhere out behind the barns, for the delectation of the unseen creature. In case of any family festival, like a christening, a betrothal or a wedding, pains were taken to compliment the same important personage with the offering of cakes and ale.

Highways are few in this neighborhood. The usual way of going to church is by boat—everybody around here has a boat and knows how to row. Even in winter, when the deep waters are locked fast under thick

ice, the lake still offers the most convenient route to the village of Loen; in winter the use of skis makes traveling comparatively easy, whatever the depth of snow.

By the way, there is hereabouts a curious superstition connected with churches. It used to be believed (indeed, some conservative old folk still hold to their own opinions in the matter) that on the day before Christmas, especially on Christmas Eve, spirits of evil hang about church buildings and other holy places, in a particularly bad temper, because of the coming anniversary of the birth of our Lord. The story is told that, a number of years ago, a young army officer, who professed not to believe in evil spirits at all, put on a bold front, and on Christmas Eve went into Loen Church, a few miles off behind us, to get a book kept there. Nobody now can be quite sure just what happened, but some awful Thing drove him out of the building and chased him away, so that he accidentally fell upon his own sword and died. At least, that is the way the tale is told. You may believe what you please.

If we go around on the farther side of that low, wooded point enclosing this cove, we shall get another view, one of the most beautiful in this vicinity.

Position 76. Lake Loen, fed by glaciers on its cloud-capped mountain shores

Direction—We are looking, as before, towards the south. *Surroundings*—The farm where the people were out among the hayracks is now around at our left.

The distant mountains are practically the same as we saw them before, but now we get more of the

Position 76. Map 8

effect of lonely grandeur. Nobody knows just how deep these waters may be, filling the narrow floor of the crooked valley. They are by no means always mirror-still as we see them now. Breezes often blow suddenly down from one of those heights, setting these poplar leaves to quivering on their stems, and covering the lake with ripples, and when the breeze stiffens into a summer squall it would be dangerous sport playing with a sailboat.

A Norwegian-American (Mr. Rasmus B. Anderson), who knew the famous violinist, Ole Bull, says:—

> "I once asked Ole Bull what had inspired his weird and original melodies. His answer was that from his earliest childhood he had taken the profoundest delight in Norway's natural scenery. He grew eloquent in his poetic description of the grand and picturesque flower-clad valleys, filled with soughing groves and singing birds; of the silver-crested mountains, from which the summer sun never departs; of the melodious brooks, babbling streams and thundering rivers; of the blinking lakes that sing their deep thoughts to starlit skies. . . . He spoke with especial emphasis of the eagerness with which he had devoured all myths, folk-tales, ballads and popular melodies; and 'all these things,' he said, 'have made my music.' "*

Shall we see how the shores look from the deck of the local steamer? The red 77 marks our place.

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* From the introduction to Kristofer Janson's *The Spell-bound Fiddler* (*Den Bergtekne*), translated by Auber Forestier (Aubertine Woodward Moore). This charming Norse romance is based on the life of a Norwegian country fiddler, called the Miller Boy, whom Ole Bull knew and was much interested in.

Position 77. Tourists crossing rippling Loen Lake; view across to a huge glacier between the heights

Direction—We are facing now nearly south, i. e., towards the upper end of the lake.

It happens on this trip that the little steamer will not hold all the tourists, who have come in a large party to see the lake, so a number of them are being towed behind in the tender. These, as it happens, are chiefly Germans; a great many German tourists visit Norway in summer by the Hamburg-American excursion boats, though English-speaking travelers are more numerous still.

Sometimes on a summer Sunday, when there is to be preaching at Loen church, the steamer tows a number of rowboats from the lakeside farms.

The one place on the west shore where there is room for any farms, is away up near the head of the lake. This steamer will carry us there. The landing-place is marked 78. Be sure to find it on the map.

Position 78. Utigaardsfos leaping 2000 feet from Ravnefjeld Glacier into Loen Lake, seen from Nesdal

Direction—We are facing a bit north of west. *Surroundings*—Just at our left is some low land, filling a little space where the streams from a high glacier have washed down quantities of gravel and sand. We can see at our feet how the gravel reaches out into the lake, keeping the water here quite shallow. Not far away at our right, however, mountains rise as high as those just ahead.

That is the steamer from whose stern we saw the tender full of passengers. Evidently the vessel itself

Positions 77-78. Map 8

could not accommodate a large party. Most of the people were on their way to visit a famous glacier, an hour's walk from here up the valley. The burden those white-aproned girls are carrying between them is lunch for members of the party. Fresh fish may quite possibly be one of the viands, for trout are fairly plenty in the lake, and fishing always finds willing devotees.

No doubt the steamer itself seems a marvel of convenience and mechanical skill, in the eyes of such country urchins as we saw over at Seten farm (Position 75), accustomed to compare it only with their own rowboat. What will be their amazement, if they should emigrate, by and by, at the sight of a great ocean-liner? There are, indeed, many marvels waiting for them "over the mountains high!"

All summer long that white ribbon of a waterfall drops from the sagging shoulder of the mountain. Its source is more than a third of a mile vertically above the sands at our feet. At the right, over the stern of the boat, we can see where earth and stones have fallen from the almost vertical wall of Ravnefjeld. Quite likely that may have happened in spring, when the frost came out of the ground, and the thin skin of soil was tender from its soaking with moisture. In time Nature may patch up the wound and cover it with a new growth of grass and bushes.

As one goes back down the lake he passes near where the map marks the name Hogrenning, on the east bank. The place is so completely typical, in its way, that we ought to pause off-shore for a look at it. Notice that the red lines diverging from point 79 on our map end against a near-by mountain.

Positions 78-79. Map 8

Position 79. Hogrenning farm, nestling at the mountain's base, on the east shore of Loen Lake

Direction—We are, of course, facing nearly east. *Surroundings*—Nesdal boat-landing is now off at our right. Behind us, across the narrow strip of deep water, rise mountains as high as any we have seen around the lake.

"Deep and low the hamlets lie
Beneath their little patch of sky
And little lot of stars."

Here there is not even a "hamlet," but just the buildings of one prosperous farm, for the stars to shine on through a long winter night. And it will be a cosy winter, too, according to local standards of comfort. Those laden grain-poles that look like a regiment of soldiers on parade, mean plenty to eat during the long interval when the sun turns a very cold shoulder on this region. Fuel can be had to any desired amount without thinning the tree-growth in such a way as to invite avalanches. The roofs are snug and tight. There will be plenty of hay for all the cows and goats. The building of a new boat, the making of new farm-tools or household furniture, and tasks of that sort, will give the men-folk sufficient employment to keep time from hanging heavy on their hands. The women find plenty of occupation in their housework, spinning, knitting and sewing. When the weather does not encourage going down to Loen to church, they can read their Bibles and other religious books, and feel themselves in harmony with the general spirit of the Sabbath. Yes, if it is the Simple Life one wants, he can lead it here as well as anywhere in the world.

Position 79. Map 8

It was on some such estate, only in a house of logs, that Farmer Ironbeard must have lived—the rich yeoman whose independence of king and court is chronicled in the ancient *Heimskringla* and retold by Longfellow in the familiar story:—*

"Hodden gray was the garb he wore
And by the hammer of Thor he swore;
He hated the narrow town and all its fashions.

But he loved the freedom of his farm,
His ale at night by the fireside warm,
Gudrun, his daughter, with her flaxen tresses.

He loved his horses and his herds,
The smell of the earth and the song of birds,
His well-filled barns, his brook with its water-cresses."

One of the most interesting land-journeys in all Norway is between this lake region and the head of the Geiranger Fjord, farther north. The best way to start is from a posting station at the head of Lake Stryn, a few miles northeast of Loen Lake. A glance at Map 8 will show just where the basin of Stryn is located, and our next position will be found, marked 80, at its eastern end.

Position 80. Looking from Hjelle across quiet Lake Stryn to the steeps and glaciers of Mount Skaala

Direction—The map told us this. We are facing southwest, that is, towards the lower end of Loen Lake, though mountains intervene. *Surroundings*—A valley opens behind us, but all around stand moun-

*The Saga of King Olaf, in *Tales of a Wayside Inn*.

tains, grim or green, according to whether Nature has had a chance to cover their granite ribs with a padded coat of verdure.

Those balconies and the little summer-house down at our right are, of course, tokens that summer travel comes this way. The pretty girl up here on the bank takes advantage of the tourist season to earn a modest sum as waitress and chambermaid at the inn. The lake itself is *fuldt af fisk* (full of fish), so they say, and the scenery rivals that of its neighbor lakes in splendor. That superb cone over yonder, its top apparently broken off and filled with ice, is Mount Skaala. Over on its farther side, glacier streams run down into Loen Lake, not very far from where we saw the peasant children (Position 75). The summit is more than six thousand feet above this lake.

At a station like this, one often meets an interesting variety of travelers—Norwegian, Swedish, Danish, German, French, British, American. The Scandinavians who take such summer excursions are naturally people of means; that quite often implies a fair knowledge of English and some musical skill, and they are exceedingly interesting acquaintances for the American who is fortunate enough to find himself in their company.

Our map shows a highway extending from Hjelle back (northeastward) up the Vide valley. That road marks our own onward route, and our first halt is to be at the spot marked 81. This time we find the map promises a longer outlook, for some distance back over the valley.

Positions 80-81. Map 8

Position 81. From the mountain inn at Vide Sæter down the Vide Valley; Mt. Skaala in right distance

Direction—We are looking west-southwest, towards Hjelle by the lake, though the lake is not in sight. *Surroundings*—Behind us rise mountains, like those ahead. The valley continues off behind us at the right.

Until a few years ago this old house of squared logs was the only available shelter for travelers going up or down the valley, and many a tourist, hungry and tired, perhaps drenched by a sudden downpour of rain, was thankful enough for the hospitality of its sod-covered roof. Since the completion of a famous mountain road above here (we shall see it presently), travel has so increased as to warrant the building of an inn on the hillside behind us, but the sæter itself is still used by the women in charge of these cows, for their dairy work.

That is the highway of which we get a glimpse at the right of the old house. By looking sharply we can trace it a long way down the valley. The mountain which towers over the end of the valley at the right is Skaala, the same height which we saw across Lake Stryn (Position 80). Hjelle and the lake are farther to the left.

No doubt the dairy girls find life up here a good deal more interesting now that the summer brings so many travelers to break up its monotony. There is something to see besides mountains and skies, and probably those really did lose some of their beauty through over-familiarity. There used, long ago, to be a certain dramatic element in the case of cows in a lonely place like this. Old traditions said one must keep the cows literally in sight every minute of the

day, lest the covetous hill-spirits should turn them into wee creatures, the size of mice, and drive them away into mysterious realms underground. But, of course, nobody has believed a story like that for many a long year. The watching done nowadays is only to guard against letting one of the rather awkward beasts wander off where the cliffs are too steep and so fall from slippery rocks.

The customary way of calling the cows in at milking time, is with a long, wooden horn, called a *lur*. It is not musical, like the Alpine horns, but its blare carries over long distances, and the cattle recognize it instantly. Special songs (yodels) are also used by the girls at milking time.

Some sort of skin is drying on that pole behind the sæter, but it is difficult to identify it at this distance. Bears used to be common and dangerous in this region, but of late years they are rarely seen. Wolves are practically extinct in this part of the country. Maybe it is the skin of a reindeer; those hardy creatures are quite often seen roaming wild about this region—seen, that is, at a distance; they are shy creatures, and do not willingly allow a traveler to approach very near.

The people who best understand the reindeer, and who, as a matter of fact, derive a great part of their living from the ownership of reindeer herds, are those strange aboriginal folk, the Lapps. Certain barren heights farther up in the interior, above this sæter, are favorite summer camping places for their migratory families, and there we shall find one group worth visiting. The location of the camp is marked 82.

Positions 81-82. Map 8

Position 82. A Lapp family and sledge-dog, outside their summer home

Direction—We are facing west. *Surroundings*—Barren, open heath, like what we see.

These aboriginal people are to Norwegians proper what the North American Indians are to the white people of the United States, though these have rather more in common with the dominant people among whom they live. They are shorter in stature than most Norwegians, and darker in complexion, belonging to the Mongol race, instead of the Teutonic. Many of them speak Norwegian, besides their own language. At least a part of the year they live near to some settlement, so that the children may go to a country school and learn to read and write; at the usual age this boy and girl will pass an examination with little Norwegians in the church catechism and be confirmed. Without much doubt this substantial matron was formally married by some Lutheran pastor, and the children will decorously follow parental example when they grow up. It is, however, not probable that they will marry Norwegians. Though mixed marriages do occur every now and then, instinctive race-feeling on both sides usually draws a line at wedlock.

When these children were babies they spent several months tied into cradles of reindeer hide on a wooden frame, and hung up inside or outside the tent, somewhat like an American Indian "papoose" in its own cradle of birch-bark.

The boy and girl now are dressed so nearly alike, it would be difficult to guess their identity, but for the custom of sewing a big rosette on the crown of a boy's cap. It is the badge of masculine superiority.

These summer coats and frocks are of coarse blue woolen homespun, bought from some farmer or at a country store, and probably paid for with reindeer meat or cured hides. The ornamental bands of trimming are red cloth. The men's caps may also have been bought, like the checked stuff of the mother's apron and shawl, but the shoes worn by the whole family are the traditional homemade articles, of tough reindeer hide, that will bear an almost limitless amount of tramping over rough ground and rocks. The seams are sewed with reindeer sinews into wonderful closeness, so that they are practically waterproof. In winter a pair is worn large enough and loose enough to admit of packing soft, dry grass and moss around each foot, the best practical protection yet known against the intense cold of this high latitude. Nansen used this sort of foot-gear on his Arctic explorations.

Do you notice that both men have knives, one stuck picturesquely into the belt, and the other out, ready for some use? A knife like that serves every sort of purpose you can think of—skinning a reindeer, carving horn-spoons, cutting tobacco—it is the owner's most valued personal possession. Quite possibly he made it himself, grinding the blade into its present finish, and setting it in a handle of bone or reindeer-horn. He sells such knives sometimes to Norwegian village people and to foreign tourists.

The tent is made of coarse "burlaps" canvas, obtained by barter, like the homespun clothing stuff. It would seem more natural to do cooking out-of-doors during summer weather, but in this case, at least, the woman has her dinner kettle hung inside the tent, suspended by a chain from a cross-bar between certain of the supporting tent poles. (The photographer was invited inside the tent, and kindly

offered a piece of reindeer meat, which had been cooked in the kettle and then carved on the leaf-strewn floor of the tent.) The opening in the top of the tent does, of course, carry off smoke very well.

This family own a considerable number of reindeer, now feeding over the desolate heaths in this vicinity. The animals would appear to a stranger to be quite wild, but they have marks, on their ears or elsewhere, which signify definite private ownership, and, in some way quite mysterious to most Norwegians, the Lapp owner can succeed in catching any animal he wishes to milk. The quantity yielded is small, and the creatures are milked at longer intervals than domestic cattle (twice a week, perhaps), but the milk is exceedingly rich and nutritious, so it goes far as food. This woman makes cheese from it for winter food, somewhat as Norwegian housewives make theirs of cows' or goats' milk; these youngsters consider the thick scum which rises on boiled reindeer milk the most delicious of dainties.

As usual, boy and dog are good friends. This is vacation playtime for the shaggy dog, and no doubt he appreciates leisure. In winter he has to do his share of labor, drawing a sledge, somewhat like that of the Greenland Esquimaux. Reindeer are also made useful as beasts of burden. The winter season is, however, not spent here where we are now. The cold weather location will be probably somewhere considerably farther inland. The winter home will be made of stones and clayey earth, over a timber framework, and banked high with earth to keep out draughts. Overcoats of reindeer hide, with the hair inside, will keep everybody warm. Tobacco and rather too lavish supplies of spirits will keep them in good humor. The reindeer need no barns for shelter and

no store of painfully gathered hay for food, as they find all the moss they need by digging under the snow. When purchasable supplies of any sort are needed, there is always a market for reindeer meat or skins. Why should a Lapp worry, if only he owns a small herd of these valuable creatures? The fact is, he doesn't worry at all. If he is so fortunate as to own a couple of hundred deer, whose maintenance costs him nothing, he counts himself rich, and his children are treated respectfully when they go to town.

We saw one herd of reindeer over on Hardanger Vidda, at Position 45.

Paul Du Chaillu, the American traveler, who wrote *The Land of the Midnight Sun,* became personally acquainted with a number of Lapps, staying with them in their cabins, eating with them, and learning a great deal about their life, which is chronicled in his celebrated book. Like the American Indians, they combine with some unsavory details in their personal habits and mode of life a curiously fascinating element of weird poetry. Though many individuals are as commonplace and uninteresting as can be imagined, the race to which they belong is popularly credited with all sorts of occult powers. Sorcerers and witches used to be found among them, and not so very many generations ago, for the Lapps did not generally adopt the Christian religion until long after that faith was established among the Norwegians. The Norse people themselves usually call them not Lapps but Finns. Some of the stories of Jonas Lie, the famous Norwegian novelist, have to do with the traditions of this ancient people. *The Visionary* (Den Fremsynte) is full of the queer atmosphere of Lapp ideas. In one of Lie's volumes of northern sea stories there is an awful tale (*Finneblod*) of what happened to a Norse

Position 82. Map 8

fisherman, who thought himself too good to marry a Lapp sweetheart!

It is a far cry from the spells and charms of an ancient race to the work of up-to-date civil engineers, but such are the contrasts suggested by the sights of our journey. Near the extreme right-hand edge of our map, our route turns sharply westward at a fork in the roads, where the inn of Grjotlid stands. Our next proposed standpoint we find by tracing the highway approximately westward till we come to the point marked 83. The zigzag lines of the highway prepare us for seeing some unusual grade.

Position 83. Zigzag steeps of the Grjotlid road to Marok

(The grade appears not nearly as steep as it is, when one looks at the stereograph as he would at an ordinary photograph. It is only when one sees the place through the stereoscope that the topography is really understood.)

Direction—We are facing a little east of north. *Surroundings*—Wild and barren mountain-sides.

The pony carts on that bit of nearly level road have come up from Marok on Geirangerfjord, the place to which we ourselves are bound. No wonder the animals, strong as they are, welcome an opportunity to rest without having to hold even the weight of a cart. Without doubt most of those passengers have walked up the steepest portions of the road, partly out of regard for the horses and partly from choice of the more comfortable mode of progress. We can see how suddenly the ground drops just beyond the part of the road where the carts are. The ascent of so nearly perpendicular a bank would be too much for even

a Norwegian beast, unless he were a goat. The longer way around is really a saving in time. We are now less than four miles from Marok and the fjord, as the crow flies, but we are 3,000 feet above the tide-level; that means an average rise of about one foot for each six feet of straight distance! In order to make the grade practicable for horses, it has been laid out in these great zigzags, so that one actually travels ten miles instead of between three and four. The road is a masterly piece of engineering and the people are justly proud of it. The work, of course, involved an immense amount of labor and expense, for it was done with conscientious thoroughness, in such a way as to last, but the already large and constantly increasing volume of tourist travel which it attracts to this part of the kingdom can be depended on to make the investment profitable. These travelers whom we meet may have come up merely to see the road, intending to return to Marok. They may be going over to Lake Stryn, Loen and Olden, reversing our own route; or they may be intending to continue from that fork in the roads at Grjotlid by another highway eastward into one of the long inland valleys, and after several days' drive make connection with the railway between Christiania and Trondhjem. From the business point of view this road-building was a very important enterprise.

Now go to the map once more, and follow the road with your eye till you see where it reaches the head of crooked Geirangerfjord. Our eighty-fourth position is to be taken before we reach the end of the road, but the red lines indicate that we shall be able to see the fjord in the distance.

Positions 83-84. Map 8

Position 84. Haying on a mountain shelf high above Marok village and mirror-clear Geirangerfjord

Direction—We are facing now a little north of west. *Surroundings*—Behind us the crooked highway, which we have just seen, comes down over the mountains, which loom high behind and around us.

It is a mere handful of hay that can be made here, but Norse thrift turns even this patch of sunny ground to account. If a second crop can be gathered, so much the better. It is considered worth the labor even if only three inches high. Very likely the leaves of those beautiful white birches may be gathered too at the end of the season; goats will gladly eat them in winter-time.

Many Norwegian farmers have an ingenious sort of "trolley" device for transporting hay from a field like this to a barn far below. A stout wire is stretched obliquely over the intervening void; the cured hay is tied up tightly in bundles, with a loop attachment, and made to slide down along the cable.

These people speak only Norwegian, but they courteously bid us *Gōd mor'n* (good morning), and are ready to tell us what they can about this superb prospect before us. Those buildings down below are part of Marok village, but there are several more houses at the right and at the left, which we do not see at this moment. That low spire marks the village church. Those glassy waters are a part of the salt sea, and so deep that large ocean-liners can come in to anchor near the shore, but it is fully sixty miles from here out to the coast islands, the whole way just a crooked, narrow inlet, walled with mountains.

There are places along this fjord, between here and open sea, where tall cliffs drop from a tiny hayfield, like this, straight down to the salt water, and toddling

children have to be tied securely to some convenient tree, in order to give them a chance to grow up. Such homes as theirs are off the traveled highway altogether, and can be reached from the fjord only by rough foot-paths, almost as steep as a ladder.

The broken peak straight ahead, with a glacier gleaming on its summit, is Mount Torvlöisa.

Between us and the fjord, a little to the left of the farmer, do you see a cliff projecting into the valley, like a partly open gate? A man is standing on it, his own figure silhouetted against the waters of the fjord. Remember that rock, for we shall see it again (Position 87) from the fjord, as we look back up to where we are now.

But we are still a considerable distance from Marok by the road, for the last downward drop of the mountain is so steep that again the path has had to be constructed in long detours to this side and that. As we proceed our route comes to an inn built on another bluff, overlooking the valley, and we take our eighty-fifth standpoint in front of a hotel, where some country girls are lingering after their errand with the housekeeper.

Position 85. Zigzags of the famous Grjotlid road; mountain milkmaids on the way near Marok

Direction—We are looking northeast. *Surroundings*—The village and the fjord are 1,000 feet below, off at our left. The hotel is behind us.

It almost takes one's breath away to come suddenly to the dizzy edge of this high shelf! It really seems as if there ought to be some railing, some protecting enclosure, besides these ragged guard stones, though their universal use along dangerous places does make

Positions 84-85. Map 8

the very sight of them a reminder to be cautious. They border the outer edge of the road all the way down as far as we can follow it with our eyes. That is the way one has to go to reach the village and the steamboat wharf down at our left. A direct descent from this cliff where we are now would be impossible for any horse. We shall presently be able to look back up here from the fjord, and see where we have been. We shall at the same time see more plainly that waterfall of which we now get just a glimpse over at the other side of the valley.

These girls have come from a sæter higher up on the mountain, to bring supplies for the hotel dining-room. The burden with which they started must have been pretty heavy, but the route was downward, not up, and they are used to hard work, and take it uncomplainingly. Very likely the butter and cheese served at Hotel Udsigt (Outlook House) may come in part from their dairy; all Norwegian hotels serve cheese of various sorts.

Norwegian girls and women have been studied and pictured many times by authors of their own nationality, and the reader of novels and dramas has a chance to become well acquainted with a variety of feminine types, more or less admirable and lovable, as the case may be. Certainly the most celebrated Norse litterateurs cannot be accused of sentimentally glossing over the faults and failings of their countrywomen, but they have given to the world some heroines of wonderfully impressive dignity and sweetness and strength. Björnson's *Synnöve Solbakken* is an idyllic picture of a rough, uncouth lad's love, and how a shy, flaxen-haired girl made a man of him. Lie's *The Pilot and His Wife* is an admirably fine study of how the devoted slave of a jealous, moody husband learned to

make him take a saner, more high-minded view of life, by herself standing simply and frankly on the ground of dignified truth-telling. Ibsen's *An Enemy of the People* makes the daughter of the heroic and much vilified doctor understand her father, when almost everybody else is blinded by selfish stupidity, and, when the play ends, though his fight is not won, we know she is going to stand by him, fighting at his side.

We are to take our next position down on the fjord. Map 8 marks the spot. Be sure to look for the number 86 and make a mental note of how the red lines reach up landward.

Position 86. Marok and the giant heights behind it, from Geiranger fjord

Direction—We are facing a little east of south from the deck of a Hamburg-American steamer. *Surroundings*—The fjord reaches off behind us. Mount Torvlöisa, that we saw when we were up with the haymakers, is behind us and off at our left.

Is it any wonder that Norsemen so heartily sing:—

"Yes, we love our native land
Rising from the foam,
Rugged, rocky, weather-beaten,
Land of many a home."*

It would be a poor sort of soul that could not feel a thrill of sympathetic pride in such majestic beauty. The village seems to nestle confidingly at the foot of the mountain, as if that titanic peak of the Saathorn,

*Björnson's national hymn.

reaching more than a mile straight up towards heaven, were a giant guardian.

The landing pier is a little too far to the left for us to see at this moment. A road begins there, runs past those boat houses, and makes a sweep to the right around the church; you remember we saw that church when we were up above the village with the hay-makers (Position 84). And do you also remember that we took particular notice of a certain cliff that then stood out between us and the fjord, like a half-open gate? We can see from here that same projecting cliff. Look beyond the church, toward the right, and find a building with a low tower set at the end of its slanting roof. Now look almost directly above that tower—there is our "gate." The hay-makers were farther back, in a part of the valley which is now too much in shadow to be identified.

But to return and trace the main highway from the church. We can see the gleam of its stone-work in zigzags beyond the church; then it turns to the left; its line can be traced for some distance to the left of the church spire along the base of that precipitous height just beyond, then it disappears from view not far from where we catch the white sparkle of a waterfall. From that point we cannot see it plainly, but it does zigzag sharply up the mountain alongside the waterfall. The hotel before which we stood with the milkmaids can be made out as a light-colored spot on the side of the mountain, almost directly above the church-spire, and two-thirds of the way up to the edge of that triangular patch of forest. When we stood there we were looking across a hollow in the side of the mountain and towards the waterfall. The hotel is a thousand feet higher than the fjord on which our vessel lies, and, though its rocky

perch is really so close above the town, it takes three miles' travel to get there from the boat landing.

Several recent books of travel, e. g., Putnam's *Norwegian Ramble* and Goodman's *Best Tour in Norway,* tell about coming here to Marok and climbing up that road either to Hotel Udsigt or all the way which we have just traced between here and the lakes. It adds enormously to the pleasure of reading such books when we have seen the place for ourselves.

If we were to continue our journey on this steamer down the fjord from Marok, we should reach a fringe of islands along the outer coast. Consult Map 2 once more, trace the fjord for yourself, and see how extraordinarily crooked the waterway is. Some of the islands at the mouth of the fjord are uninhabited; some support a few farmers and fishermen. Two little islands, lying close together near latitude 62° 30′, have been built up, forming the prosperous little town of Aalesund. We are to call there and get a glimpse of a side of Norwegian life quite different from any we have yet seen. First, we will get an idea of the town as a whole. It was nearly destroyed by fire a few years ago, but the damage is now repaired and from our eighty-seventh position we shall see things looking nearly as prosperous as ever.

Position 87. Restoring a burned city. Aalesund, an island port and important fish market

Direction—We are facing west, toward the open North Atlantic. *Surroundings*—The island on which we stand extends off eastward behind us, connecting by a bridge with another island, and thence to the mainland, twenty miles farther back. For a long dis-

Position 87. Map 2

tance at our right islands large and small are scattered thick along irregular shores.

(We are seeing the place just now on a rainy day, when mist veils the distance. It is a pity, but, in truth, it does rain here an incredible number of days in a year, so really the present aspect of the place may be considered characteristic in its own way.)

This pretty little park directly below is a public pleasure ground, a favorite resort of the townspeople in midsummer, when, on a clear day, the sun does not go out of sight in the northwest until nearly 10 P. M., and the twilight glow has not time to fade out of the sky before the sun appears again in the northeast, somewhere about 2 A. M.

That channel or *sund* (sound) between the two island districts of the town is the Aale-sund, for which the place is named. It is crossed by a bridge just out of sight at our left. With a long arm of this island—Nörvö (*ö* means island)—reaching around the harbor at one side, and that long pier built out from Aspö at the other side, the sound makes an excellent haven in which a large fleet of fishing boats can simultaneously take shelter.

Enormous quantities of cod, herring and cod-liver oil are brought in here every season from famous fishing banks among the Lofoten islands, farther north, and re-shipped to other European ports, a good deal going to southern Europe by way of the Mediterranean. Several lines of passenger steamers call here, too, and the little port is one of the busiest in northern Norway.

The town has been in existence as a town and a trade center only about sixty years; indeed, there could not have been any Norwegian fish dealers here in very old times, for the great German Trust, of which

we saw reminders down in Bergen (Position 51), would have crushed promptly any attempt at such an enterprise. However, that deep, sheltered channel was used over a thousand years ago by Viking ships belonging to a few land-owners in this vicinity. Less than three miles away, behind us at the left, on this very island, there is said to have lived in the ninth century an adventurous sailor and soldier, and the consequences of his voyage out into the Atlantic, beyond that promontory we see now, have been making European history ever since.* In all probability Rolf's piratical cruise around northern Europe to the French coast was made with vessels very like the one we saw in the museum at Christiania (Position 7). Those were rough old times among leaders of men.

". . . The good old rule
Sufficed them, the simple plan
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

If we were to believe an enthusiastic writer like the late Paul Du Chaillu, who was in love with everything Norse, the qualities to which England so largely owes her dominant place to-day among the nations—her taste for seafaring, her energy, courage, love of conquest, her administrative ability in colonial affairs, her sturdy common-sense in matters of self-government, are parts of her inheritance from the Norman descendants of old Rolf and his men, together with the influence of the Vikings that settled in England.

Nothing of the old Sea King remains now on this island. The present atmosphere of Aalesund is frankly

*See page 242: "What Norway has done for the World."

modern and fishy. Let us go down into the town and watch work going on in one of the big warehouses, while a cargo is being unloaded from a vessel alongside.

Position 88. Receiving fish from sea-vessels and packing for export, in a warehouse at Aalesund

Surroundings—The boat bringing in this load of fish lies at the quay beyond those doors at our left.

The boats' crews, of course, include no women, but here on shore women do a large share of all the heavy work connected with the fish business. Two million dollars' worth of cod and hake are brought in here every year; the special season among the western islands is from January to the middle of April, though the season is later as boats go farther north in the Arctic waters.

The fish that are being handled here just now are "lange," much like the American hake. There is a considerable market for fresh fish here in town, where over 8,000 people have their homes, but the larger part of the exported fish is cured by salting and drying.

Nearly five per cent. of all the people in the kingdom earn their bread by fishing, or by working over the fish, as these men and women are doing now. It is a hard life, and, for those actually on the sea, a life full of peril. We shall before long (Positions 93 and 94) visit one of the island stations, far up within the Arctic Circle, near where these very fish we see now were caught.

Almost every tourist who calls at Aalesund is bound for a certain famous peak and river valley at the head of Molde Fjord. That fjord, as we see by

referring to the upper part of the map of southern Norway (Map 2), opens from the sea a little way north of latitude 62° 30′. Trace it eastward up into the country, and near its head we find the Rauma river flowing in from the southeast. We cannot afford to miss the Romsdal, even though the splendors of the Arctic seas wait for us farther on. Our next standpoint is marked 89, beside the river, and the red lines indicate a view cut off before reaching any great distance. This is what we see.

Position 89. The sharp pinnacles of the Romsdalshorn crowning the mountain wall above Rauma river

Direction—We are facing up-river, a little east of south. *Surroundings*—Behind us lie two or three comfortable farms.

It is, in its own way, one of the most splendid peaks in Europe, one majestic mass of primeval gneiss, the original stuff of the globe, just as it solidified by cooling, only broken by the twisting and wrenching it has undergone during ancient upheavals of the earth's surface, weathered by the storms of countless centuries, and draped with that scanty cloak of green. That topmost spire reaches about 5,000 feet above the floor of the valley. It is locally known as Hornet, i. e., "the Horn."

One would be tempted to declare the ascent of such an obelisk impossible, but the thing has been done. The first successful attempt was that of two Norwegians, Kristen Smed and Hans Bjærmeland, in 1832; for several years the story of their adventure and two days' stay near the summit was generally doubted, but a later ascent proved its truth, by the discovery of certain records of their presence made

Position 89. Map 2

at that time. Slingsby's *Norway, the Mountain Playground,* tells all about it, and gives an interesting account of how the author himself made the difficult ascent in 1884.

The valley down here under the mountain is a little Paradise of fertile fields and bowery groves. The farmers here find it possible to raise not merely grain and potatoes, but also apples, cherries and plums, currants, gooseberries, raspberries, blackberries, almost all kinds of small fruit. The land is, of course, very valuable.

A large part of Björnson's childhood was spent lower down in this same valley, near the fjord. He was early familiar with all this region. One of his biographers remarks of the influence of environment upon his mental development:—

> "He had felt the power of the mountains over his mind, and been filled with longing. During the tedious schooldays* his beautiful Romsdal Valley lay waiting for him, beckoning him home at every vacation, always alluring and radiant."

The lovely green valley has still older associations than those relating to the boyhood of Norway's favorite poet, for here, they say, ten and eleven centuries ago, lived some of the rich Norsemen who entailed their property and sent the younger sons away to seek fortunes over-seas.* Some of the comrades of Rolf himself may, very likely, have been born in sight of that very mountain which we find to-day a glorious landmark against the sky. So, at all events, thought Froude, the British historian, and he wrote

*At Molde. *See page 246.

some verses about it which are worth repeating here on the very ground.

"So, this, then, was the Rovers' nest,
And here the chiefs were bred,
Who broke the drowsy Saxon's rest
And scared him in his bed.

The north wind blew, the ship sped fast,
Loud cheered the corsair crew,
And wild and free above the mast
The Raven standard flew.

Sail south—sail south; there lies the land
Where the yellow corn is growing;
The spoil is for the warrior's hand,
The serf may have the sowing.

Let cowards make their parchment laws
To guard their treasured hoards;
The steel shall plead the Rovers' cause,
Their title-deeds their swords.

The raven still o'er Romsdal's peak
Is soaring as of yore,
But Vikings' call in cove or creek
Calm Romsdal hears no more."*

Before we make our own farewell to the valley, we should go just a little farther up-river to a posting station at Horgheim. One might, indeed, continue the journey by post-road over into the Gudbrandsdal, and thence back through eastern Norway to Christiania, but we will do like most other tourists, and limit our Romsdal excursion to the view from Horgheim. The place where we shall stand is marked 90 on Map 2.

*From an essay on *Norway Fjords*.

Positions 89-90. Map 2

Position 90. Ragged range of the Troldtinder or Witch Pinnacles, from the valley road

Direction—We are facing now northwest, that is, back down the valley. *Surroundings*—The posting station is behind us, and beyond it the valley widens around a low, marshy floor. The Romsdalshorn is now at our right.

A considerable number of travelers seem to be making the same excursion to-day, and horses and drivers are waiting for the return trip after luncheon.

There are Witch Peaks innumerable in various places in Norway—the name is a favorite one for application to almost any ragged height that has any suggestion of the sinister about it—but these are *the* Witch Peaks, everywhere acknowledged as having the best title to the name. That long, jagged wall of archaic rock is actually higher than the Romsdalshorn. People say that, after sundown, when those pinnacles stand out against the strange, pale glow of the western evening sky, or, above all, in winter, when their uncanny silhouettes have for a background the weird red flicker and gleam of the *aurora borealis*, there is something positively unearthly in their threatening beauty.

The post-boys tell one a fantastic tale about how a wedding procession was going down this road one day, long ago—the fiddler, the priest, the bride and groom, and all the guests—when, for some reason, they were all turned to giant shapes of stone. If you are skeptical, they help your imagination by pointing out the resemblance of specific peaks to the different members of the *Brudefölge* (bridal train).

The mountaineering book by Slingsby, already referred to, gives an account of the author's difficult ascent of the Troldtinder several years ago. Others

have done the same thing since, but the number of expert Alpinists who attempt it is small in proportion to those who merely ride up the valley in pony carts, to gaze at the beckoning summits from this safe and commonplace roadway.

That gate yonder serves to keep within bounds cattle of some sort pastured near by. Similar gates are common on country roads all through this part of Norway, and during the tourist season flaxen-haired children are pretty sure to be near by, ready to run and open the gates, in hope of some trifle of *smaapenge* (small change, i. e., copper coins) from the travelers.

Map 2 should now be consulted again, in order to recall the exact situation of Trondhjem, on a deep fjord of the same name, in latitude 63° 30′. It is farther north than any place we have yet seen in Norway. The red 91 marks the spot where we are to stand as we overlook the historic town.

Position 91. Trondhjem, its homes, warehouses and cathedral, between the river Nid and the fjord

Direction—We are looking northeast, that is, inland, towards the head of the fjord. *Surroundings*—Behind us rises a high hill, where several wealthy Norwegians have summer-villas.

There is an old Norse song with the refrain

"It is so pleasant in Trondhjem to dwell,"

and, indeed, it is an attractive place, with all those embowering trees, the winding river and the rich green fields of the suburbs. The specially close proximity of warm ocean currents makes the climate here surprisingly mild and pleasant; the river here rarely freezes, even in midwinter; the fjord is open

all the year round. The summer climate is like that of southern England, the winter about like that at Dresden, though we are five hundred miles nearer the Pole; market gardeners hereabouts raise a great variety of excellent vegetables and fruits.

Do you notice that there is a railway track skirting the river-bank on this side? That is one of the very few lines in the whole kingdom, and the most important of all, for it extends through the Osterdal to Christiania, following up this river Nid to near its source, then crossing over to near the head-waters of the Glommen river, and so finding a route comparatively easy for so mountainous a country.* A train bound for Christiania would move from our left towards our right. The whole distance is three hundred and fifty miles, and the journey takes eighteen hours in an express train. The railway station is over at the farther (north) side of the town, near the harbor. From there trains also depart for Stockholm, five hundred and thirty miles away, over tracks leading eastward beyond the town.

Several lines of steamers come here. The town has large mills and factories of various sorts, the trade in fish and furs is of considerable importance, and there are a good many wealthy old families.

The river at this nearest point is flowing toward the left; it bends around beyond those large buildings on the point, and appears again flowing toward the right, turning a second time beyond the cathedral, and making its way to the fjord. The town itself was called in old times Nidaros, that is, "mouth of the Nid;" as such it is mentioned in the Sagas. The name was changed to Trondhjem in the sixteenth century.

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*See chapter on Transportation, page 301.

The governor's palace, used as a royal residence when Their Majesties, King Haakon and Queen Maud, were crowned here (1906), is not clearly distinguishable just now, but it is in the middle of the town, about half way between that tall cathedral spire and the harbor-front.

The coming of the sovereign up here to Trondhjem for coronation is in accordance with the very ancient national usage. King Olaf Tryggvason, whose story is one of the most romantic in mediæval history, founded a Christian church here, and built a royal palace. He was the Olaf of whom the *Heimskringla Saga* tells, the hero of Longfellow's "Saga of King Olaf" in the *Tales of a Wayside Inn*. He was rescued from slavery in a foreign land, came home here to claim his birthright, wrested the kingdom from usurpers, and overthrew the ancient pagan faith, or at least dealt it terrific blows ready for the finish by another Olaf (Saint Olaf) a few years later. That cathedral, which towers so conspicuously over the neighboring buildings, has seen the coronation of a long line of Norway's sovereigns. When the national constitution was adopted in 1814, one of its provisions was that rulers of Norway thereafter should always be crowned at Trondhjem, or "Drontheim," as Longfellow calls it.

Out by that dark headland Olaf's ships must have passed on their way up to Salten fjord, to carry to pagan Raud the sovereign's emphatic, if not ingratiating, demand that he embrace Christianity:—

". . . O Sea King,
Little time have we for speaking;
Choose between the good and evil;
Be baptized, or thou shalt die."

It was a vigorous method of presenting the Gospel!

Position 91. Map 2

Out past that same headland must have swept the splendid array of Olaf's fighting ships, when he set out on his ill-starred expedition to the Baltic. On his return he became separated from the main body of his fleet, and was attacked by the combined fleets of Olaf of Sweden, Svend Forked-beard of Denmark, and Earl Erik of Norway. Olaf fought bravely on his famous ship, the Long Serpent, but rather than be killed or captured he sprang overboard and was drowned. This combat is known in Scandinavian history as the battle of Svolder,* and was fought in September, 1000.

It is interesting to note that it was in Nidaros that Olaf Tryggvason met Leif Erikson from Greenland, converted him to Christianity, and, before departing for the Baltic, sent him to Greenland to introduce Christianity in the Norse colony there. It was on this long voyage to Greenland that Leif was drifted out of his course, and came to an unknown land, which he called Vinland, on account of the grape-vines that grew there. It is absolutely certain that Vinland was a part of the American continent. An old Norse Saga,† called "The Saga of Erik the Red," gives a detailed account of this first discovery of America.

Shall we go down nearer the cathedral? The main business streets of the town are less interesting than one might suppose they would be, for the place has been repeatedly ravaged by fire, and among the new buildings practically nothing now remains of the mediæval civic and domestic architecture. The cathedral itself has, however, recently been restored,

*For an interesting account of it, see Boyesen's *Story of Norway*. See also Longfellow's *Saga of King Olaf*.

†For a translation of it, see *The Northmen, Columbus and Cabot*

largely according to the design of its older architects. We shall go down to a point in the churchyard at the farther side of the building, so that the octagonal apse, which we now see at the right of the spire, will be at the left.

Position 92. Trondhjem Cathedral, whose traditions reach back eight centuries, the grandest church in Scandinavia

Direction—We are facing nearly southwest. *Surroundings*—The hill from which we overlooked the town is nearly a mile away, beyond the trees and shrubbery at the left of the apse. The greater part of the town is at our right, with the harbor beyond it.

This certainly is a magnificent church. The patriotic and devout enthusiasm that accomplished its restoration have good grounds for satisfaction now. The building material is a bluish soapstone, from quarries near the town, and marble, from an island above, off the west coast, in striking contrast to the timber churches common in the small towns.

It was in the latter half of the eleventh century that King Olaf Kyrre began the present church, as a shrine to hold the relics of Saint Olaf. That south transept (seen at the right of the tower), and the Chapter House at this side, are restorations of parts that the church authorities built late in the twelfth century. The choir (extending towards us eastward from the tower), and that beautiful apse at its eastern end, are restorations of portions built about seven hundred years ago, at a time when European towns were vieing with each other in the magnificence of their church edifices. The nave at the farther side of the tower, which we do not see from here, was of

still later construction, about the middle of the fourteenth century. The church is altogether over two hundred feet long.

The relics of Saint Olaf used to be treasured in the apse, and for centuries the shrine was famous all over Europe for its miracles. The sick and the sorrowing flocked here; the devout came in throngs, and the curious and the thrifty followed after, as they always do to any such place. The result was that Trondhjem town, or Nidar-os, as it was then called, became populous and rich, too, through the generous expenditure of money by wealthy visitors. Tradition says the place grew until there were fourteen other churches besides this, and five flourishing monasteries, the latter being maintained largely as inns for pilgrims. But, strangely enough, all that order of things came to an end, after a series of heavy disasters. In 1328 there was a great fire, which destroyed most of the choir. In 1432 the church was struck by lightning. In 1531 another fire reduced part of the church and most of the town to ruins. The State adoption of Protestantism in 1537 put an end to the public veneration of Saint Olaf's relics, and consequently to the pilgrimages, which had been of great commercial benefit to the town. The silver reliquary of the royal saint was carried off to Copenhagen, and nobody now knows just what finally became of the bones that were said to have worked so many marvels of healing. During part of the eighteenth century political assemblies were held in that south transept. The other churches and the monasteries, sharing the fate of secular structures in various widespread conflagrations, were not rebuilt under the new ecclesiastical dispensation. One hundred years ago the town itself had dwindled to less than 8,000 population.

Position 92. Map 2

The new prosperity of Trondhjem has an entirely different basis, being industrial and commercial. The thirty-five thousand people who live here are well-to-do property owners, or thrifty wage-earners, and they have contributed generously toward the restoration of the stately and splendid old house of worship, though financial responsibility for the undertaking was shared by the whole country. The work of restoration was begun in 1868, and has been prosecuted continuously since 1872. When the west nave is completed, this venerable monument will appear in the antique splendor which marked its completion in about 1300.

Worship here is, of course, according to the Lutheran faith and ritual.* The altar before which King Haakon and Queen Maud knelt during the solemn service of coronation (June, 1906), is beneath the low octagonal tower at this end of the cathedral.

This churchyard is a favorite resort of the townspeople on summer Saturday afternoons, when they come to put flowers on the graves, and on Sundays after morning service.

During the rest of our journey, we shall use map 1, which shows the entire kingdom, though on a smaller scale. Let us turn to that map now and refresh our memory of the long reach of the coast from Trondhjem up to the North Cape, as compared with the distance from Trondhjem down to Christiania.

When we were at Bergen, and again at Aalesund, we saw many reminders of the great fish industries. We are now to see one of the island ports from which the fishermen go out. Away up within the Arctic circle, in latitude a little beyond 68°, a long,

*See page 298 for notes in regard to the ecclesiastical system which prevails in Norway.

Position 92. Map 2

irregular cluster of submerged mountains forms an island chain, known as the Lofotens. There are several fishing stations on those islands, where steamers call, and one of the most important is where we see the figures 93 and 94, enclosed in a red circle.

Position 93. Landing from a steamer in the Arctic country, Svolvær

Direction—We are facing approximately north. *Surroundings*—All about us are islands large and small.

It is an odd fashion the rowers here have of facing each other. The rowlocks, too, seem to be different from those used down on the fjords farther south. We do not see the whole of the village yonder—there is considerably more of it straggling along the shore. It is midsummer, and the fishing season in these waters is all over. That was from the middle of January to the middle of April. Many of the boats have now gone much farther north, to the banks of Finmarken, following the cod in their annual migration from deep Atlantic waters to favorite spawning grounds, and so lengthening the time of work and profits. The cod are taken in various ways, with nets, long lines and short lines; often the fish come in such dense shoals that a man with a hand line can take them as fast as he can bait and remove from the hook. Artificial minnows are largely used for the bait. A single boat often brings in a catch of six thousand, and in a first-rate season, from eight to nine thousand boats frequent the island "banks," taking altogether between thirty and forty million fish.

While the season is at its height, there is a great deal of work to do on shore in and around those fish-

houses at the water's edge. Most of the fish are salted and dried, some being split open when cleaned, and spread out like a book opened flat (*klipfisk*), and some cleaned and salted with no more opening than is necessary to remove perishable interior parts (*rundfisk* or *stokfisk*). Those taken at the end of the season are usually split open, and have the backbone taken out (*rotskjær*). The fish are dried in the sun on the rocks or on drying racks.

Some of the fish-heads are cooked with seaweed and made into fodder for cattle. It seems strange that cattle should like it, but fortunately they do. Vast quantities of other fish-refuse are made into fertilizers, and shipped to Continental markets.

All this requires large numbers of men, but only for a few months in the year, when temporary huts are built for those who come from hamlets and scattered farms all along the fjords of the mainland. Taking the kingdom as a whole, one person out of every twenty depends on these or similar fisheries for a livelihood.

Just now the place is quiet enough, save when a vessel comes to take on a cargo of fish for the distant markets.

Sixty miles east of here, across an island-dotted reach of the sea, is the end of the most northerly railway in the world, Victoriahavn, leading to Stockholm, and so connecting with the Baltic ports of Europe. A good deal of fish goes over there for export trade.

There are a few families living here all the year round, and it is not a bad place to live. Shall we land and get a more definite notion of what such an Arctic fishing town is like?

Position 93. Map 1.

Position 94. Picturesque Svolvær, a far north fishing station in the Lofoten Islands

Tourists and cameras are not very common here. The boys are almost as much interested in us as we are in them, though the younger one has his doubts of our friendly disposition.* Even away up here within the Arctic Circle, Norway maintains elementary public schools, and boys can grow up with a fair educational equipment, at least enough to serve in practical, everyday affairs, and, living in a place like this, they naturally absorb quantities of miscellaneous information about wind and weather, and all sorts of sea creatures, and about the far-off towns to which relatives and neighbors have made voyages.

Edmund Gosse, the English critic, wrote in his *Northern Studies* (1879) of a visit to Svolvær:—

> "It is a fact not over-flattering to our boasted civilization that the education of children in the hamlets of this remote cluster of islands in the Polar Sea is higher than that of towns within a small distance of our capital city, ay, higher even, proportionally, than that of London itself."

You see the children themselves are dressed just as they might be away down in Bergen, or even in Christiania or Stockholm. There is a church at another village on this same island, where they will pass their examination in the catechism and be confirmed in due time, just like any other little Scandinavians.

Those sailboats belonging to the fishermen are *jægter,* much like the ones we saw in Bergen harbor (Position 50), staunchly built, but easily capsized in a heavy gale. Some of them are actually built with

*His mother stood close by, behind the photographer, telling the youngster not to be afraid.

attachments to the keel, which can be used as handles by the crew, in case they are thrown overboard and find the hull upside down when they need to cling to it. Though the old tradition of an almost supernatural "Maelstrom" near here has been proven to be only a poetic exaggeration of strong, swirling currents, there are still plenty of genuine and awful perils to be met. In 1845 five hundred fishermen were drowned in a single hurricane which swept over these islands.

Those three-story buildings and many of the smaller structures close to the water are fish warehouses. The neat white cottages tell of thrift and cosy home-making. There is not a great deal of cultivable land near by, but such as there is suffices for little gardens of barley and potatoes. Norwegians are sure to include coffee among their household supplies; goats pick up a living by agile industry on the rocky hills, and, of course, fish itself is an omnipresent food.

A good deal of driftwood is available for fires, and a fortunate thing that is for Svolvær cooks, for, of course, there can be no considerable tree growth so far north, as we are now, 68° 20′. Some of the wood, brought by currents from warmer climes, has come immense distances. Bayard Taylor, when he voyaged through this region, was struck by the poetic significance of it. "Think," he said, "of Arctic fishers burning upon their hearths the palms of Hayti, the mahogany of Honduras and the precious woods of the Amazon and the Orinoco!"

The summer weather here is much like that of northern Scotland, with shorter "white nights." If it were not for such mountains as those behind the village, shutting off the view at sea-level, the sun would never be wholly below the horizon from the

last of May to the middle of July. As it is, what with the mountains acting like screens, and the frequent rain-clouds acting like thick curtains, the sunlight is practically toned down part of the time into quiet grays, but there is no real darkness for two months out of twelve.

The dark months of midwinter are just past their solstitial climax when the fishing season begins in January, and in stormy weather it is a black world up here when one has no glimpse of sun, moon or stars. In clear weather, however, with all the land snow-covered, reflecting moonlight and starlight, and with the splendid flicker and glow of the aurora filling half the sky, they say the beauty of the region is something almost beyond belief.*

Though we are well within the Arctic Circle, we have by no means reached the limit of civilization. Look again at Map 1, and on another island, about midway between 69° and 70° latitude, the town of Tromsö is set down. There also we are to make a visit.

Position 95. Buying fish in a busy Arctic trading port,—Tromsö

Here we see some of the typical fishing boats at close range. It is market day, and with a town population of 6,000 to be fed, retail business is usually very good. At those stands up in the square ahead of us, vegetables, eggs, butter, cheese, and such things, are for sale. Notice the electric-lighting equipment; though this is only about 1,400 miles from the North

*The descriptions of effects seen by Bayard Taylor (*Northern Travel*) and Du Chaillu (*The Land of The Midnight Sun*) are wonderfully picturesque.

Pole, people know all about modern scientific inventions, and take advantage of them. The town has a systematic water-supply from a lake on hills above. There are good schools here, a theatre, a museum of natural history and curiosities, several churches and a number of good shops.

The Wellman Arctic Expedition sailed from here in July, 1906, for their Spitzbergen headquarters.

The provincial governor of Finmarken has his official residence here, and the place is also the seat of a Lutheran bishop, so Tromsö has its local aristocracy and a little circle of distinctly superior, cultivated people.

A considerable part of even the school work has to be done in winter by lamplight, for during several weeks the sun does not rise before ten o'clock in the forenoon, and sets by two o'clock or earlier; and, besides, stormy weather often obscures the short period of daylight.

That church fronting on the square is Roman Catholic, for the benefit of many sailors from Mediterranean ports who come in here with vessels, taking on cargoes of cod, herring, fish and whale-oils for southern merchants. Ordinary labor goes on at almost any hour of the twenty-four in summer-time, and a stranger feels a bewildered wonder as to when Tromsö folk ever do their sleeping!

If you would like to understand the local atmosphere of such a place, read Boyesen's *Against Heavy Odds*, the story of a Norwegian boy with a gift for scientific invention, told by another Norwegian. The scene of the tale is actually laid at Vardö, over east of the North Cape, but in about this same latitude, though Tromsö here is a larger town, with a much larger business. If you would know the poetic

Position 95. Map 1

and romantic side of life hereabouts, read Jonas Lie's *The Barque Future,* and *Weird Tales from Northern Seas.*

An enterprising photographer here takes pictures of tourists by the light of the Midnight Sun, producing unique souvenirs of a northern journey.

Several years ago an English author wrote an entertaining volume* about the experiences of a camping party in the regions between here and the North Cape. Their methods were those of up-to-date city people, but the idea of summer camping in Finmarken is nothing new; Lapps have, in their own fashion, done it for centuries. A two-hour journey from Tromsö will take us out to one of their summer huts.

Position 96. People of the frigid North. Lapp home and family in the Tromsdal

To reach here from the island town one rows across a channel to the mainland at the east, then walks or rides in a pony cart for some distance through a rather low, marshy valley.

These people live in winter farther inland, across the Swedish frontier, but come over here for a while every year to take advantage of the fresh pasturage for their reindeer, and to have a chance to sell fur boots, horn spoons, and such things of domestic manufacture to tourists that land at Tromsö.

Remembering what has already been said* of these aboriginal people and their ways, we can readily tell which of the children are boys and which are girls, in spite of the close resemblance of those clumsy

*S. H. Kent: *Within the Arctic Circle.*
*Pages 192-202.

clothes of skin and coarse homespun. The hut here is quite different from the one we saw before; it is more like what these people live in during the winter on Swedish territory. Inside this evil-smelling cabin, a dinner pot hangs from a cross-bar over a fire on a stone hearth in the middle of the one room, and the whole family eat from it with spoons of wood or horn. If they are particularly fastidious of their class they may use individual wooden bowls, but, as to the manner in which the dishes are "cleaned," the less said the better.

The man at the left has just lassoed that reindeer while it was feeding some distance away up the valley. They have near here a sort of "corral" or yard surrounded by wooden pickets into which the animals can be driven and penned when necessary.

The transportation of this family's belongings from summer to winter location, or vice versa, is made while the ground is snow-covered, by means of reindeer pulks and dog sledges. A pulk is a canoe-shaped affair, with a wooden frame and a covering of reindeer hide, usually about five feet long, a foot and a half wide and in the center a foot deep. The deer's harness is very simple—just a collar made of the hide of one of his own relatives, a single trace leading from the collar along under the belly to the forward end of the pulk, and a single long rein of deerhide attached to the left horn. A loop at the end of the rein passes around the driver's right thumb, and a good deal of slack is wound about the wrist. It is no easy task learning to drive a reindeer with that rig, and if you want to hear some graphic accounts of the ordeals suffered by a novice, you should read

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Position 96. Map 1

Du Chaillu.* He did, after a good many rough-and-tumble experiences, learn to be almost as expert as the Lapps who taught him. Under the most favorable conditions of snow and weather one can, with such an equipage, cover one hundred English miles in twenty-four hours.

Some Lapps who come over to this part of the coast in the spring join the crews of fishing boats, and spend the season at the island "banks," but the seafaring members of the race are fewer than those who get their living from reindeer herds on terra firma. From time immemorial this aboriginal people have been credited by their Norse neighbors with occult influence over the Powers of the air. In former years it was no very uncommon thing for a good Lutheran skipper to cross with silver the palm of some locally famous Lapp, in order to secure favorable winds for an outward voyage!

As we proceed on our own route we pass—according to circumstances—by, or up-and-down, one of the most picturesque of all Norway's innumerable fjords. Its location is marked 97 on Map 1, just east of Tromsö.

Position 97. En route to North Cape, skirting precipitous cliffs and narrow straits of Lyngenfjord

This is, if possible, even more stupendous in grandeur than the fjords farther south, for a good deal of the way the sheer cliffs rise like this, almost perpendicular to the water, and tower overhead three-quarters of a mile, straight above the steamer's deck. Not even Norwegian thrift can wring a living out

**The Land of The Midnight Sun.*

of the land in many spots along this fjord. The patches of green moss or grass or stunted shrubs that do live here and there in sunny crevices are not enough to warrant attempts at human habitation, though a sail of only an hour or two would bring us to a little harbor where there is a tiny hamlet with a church.

Great numbers of sea-fowl of various species haunt these waters. A considerable amount of the costly eiderdown of commerce comes from coast islands and promontories in this vicinity, and is an important source of revenue for the few inhabitants of the region. It is gathered during the mating season, when the eider-ducks, both female and male, strip the delicate stuff from their own breasts to line the nest for their young. If the down is removed from the nest the birds almost always manage to provide a second lining. A single nest sometimes yields to a daring cliff-climber a quarter-pound of down. It takes four pounds of the crude material to give one pound of absolutely perfect fluffy down, but the latter is worth ten dollars a pound, so there is great financial temptation to keep men and boys at the dangerous trade of gathering it, for the decoration of fair ladies' opera cloaks in far-away Berlin and Vienna and Paris.

On once more towards the northeast our own route continues, as outlined on Map 1, until it reaches, in a little less than 71° of latitude, the northernmost town in all the world. The place is marked 98.

Position 98. Hammerfest, the world's northernmost town, 70° 40′ latitude

Direction—We are facing nearly south. *Surroundings*—A steep mountain rises behind us.

These ledges underfoot are part of an island which reaches off eastward (left) for about ten miles to a channel separating it from the mainland.

The dull, foggy appearance of the place as we see it to-day is due to a drizzling rain, such as tourists find here too frequently for their comfort. However, here, as at Tromsö and Svolvaer, the same warm ocean currents that help cause the frequent rains, also serve to keep the winters mild. This harbor below the hill never freezes. Vessels can go in and out all winter long.

That street alongside the harbor skirts the bay all the way around; the principal business is naturally transacted there in the neighborhood of the over-fragrant warehouses, full of fish, and even more highly perfumed establishments, where cod-liver oil is boiled down for the export trade. A good many whaling vessels, both Norwegian and foreign, put in here for supplies on their way to farther Arctic waters—around Spitzbergen and elsewhere. That is the Lutheran church whose spire we see over in the southern quarter of the town. In Vincent's *Norsk, Lapp and Finn,* you can read an account of a Lapp wedding which the author witnessed there (or rather in an earlier church on the same site). The Catholic Church for foreign sailors is out of range. In 1890 two-thirds of Hammerfest were destroyed by fire, the perpetual menace to property in Norway's timber-built northern towns, where fires and lights must necessarily be in use so large a part of the year. There is, however, plenty of capital and energy here, and the place has been rebuilt in even better shape than before. Between two and three thousand people have permanent homes here, almost everybody being connected in some way with seafaring trades.

Position 98. Map 1

This rocky pasture where the goats are industriously nibbling for their living, looks barren after one has seen the fertile valleys of the southern provinces, yet even here grasses and mosses persistently grow on the never-ceasing invitation of the summer sun. Saxifrage and other wild flowers bloom in odd nooks and crannies of the rocks, inaccessible to hungry goats, and, for a few short weeks each year, gay butterflies float airily over this hillside, just as if the icy waste of the Polar Seas were all a myth of the geographers.

Farther and farther still our journey reaches towards the polar extremity of Europe. It is peculiarly difficult for a passenger on one of the summer excursion steamers to get the proper amount of sleep, for daylight is continuous, and everybody seems to lose count of the time, so that some people are talking and moving about the boat at all hours of the twenty-four. Besides, there is always something to see, either a picturesque shore-line, a leaping dolphin, a shoal of porpoises at play, or some marvellous color effect in sky and sea. The vessel ploughs on and on through the Arctic waters, until at last that happens which happened to the mediæval sailor in Longfellow's verses:—*

"And then up rose before me,
Upon the water's edge,
The huge and haggard shape
Of that unknown North Cape
Whose form is like a wedge."

*The Discoverer of the North Cape.

Positions 98-99. Map 1

Position 99 North Cape from the west, near midnight

Here it stands, reaching out into the Arctic Ocean at the limit of European lands. We are on the west side, facing a little south of eastward; that land in the distance is another part of Magerö or "Barren Island," from which this point extends. The landing place is at Hornvik Bay, over at the farther (northeast) side of the long headland of dark purplish-gray slate rock. Passengers not ambitious to land and climb to the summit of the cliff, often spend the waiting time, while the steamer lies at anchor, fishing for cod, haddock and coal-fish (*sei*) from the deck. The more adventurous land from small boats, in a sunny hollow, where violets and buttercups make the most of the scanty soil, and climb by a rough, rocky path up at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees, to the almost level summit. Along some particularly bad portions of the way a cable has been set in iron stanchions, so as to make the path perfectly safe, however difficult it sometimes seems to inexperienced climbers. Scientific observers say the top of the cliff was planed off ages ago by the slow, inexorable movement of some heavy glacier down to the sea. One walks over it about a third of a mile to the end of the point, and then stands nine hundred and sixty-eight feet above these rippling waters.

Away up on the point, though we cannot see it from here now, is a granite column recording the visit of King Oscar II in 1873, and a beacon near by commemorates a visit of Emperor Wilhelm II in 1891. There is a little shelter-hut besides, for refuge in case of a sudden storm. The rest of the island, as one sees it from the higher level, is a barren plateau, with ponds here and there, scanty grass, a

few low berry bushes and occasional banks of snow in sheltered places among the ledges.

This is the farthest point that most northern travelers ever reach. Here they come to see the Midnight Sun sweep along the northern horizon at our left, above the waste of open seas. From the middle of May to the end of July there is never a sunset here, never actually a sunrise. It is all one long day. If one comes here about the first of July, the sun, at 12 P. M.,* for a distance of about five diameters, slowly sweeps along above the edge of the visible world, then once more its path curves upward, over a sky hardly perceptibly paler than it was at high noon. Sometimes one arrives on a rainy day. Sometimes the horizon turns cloudy just at the critical moment. Sometimes a fog-bank rises from the sea and wraps the Cape itself in a blinding scarf of soft, clinging gray mist. In such cases the sun has to be taken for granted, but at least one has seen the utmost polar reach of Europe,† the land where the highest type of human civilization has been worked out through long centuries of sunrise and sunsets.

In case a fog does arise while one is up there on the rocks, he is grateful for a wire which has been stretched from post to post, all the way back to the head of the path where the rope-rail begins. Without some such security it would be easy in a dense fog to lose the sense of direction, and to walk off the edge of the cliff into space.

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*We are here so far east of Greenwich that local time is an hour ahead of Greenwich.

†This is at least commonly reckoned as the most northerly point of Europe, though it is not on the mainland, but on an island. The most northerly point of the actual mainland is Nordkyn, forty miles or so east of here, but that is in not quite so high a latitude.

Position 99. Map 1

We ourselves are to see land and ocean and sky even farther north than this limit of the ordinary excursion and mail steamers. The Hamburg-American Line in midsummer sends a fine vessel away up still nearer the Pole, as far as Spitzbergen.

Take a last look at Map 1, for the sake of a better realizing sense of the extreme verge of the habitable world to which we are to penetrate.

We shall be at nearly 80° latitude, that is, as far north of Christiania as Christiania itself is north of Naples or Constantinople. Our last position is marked 100.

Position 100. The midnight sun in July over cliffs of Spitzbergen and the Arctic Ocean

We are facing directly towards the Pole at twelve o'clock on a July night. At this very same moment that same sun is marking noon for dwellers at Samoa and on the Fiji Islands in the South Pacific!

Shall we let a master of word painting* help us to see color in our outlook at this moment?

> "Far in the north the sun lay in a bed of saffron light. . . . A few bars of dazzling orange cloud floated above him, and, still higher in the sky, where the saffron melted through delicate rose-color into blue, hung wreaths of vapor, touched with pearly, opaline flushes of pink and golden gray. The sea was a web of pale slate-color, shot through with threads of orange and saffron from the dance of a myriad shifting and twinkling ripples. The air was filled with the soft, mysterious glow, and even the very azure of the southern sky seemed to shine through a net of golden gauze."

*Bayard Taylor in *Northern Travel*

Position 100. Map 1

Our vessel lies in Advent Bay, off the west coast of Spitzbergen, whose lonely cliffs rise out of these Polar waters at our right. The shores ahead are around an inlet, known as Ice Fjord. It is a strange, uninhabited land, which nobody claims to own. Centuries ago there were some small settlements of whale fishers along this coast, but the tradition of them is now hazy. In this twentieth century once in a while a vessel comes; a vessel goes; nobody calls the place home. The island is partly covered by glaciers, but warm ocean currents sweep so near shore that the ice and snow melt in summer on the lower levels. A considerable number of mosses, lichens, and even dwarf flowering plants, grow in sheltered spots, coaxed out by the sunlight of one continuous summer day four months long. A few Arctic hares and foxes are undisputed masters of the lonesome land.

Nansen, the famous Norwegian explorer, sailed past here in 1893 in the *Fram* on his daring quest of a passage to the unknown seas or lands about the Pole. The Pole itself is only eight hundred miles away, straight ahead, under that dazzling disk of the sun.

It was from this island that André's Polar Expedition set out in one of the old-fashioned balloons. Here also the Wellman Expedition in 1906 were making preparations for a start in a "dirigible" balloon.

Beyond Spitzbergen at our right reach the little-known wastes of the Arctic Ocean. At our left, beyond another broad reach of sea, is northern Greenland.

Straight behind us lies the world of civilized men. A thousand miles behind us, Trondhjem sits on the green shores of her historic fjord. Still farther south, in almost the same straight line, the people of Christiania are now asleep in their beds under the soft, dusky

Position 100, Map 1

twilight that marks their midsummer night from the day. Farther yet to the south, the stars may be twinkling at this very moment in the heavens over Hamburg, or sparkling like tropic fireflies through the feathery palm trees of far-away Tunis beside the Mediterranean Sea.

And here?

As the hands of a watch mark the day's advance, the sun will sweep steadily higher in its obliquely circular path around the heavens, till it reaches its highest point in the south at noon; then it will move lower till it reaches again the point where we see it now. About the end of August, its lowest sweep at midnight will take it just below the horizon. By the end of October it will cease to sweep above the horizon at all, and for four long months there will be never a sunrise over these cliffs and waters, but only moon and stars, and the forever mysterious, beckoning Northern Lights, whose speechless signal no mortal creature yet understands.

When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained,

What is man that Thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that Thou visitest him?

WHAT NORWAY HAS DONE FOR THE WORLD

So ripe a modern scholar as Professor Rhys of Oxford has said:—*"Few of the states of modern Europe have not had their history profoundly modified by the Scandinavian conquest of the Viking period."

Every man or woman of European descent living to-day is, in some degree, an heir of the Scandinavian North. Especially is this true of all of us who have French, English, Scotch or Irish blood in our veins. For us it is almost as strikingly true as for a pure-blooded Norwegian, that every day of our lives we are drawing on legacies from Norway. The very existence of American civilization is the result of forces in which Norse energies directly or indirectly played a large part. An eminent American scholar, the late John Fiske, says on this question:—†"The descendants of these Northmen formed a very large proportion of the population of the East Anglian counties of England, and consequently of the men who founded New England. The East Anglian counties have been conspicuous for resistance to tyranny and for freedom of thought." The forms of many words we use to-day in talk at the family breakfast-table—a multitude of now common-place details in our every day experience we owe in part to the energetic service of Norse folk, generations ago, when

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**New Princeton Review*, Jan., 1888.
†*The Discovery of America*.

the civilization of to-day was slowly, gradually taking shape out of the crude ways and means of the Middle Ages.

If we had not the plain record of history to declare the facts, it might seem improbable that Norway could ever have made great and persistent contributions to the growth of civilization. True, it is a land of marvellous natural beauty, but it is so small! so poor in comparison with sunnier realms! Its total area is but a trifle more than that of Labrador. Its southernmost shores reach only as far south as the middle of Hudson's Bay. Its North Cape peers into the Arctic Ocean only twelve hundred miles from the Pole. More than a third of all its area is two thousand feet or more above sea level, and, of the remaining two-thirds, so much is given over to lakes or thick forests or barren heaths, that there remain barely thirty-five hundred square miles of land (half the space of Wales) wherefrom a farmer can coax the earth to give him food. Outside the only three large towns—Christiania, Bergen and Trondhjem—the population to-day averages less than fifteen persons to a square mile.

More than a thousand years ago this little Northland had developed a civilization distinctly advanced for those times, and developed it to a considerable extent without outside help, through the innate energy and creative activity of her own children. Investigations made during the last hundred years among old Norse burial mounds have brought to light an amazing array of partly destroyed property belonging to chieftains who lived from ten to fourteen hundred years ago—swords, daggers and shields of excellent workmanship; rings, bracelets and diadems quite worthy of a great lady's wearing; dishes of silver and

gold; carved drinking horns, cups and platters; woven and embroidered stuffs and other belongings that indicate a relatively very high standard of intelligent living.

A glance at Map 2 shows how deeply the coastline of Norway is cut by the sea. Long, narrow fjords (inlets) reach crookedly up into the mountainous land, thirty, sixty, in one case (the Sognefjord) one hundred miles. The old-time Norse people were brought up to be as much at home on the water as on the land. *Vīk* (pronounced *veek*), in the Norse tongue, means "inlet" or bay; the men who lived along the fjords came to be known as "bay-men" or *Vīk-ings*—hence the name Viking. The word has come down to us with a somewhat misleading pronunciation (Vi-king) that seems to imply a suggestion of social rank not at all in the original.

Green, in his *Conquest of England,* says:—

> "It was the hard struggle for life that left its stamp to the last on the temper of the Scandinavian people. The very might of the forces with which they battled gave a grandeur to their resistance. It was to the sense of human power that woke as the fisher-boat rode out the storm, as the hunter ploughed his lonely way through the blinding snowdrift, as the husbandman waged his dogged warfare with unkindly seasons and barren fields, that these men owed their indomitable energy, their daring self-reliance, their readiness to face overwhelming odds. . . .
>
> "Courage indeed was a heritage of the whole German race, but none felt like the man of the North the glamour and enchantment of war."

At least as early as the eighth century—perhaps even earlier—adventurous Vikings began to extend their summer voyages beyond the home fjords and the fringing skerries (islands), sailing as far as Den-

mark and Germany, Great Britain and France. At first these exploring and marauding expeditions were concluded each in one season, the adventurers returning home for the winter, rich in tales of wonder and in convincing stores of booty. We have access to both sides of the story in regard to some of those old voyages—one side in the form of ancient Norse Sagas, and the other side in the chronicles of the foreign settlements where the Northerners were dreaded as pirates. In regard to an expedition of the year 846, for instance, the Norse story sounds almost like a fairy-tale—how the men sailed and sailed to a strange, far-off shore; how they explored a long river and came to a curious island town, unlike Norwegian towns, but rich in treasure; how a thick mist enveloped everything and a terrible pestilence fell upon them so that they had to come away, leaving the mist-veiled city to its mysterious fate. Yet the travelers' tale was perfectly true, standing proven to-day by existing French chronicles. The shore was that of France. The alluring river was the Seine; the strange town was old Paris on its island, where now flower-sellers offer their wares almost in the shadow of Notre Dame; the thick mist and the pestilence must have been a heavy fog, and an attack of that too well-known scourge of the Dark Ages, the so-called "plague." The pious Parisians believed it was sent that time by high Heaven, on purpose to confound their pagan assailants!

Norsemen who had adventurously knocked about the coast towns and river towns of Germany, France, Great Britain and Ireland, could not afterwards be content to fit into small places in the overcrowded home land. This was especially true after the executive genius of Harold Fairhair (860-930 A. D.) had

broken down the local sovereignty of previously independent Norwegian nobles (jarls), and forced hitherto independent districts to become parts of one united kingdom. The outgoing Vikings began to stay abroad for longer periods, not simply snatching and sailing away from a little English village or an Irish monastery, but demanding proprietorship rights from their unwilling hosts and settling down on the new soil. As early as 835 they had occasionally wintered in Ireland, and this began to be a more common custom. Read any history of England or of Ireland, and one finds the same thing happening over and over—Norse assaults and victory—Norse occupation of disputed ground. (The English and Irish chroniclers frequently call the newcomers "Danes," but scholars agree that that name meant people from Norway oftener than it explicitly meant natives of Denmark.) Before Harold Fairhair had got the home kingdom into permanent unity, i. e., before 872 A. D., men of his race had already won more or less of a footing in eastern England (Northumbria and Kent), in Caithness, the Shetlands, Orkneys and Hebrides, in Ireland, in Frisia, in the lower valleys of the Seine, the Loire and the Garonne, and at various points on the Atlantic seaboard of Spain. About 874 they made settlements in Iceland, which have continued to the present day, and in the latter part of the tenth century founded two colonies on the southwestern coast of Greenland, that lasted for about five centuries. As has already been noted (page 41), they even reached the shores of the North American continent. Leif Erikson, a doughty member of the Greenland colony, who had been on a visit to the king of Norway, hit upon the new land in the year 1000, and in the year 1003 Thorfinn Karlsevne and wife, Gudrid, with

three vessels and 140 men, undertook to establish a colony there. On account of the hostility of the natives, however, they remained but three years. But during this period a son was born to Thorfinn and Gudrid, who was called Snorre—the first white child born on the American continent.*

The attitude of those Norse conqueror-emigrants was that of direct, matter-of-fact good sense. They kept loyally to all that seemed distinctly worth while in their inherited manners and customs; they adopted as frankly whatever seemed distinctly preferable in the manners and customs of the strangers in whose land they had settled. In the natural course of events they married their neighbors' daughters, and so, after the lapse of a few generations, their children were as much at home in the adopted land as if it had been the land of their ancestors. For two hundred years Dublin was ruled by Norse monarchs. On the lonely island of Iona, off the west of Scotland, the Atlantic rains still beat on the graves of old Norwegian princes.

It was almost exactly a thousand years ago that a certain Norse leader named Rolf (Rollo, equivalent to our "Robert") sailed away from his home near Aalesund (Positions 87-88) and voyaged along the coast and up the same French river (Seine), that his countrymen had explored fifty years earlier. He and his followers captured the little town then standing where Rouen stands to-day. Finding the country fair and fruitful, and appreciating a good thing when they saw it, they made up their minds to stay. The Rouen people did not want them, neither did the countryfolk round about. The French monarch, Charles the Simple, would have expelled the

*See "The Voyages of the Northmen", edited by Professor Julius E. Olson *Original Narratives of Early American History* Vol. 1:

uninvited guests if he had been strong enough, but he was not strong enough, and he knew it. King Charles, therefore, made the best of the situation, and, so doing, builded a thousand times better than he knew. Making a policy of necessity, he granted to Norse Rolf a great tract of Northern France—lands on both sides of the Seine—made him Duke of that region and gave him Princess Gisela for a wife. The fact of this Norse occupation is registered to this day in the name "Normandy" (Northman's land), as applied to a large district between Paris and the English Channel.

Rolf's action was one of the great, decisive turning points in the development of the western world. Freeman says, in his standard work on the *History of the Norman Conquest of England*:—

> "The settlement of the Northmen in Gaul, and their consequent change into Normans, is the great continental event of the first half of the tenth century. It affected the later history of all Europe. The Scandinavians in Gaul embraced the creed, the language, and the manners of their French neighbors, without losing a whit of their old Scandinavian vigor and love of adventure. The people thus formed became the foremost apostles alike of French chivalry and of Latin Christianity. They were the foremost in devotion, the most fervent votaries of their adopted creed, the most lavish in gifts to holy places at home, the most unwearied in pilgrimages to holy places abroad—and they were no less the foremost in war; they were mercenaries, crusaders, plunderers, conquerors."

A son of this Rolf (Rollo) was William Longsword, Duke of Normandy. He had a son known as Richard the Fearless. To Richard the Fearless was born Richard the Good, and to him in turn Rollo, or

Robert the Magnificent. And then, about the year 1027 or 1028, there was born to Duke Robert a son of his own. The old Norse chroniclers speak of this son in later life as Viljalm Jarl (Earl or Duke William). We know him best as "William the Conqueror" —a man destined to make mighty changes in the map of the whole world, and in the lives of millions of men still unborn.

Carlyle, writing of the adventurous voyages of the older Vikings, says:—

> "No Homer sang these Norse sea-kings, but Agamemnon's was a small audacity and of small fruit in the world, to some of them—to Rolf's of Normandy, for instance! Rolf or Rollo, Duke of Normandy, the wild sea-king, has a share in governing England at this hour!"

Freeman comments on the significance of the Norman element in European life:—

> "(Norman) conquests brought with them the most opposite results in different lands. To free England, he (the Norman) gave a line of oppressors, to enslaved Sicily he gave a line of beneficent rulers. But to England he gave also a conquering nobility, which, in a few generations, became as truly English in England as it had become French in Normandy. The indomitable vigor of the Scandinavian, joined to the buoyant vivacity of the Gaul, produced the conquering and ruling races of Europe."

The story of the influence of the Norman Conquest in the social and political life of England is too long and too complicated to be treated here. It should be remembered that Norman ideas and customs were not arbitrarily imposed on the English folk, as the customs of the conqueror are often imposed on the conquered. That was not the Norse way of doing things.

The political and social life of later England for the most part simply grew out of the gradual union of the old and the new, partaking of both characters as a child might inherit traits and tendencies from both parents. Where Norman influences proved the more persistent and dominant, the case was not that of enforced conformity to the command of a stronger party, but rather the survival of something that had proved itself practically acceptable to a majority.

At the time of the Norman invasion, the speech of England's people was mainly a growth from Saxon forms that had been carried there by earlier Germanic invaders and immigrants—"Anglo-Saxon" it is called; i. e., Saxon as spoken on English soil. But the incoming Normans, constituting, as they did, after the decisive battle of Hastings (1066), the rich, aristocratic and dominant class, gradually made their neighbors familiar with a host of new words and new expressions, while, at the same time, they were learning their neighbors' own tongue. Thus in time there came to be combined with the plain, homely Anglo-Saxon vernacular more and more of the French which they or their forefathers had been using for a century and a half over at the other side of the Channel. The result is that the English language as spoken to-day by well-educated people includes even more Norman-French and Latin than Anglo-Saxon. When we say "Good morning," we go back to the Anglo-Saxon and use words of old Teutonic origin; "god morgen" was the ancient Saxon form. When somebody remarks, "The newsboy was an hour late in delivering the Journal," we are drawing largely on our Norman-French. "News" comes from the French "nouvelles"; "hour" is the Norman-French "heure"; "deliver" is the Norman-French "délivrer"; "journal"

is the French "journal," a derivative from the Latin "diurnalis" (daily).

As a rule, the short, common words used by plain folk in speaking of simple universal human feelings, needs, and acts, and of the relationships of plain, daily life, are oftenest of Anglo-Saxon origin. Expressions pertaining to literature, science and art, to exact analytical thinking on any special subject, to abstract ideas, or to subtile variations and complications of thought, are more frequently derived from the French language, which the Normans imported into Great Britain, or from the Latin, whose use they encouraged and cultivated.

(In the above sentence, words of French or Latin derivation are underlined.)

Freeman, whose *History of the Norman Conquest of England* is a standard authority on the subject, mentions that we are indebted to the Normans in England for the beginning of our system of hereditary surnames. Until after the Conquest such appellations as were added to a man's Christian name to distinguish him from other men with the same name, belonged merely to him, being descriptive of him as an individual. The continuance of a "*to*-name," as it was called, made it lose its explicit meaning; a youth named Black was not necessarily swarthy; a boy named Farmer might actually be an artisan and not a farmer at all—the name indicated not his qualities but his descent—and so it is to this day.

Again, as Freeman states, the present English system of primogeniture, which puts the responsibilities and privileges of nobility on the shoulders of only one man in the family—that, too, is an inheritance from the Normans. Its practical bearing on British politi-

cal conditions down to this very hour is only one of many legacies from the Scandinavian-French who insisted on becoming Englishmen away back in the eleventh-twelfth centuries.

The modern use of the old French words "county" for "shire," and "mayor" for "port-reeve," is a lingering trace of Norman-French influence in England centuries ago.

The Norse element in the great international movement known as the Crusades was an exceedingly vigorous and effective element. For more than a hundred years (1090-1194), while Christian Europe was making successive efforts to take the Holy Land from its Mohammedan masters, Norse and Norman-French knights took part in several of the religio-military expeditions. Quite as important to the world was the fact, that, during almost the whole period of the Crusades, the Normans were masters of the island of Sicily, having subdued its former Mohammedan rulers. It was at just that time of immense importance who should be master of Sicily, for Mohammedan energies exerted from that center could work immense damage to Christian fleets sailing through the Mediterranean on their way to Palestine. The fact of Christian occupation there at just that period contributed largely to the strength of the movement as a whole; consequently, it had a good deal to do with bringing about the practical results of the Crusades. Moreover, the Christian government of Sicily at just that critical period was extraordinarily tolerant, and did a great deal to spread through Europe the special scientific knowledge and artistic culture of the Saracens.

Though all the hardship and strife and bloodshed of the Crusades failed to establish Christian possession

of the Holy Sepulchre, Europe soon found results of a totally different sort transforming her own conditions. For instance, the home-returning Crusaders brought with them from the East various new ideas about the weaving and coloring of cloths, and about the use of heavy cloths to spread over stone floors and to drape over bare walls. Princes and nobles and merchants who had traveled and seen something of the East began to use such cloths (carpets and curtains) in their houses. Specimens of glassware made in Tyre were studied and copied in Venice, and the mistresses of grand houses aspired to own at least a few pieces in addition to their stock of less beautiful ware. Glass mirrors (to replace those of polished metal) were another luxury whose idea came from the Orient. Many new ideas about carving and painting, the construction of mosaic-work, the embroidering of silk and woolen stuffs and the setting of jewels were brought back to Europe by men who had seen and admired the marvellously superior craftsmanship of the East. Above all, the foreign journeyings of so large a number of the most alert and energetic men of two centuries opened the eyes of Europe to the fact that the world was a much bigger world, and human knowledge might have a much wider field, than Europeans had been in the habit of supposing. It set the studiously inclined to literary and artistic research, and so gradually led to the enormously important Renaissance movement—the "re-birth" or revival of Art and Letters in Europe. It set the adventurous to dreaming and scheming about discoveries and explorations in distant lands, and so led to the great movement of world-voyagers —Marco Polo in China; Columbus in the Atlantic; Vasco Da Gama in the Indian Ocean; Balboa on his

"peak in Darien"; the sturdy captains who planted in the far-away Spice Islands the magnificent commercial organism of the Dutch East India Company; Raleigh and Drake and that gallant company of daring souls from Queen Elizabeth's England. It would be interesting to know, if we could, how far the actual blood, as well as the heroic spirit of the old Norsemen lived again in the person of those voyagers whose cry was Westward Ho!

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, one of the most scholarly and distinguished of Norse-Americans in the nineteenth century, in his *Story of Norway,* summed-up his countrymen's service to European politics as follows:—

> "The ability to endure discipline without loss of self-respect, voluntary subordination for mutual benefit, and the power of orderly organization, based upon these qualities, these were the contributions of the Norse Vikings to the political life of Europe. The feudal state, which, with all its defects, is yet the indispensable basis of a higher civilization, has its root in the Germanic instinct of loyalty—of mutual allegiance between master and vassal; the noble spirit of independence, which restrains and limits the power of the ruler, and at a later stage leads to constitutional government, is even more distinctly a Norse than a Germanic characteristic."

We might discuss other influences of the great Viking exodus, but we shall merely allude to the literary impulse that came with the Northern invaders. Macaulay says of the Northmen that settled in France:—

> "They abandoned their native speech and adopted the French. They found it a barbarous jargon; they fixed it in writing; they employed it in legislation, in poetry, and romance."

The skalds (bards) and saga-men of the North produced a great literature. Much has been done in recent years in the way of turning the attention of the English-speaking public to its rich treasures. Here are the words of a great English scholar,* appealing to Englishmen to study the old Norse poetry of the Elder Edda, and thus see back "into the Homeric age of our forefathers." He says:—

> "Any real, however scanty, knowledge of these old Northmen's finest poetry and noblest era of history is of solid value and interest. The men from whom these poems sprung took no small share in the making of England; their blood is in our veins, their speech in our mouths, their law in our courts, their faith in our hearts; and if there be, as the sage has said, no ingratitude so base as self-forgetfulness, surely we of all men should look back to the great Viking-tide as a momentous era in the world's history and our own."

*Introduction to *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, a very learned work by Vigfusson and Powell of Oxford, containing both the originals and translations of all the Old Norse poems.

RULERS OF NORWAY

The home politics of Norway previous to the middle of the ninth century are so interwoven with fanciful and semi-mythical legends, that they can hardly be stated now with accuracy. We do know that different districts of the country were controlled by different chiefs or petty kings. One of these local rulers, whose realm included the present site of Christiania, was Halfdan Svarte (Halfdan the Swarthy or "Black"), and his son Harold Haarfager (Harold Fairhair) succeeded him in the year 860 A. D. By Harald's energetic efforts, all the previously independent districts were united in one kingdom of Norway, under his own rule. He reigned until 930; then the fierce quarrels of his own sons tore the kingdom again asunder. Inherited feuds in the royal family kept the country in a turmoil for several generations. The following are the names and dates of the Norwegian sovereigns after Harold Fairhair:—

Erik Bloody-axe,	930-934,
Haakon the Good,	934-960,
Haakon Graafeld,	960-965,
Haakon Jarl,	965-995.

He is the "Jarl Haakon" who figures in Longfellow's *Saga of King Olaf*, the poetic rendering of part of an ancient Norse tale. The coming of Olaf Tryggvason with rival claims to the throne forced him to flight, and he, with one of his bondmen, was concealed from his enemies by Thora, a former sweetheart. The bondman betrayed him.

Olaf Tryggvason,	995-1000.

He had a marvellously romantic history, which is also retold by Longfellow. In childhood he had been captured by enemies and sold as a slave in a foreign land; there, as a youth, he was recognized and rescued by a Norse kinsman; educated in Britain, he returned to Norway and seized the throne from Jarl Haakon. His wooing of Queen Sigrid of Sweden makes a spirited chapter of the poet's story. Olaf made some advances in the introduction of Christianity. He took part in one of the most celebrated of the early Norse assaults on England, ravaging large sections of Northumbria and Kent, and even laying siege to old London. (See histories of England.)

Eirik Jarl (Earl Erik),
Svein Jarl, } 1000-1015.

After Olaf Tryggvason's fall at the battle of Svolder, the kingdom was divided between these brothers, sons of Earl Haakon, whom Olaf had displaced.

Olaf the Saint, 1016-1030.

This king practically secured the establishment of Christianity in the realm. The splendid cathedral at Trondhjem (Position 92) was built as a shrine for his relics when they were found to work miracles.

Svein Knutsson (son of the Danish king, Knut), 1030-1035.

King Knut is the same man who figures in English history as King Canute; he was ruler of Denmark and England. Everybody knows the old story of how British flatterers annoyed him with over-extravagant estimates of his power, and how he rebuked them by commanding the tide to keep back from his seat on a sea-beach—the result demonstrating that there were Powers higher than he. Whether true or not, the

story is a good one. It was King Knut that contributed greatly to the revolt against Olaf the Saint, and after the latter's death, secured the kingdom for his son.

Magnus the Good,	1035-1047,
Harold Hardruler,	1047-1066,
Olaf the Quiet,	1066-1093.

He founded the town of Bergen, now second in importance in the whole kingdom. (See Positions 48-52.)

Magnus Barefoot,	1093-1103.

He was so called because he affected the kilts and bare legs of the Scottish Highlanders.

Eystein Olaf Sigurd	sons of Magnus,	1103-1130.

Sigurd took part in one of the Crusades (1107-1111), and was later called the *Jorsalfarer* (Jerusalem-farer).

Magnus the Blind, Harold Gille, *et al.*, 1130-1162.

This was a time of civil wars, in which many fierce battles were fought, several of them in or near the harbor of Bergen. (See Position 48.)

Magnus Erlingsson,	1162-1184,
Sverre Sigurdsson,	1184-1202,
Haakon Sverresson,	1202-1204,
Guttorm Sigurdsson,	1204-1204,
Inge Baardsson,	1204-1217,
Haakon Haakonsson,	1217-1263.

Haakon extended the kingdom of Norway to include Iceland and Greenland, the Orkneys, Shetlands, Faroes and Hebrides, and even the Isle of Man. "Valkendorf's Tower" and the "King's Hall," still standing in old Bergen, were built during his reign.

(See Position 52.) He went over to Scotland to settle a national dispute about the ownership of the Hebrides, and died in Kirkwall on one of the Orkney islands.

Magnus Lagaböter (Law-mender), 1263-1280.
Erik Magnusson (Priest-hater), 1280-1299,
Haakon Magnusson (Haakon V), 1299-1319,
Magnus Eriksson, or Magnus Smek (the Luxurious), 1319-1355.

In 1319 Magnus was elected to be also King of Sweden, but he was unequal to his opportunities, and his power was soon curtailed by the people in both kingdoms. It was during his reign, near the middle of the fourteenth century, that Norway suffered a series of fearful calamities—the burning of Trondhjem, inundations in some of the more populous valleys, and especially a devastating spread of the "plague."

Haakon Magnusson (Haakon VI), 1355-1380.

The temporary union of Sweden and Norway was dissolved about 1371. Haakon married Princess Margaret, daughter of King Valdemar of Denmark, and their son inherited both kingdoms.

Olaf Haakonsson, 1380-1387,
Margaret of Denmark (regent for her nephew, Erik of Pomerania), 1387-1412.

Margaret was the "Northern Semiramis" of Europe. The use of the Danish language in Norway practically dates from her time. Under her regency the three kingdoms, Norway, Denmark and Sweden, were united, and in 1397 Erik was crowned at Kalmar (Sweden) by a diet of the three nations. The difficulty of maintaining the union proved great in

Erik's time and almost continually thereafter. His own reign was made tumultuous by struggles with Germanic members of the great Hanseatic League in addition to conflicts with rebellious Swedes and dissatisfied Danes. The Hanseatic League proved strong enough to establish its claims to important German monopolies of trade, especially that in fish at Bergen. (See Position 51.) Norwegian politics for nearly four centuries from the time of Margaret of Denmark form a singularly troubled story. Sweden stayed in the tripartite union (Union of Kalmar) only until 1523, but Norway and Denmark remained united under Danish monarchs until 1814. The royal succession was as follows:—

Erik of Pomerania,	1389-1442,
Kristofer of Bavaria,	1442-1448,
Karl Knutsson,	1449-1450,
Christian I,	1450-1481,
Hans,	1481-1513,
Christian II,	1513-1524.

This was the King Christian against whose authority in Sweden young Gustavus Vasa raised the famous revolt, resulting in the withdrawal of Sweden from the union.

Frederick I,	1524-1533,
Christian III,	1537-1559.

It was during his reign that the doctrines of the Protestant Reformation were introduced into Norway, the old monasteries broken up and Church property appropriated by the Crown.

Frederick II,	1559-1588,
Christian IV,	1588-1648.

This sovereign practically founded Christiania, rebuilding it after Oslo had been destroyed by fire. His

statue stands to-day in the chief market-place. (See Position 3.)

Frederick III,	1648-1670,
Christian V,	1670-1699,
Frederick IV,	1699-1730.

Frederick was a contemporary of the celebrated Charles XII of Sweden. In 1718 Charles undertook a military expedition against Norway and laid siege to the Norse fortress, at Frederickshald. (See Position 13.) There his troops were repulsed by the Norwegians, and he himself was killed.

Christian VI,	1730-1746,
Frederick V,	1746-1766.

This was a period of substantial growth and national development. Norwegian commerce and shipping were largely increased, important scientific and trade schools were established, native Norwegians were appointed to more of the administrative offices, and agriculture, mining and other home industries were notably improved in method and effectiveness.

Christian VII,	1766-1808.

During a long period of royal incompetency, the government was actually in the hands of a succession of ministers. Napoleon planned to use Denmark's sea-force against Great Britain, and the result was that the British twice (1801 and 1807) bombarded Copenhagen and captured the whole fleet.

Frederick VI,	1808-1814,
Christian Frederick,	1814-1814.

The Danish government came to grief financially through the British blockade of the ports of Denmark and certain unwise measures in the issue of paper money. Norway, on the other hand, was in

much better condition as to internal resources, and the old Norwegian desire for national independence grew greater and greater as Denmark's fortunes waned. At the close of the Napoleonic wars, additional pressure was brought to bear on Denmark by the Swedish government, and at the Peace of Kiel in 1814 Norway was released from her four-centuries-long union with Denmark. A Norwegian Constitution was framed and adopted, strikingly democratic in tone, the document incidentally abolishing all titles of nobility in the realm of Norway. The anniversary of the adoption of this new Constitution, May 17th, has ever since been observed as a public holiday.

Much to the disappointment of the many Norwegians who had hoped for complete independence, it appeared that the actual terms of the Peace of Kiel did not after all secure that independence; on the contrary, those terms were such as to place Norway again under a foreign sovereign—this time under the King of Sweden. Russia, Prussia, Austria and England united in insistence on the terms of the Peace of Kiel, and the monarch was reluctantly acknowledged; it was agreed, however, that Norway was to retain her free constitution, and in all respects be on an equal footing with Sweden in the dual monarchy. According to the terms of the new Union, Norway had her own Parliament, and the King's Council (Cabinet) included Norwegian as well as Swedish members. His Majesty was expected to spend a certain length of time each year on Norwegian soil, and he was there given the title of "King of Norway and Sweden," instead of "King of Sweden and Norway," as phrased over across the border.

Karl (XIII of Sweden), 1814-1818,
Karl Johan (XIV of Sweden), 1818-1844.

This monarch was the first of the Bernadotte family. He had been a marshal in Napoleon's army, and was in 1810 elected Crown Prince of Sweden, the monarch being old and childless. Karl Johan Street, the main business thoroughfare of Christiania (see Position 5), was named for him, and his statue stands now in front of the royal palace (Position 8).

Oscar I,	1844-1859,
Karl (XV of Sweden),	1859-1872,
Oscar II,	1872-1905.

The recent dissolution by the Norwegian Storthing (Parliament) of the national union with Sweden under H. M. Oscar II, was in reality a foregone conclusion. Such a separation must have come about sooner or later, so strong is the sentiment of the Norwegian people for national sovereignty. The immediate occasion for the dissolution of the union was the impossibility of adjusting certain differences between the two countries with regard to diplomatic and consular representation in foreign lands. The diplomatic service had been entirely in the hands of Sweden. The consuls were appointed by a Cabinet consisting of both Swedish and Norwegian members. An effort was made to come to an agreement for separate consular representation, the diplomatic service remaining entirely under Swedish control, but Sweden demanded also strict guarantees that all consuls, even Norwegians, appointed by Norwegian authority, should be subject to the direction and control of the Swedish Foreign Office in all matters having any bearing whatever on the relations of Norway and Sweden to foreign Powers. The alleged reason for Sweden's maintaining this position was her exceeding

anxiety to present a united front for defense in case of war with other European Powers. The reason for Norway's refusal was her own exceeding anxiety to present to the world a more dignified and independent front in matters which she regarded as purely her own affair. In May, 1905, the Norwegian Parliament passed a bill relative to consular representation, satisfactory to Norway. King Oscar vetoed the bill. Now, according to the Norwegian Constitution, the king can neither be blamed nor censured—the responsibility for his governmental acts rests with his cabinet. Even his veto without the countersignature of at least one of his Norwegian cabinet, is, from a constitutional standpoint, non-existent.

The cabinet ministers remonstrated with the king, reminding him that a measure passed unanimously by the Parliament and supported by a united cabinet could not be vetoed. But the king refused to yield the point, whereupon the cabinet resigned. There was no possible hope of obtaining a new cabinet, and without a cabinet there is no executive department, as, according to the Norwegian Constitution, the king can rule only through a cabinet. In other words, by withholding his sanction to the consular bill under these circumstances, the king placed himself outside the pale of constitutional government. The Storthing (Parliament) took this view of the question, and, on June 7, 1905, seized the psychological moment to proclaim, what King Oscar by his procedure had virtually effected, a dissolution of the union, and then placed the executive power in the hands of the cabinet which had refused to serve the king.

The blow to Sweden was a heavy one. It is, however, significant of the high level of thought in both countries that the rupture should have been made

without harking back to the old-time argument of bloodshed. In a debate in the Swedish Parliament at the most exciting crisis of the dispute, a member cried:—"It were far better to allow the union to be dissolved in peace than to set Swedes and Norwegians to killing each other;" and in this phase of twentieth century good sense most Scandinavians were heartily agreed.

In November, 1905, the destiny of the nation was decided by the direct vote of the people, as follows:—

Total registration		439,742
Did not vote,	108,512	
Votes rejected,	2,403	
Voted for republic,	69,264	
Voted for monarchy,	259,563	
	———	439,742

The same month (November, 1905), the throne of Norway was formally offered at Copenhagen by a deputation from the Norwegian Parliament, to Prince Karl of Denmark, second son of H. M. Frederick VIII, grandson of H. M. Christian IX, then the reigning monarch of that country.

The aged King Christian made the speech of acceptance, as follows:—

"Representatives of the men of Norway: It has pleased us to accede to the desire of the Norwegian people that we accept the ancient crown of Norway for our dear grandson, Prince Charles. We cherish full confidence that the Norwegian people, in common with him, have a happy future in store for them.

"The young King does not come as a stranger to Norway, for he claims relationship to former Norwegian kings. Nor will the kingdom of Norway be strange to him, for everywhere in the land common recollections of the history of the kingdom and the history of his race will meet him.

"It is our hope that the ties which even now unite the young King to the old land and people may be more firmly knit by the coöperation of the King and people for the welfare of the land and its future, and it is our belief that thereby not only will the welfare of the Norwegian people be furthered, but also the welfare of their kinsmen.

"We pray Almighty God that this step may bring happiness and blessing to the whole North, and that unity, peace and concord may increase between the two nations." . . .

Turning to the new King and Queen, King Christian said:—

"To you, my dear grandchildren, I address myself with the hope that God may lend you power and strength to serve your country and people with fidelity and rectitude. In this way you will win for yourselves the love of your people, and will feel yourselves Norwegians in your work for the happiness and future of your country. . . .

"Go with God, my dear grandchildren, from the land and race that bore you, to the land and people which have called you, and take the blessing of your old King for you, your line, and your deeds now and forever."

The new monarch took the name of Haakon VII, and gave the infant prince the name of Olaf, thus indicating his desire to impress upon the Norwegian people his realization of the fact that the ancient order of things was to be restored—that the independent Norway of the Haakons and Olafs of old was again to be a reality.

Upon his arrival at Christiania, on November 25, King Haakon was formally welcomed by the city officials and most enthusiastically cheered by thousands upon thousands of citizens as he drove with Queen Maud and the little prince to the palace.

Two days later, November 27, 1905, the Parliament building was filled with a distinguished assemblage,

besides the members of the Storthing, all in gala attire, to witness the ceremony of the king's taking the oath to the Constitution.

At 12 o'clock a gavel fell; there was immediate silence, whereupon the President declared the Storthing in session. In a moment the royal procession appeared, the King in the uniform of a Norwegian general, and the Queen in white, with a collar of ermine, and a diadem and necklace of gleaming diamonds. The King was accompanied by the Lord Steward and two adjutants, the Queen by two ladies-in-waiting. The cabinet stood in a semi-circle at the right of the throne.

When all were in position, the President's clean-cut words fell upon the intent ears of the solemn assemblage:—

"Your Majesties! The Storthing, as the representative of the Norwegian people, salutes the King and Queen of Norway, and bids them welcome! By virtue of the unanimous choice of the Storthing and the sanction of the Norwegian people, Your Majesty has ascended the throne of Norway. But in order that Your Majesty shall be empowered to exercise the authority which the Constitution confers upon the king, Your Majesty is required to take the oath to the Constitution, as this document prescribes. And it is my duty to request Your Majesty to take this oath."

Premier Michelsen stepped forward and handed the King a document, whereupon the King, with his right hand raised, and with firm voice, pronounced the following oath:—

"I solemnly promise to govern the kingdom of Norway in accordance with its Constitution and statutes, so help me God and His Holy Writ!"

Almost immediately, as a solemn echo, the thunder of the guns at the Fortress of Akershus was heard.

Again the President spoke:—

"After having taken this oath to the Constitution, Your Majesty has entered into the full possession of the rights which the Constitution grants the king. Upon the occasion of your Majesty's acceptance of election as King of Norway, Your Majesty declared your intention to assume the name of Haakon VII. That name has a pleasant ring to Norwegian ears. It awakens memories of great names in our history. We see in it an omen that the reign of Your Majesty will inaugurate an era of happiness for our country.

" 'Everything for Norway' is the motto that Your Majesty has chosen. That points out the great mission that is to unite us all. In the positive assurance that Your Majesty will join with the Norwegian people in faithful coöperation—a condition that is necessary in order to enable both king and people to contribute to the full measure of their powers toward the welfare and happiness of the country—in assurance of this, I bid all to unite in the expression of the wish: God bless and keep the King of Norway!"

The members of the Storthing repeated the words.

Thereupon the King responded as follows:—

"Mr. President! Representatives! Before leaving this place, after this solemn ceremony, I salute the members of the Storthing, representatives of the free people of Norway. We all know the high and honorable position that the Storthing occupies in the Constitution of Norway and in the hearts of Norwegians. In days of seriousness and in days of rejoicing, the Norwegian people have stood back of the Storthing, It shall be my greatest pleasure, in coöperation with the Storthing and in conformity with the Constitution, to devote my powers to serving the nation—to promoting its peace and happiness. God bless the Fatherland!"

The members of the Storthing repeated this last invocation, and the impressive ceremony was at an end.

Thus it was that this nation of 2,239,880 free people made the beginning of a new era in Scandinavian history. A British writer observed at the time: "For the last hundred years she (Norway) has been fast overtaking her neighbors in culture and liberalism. Her political renaissance found its inspiration in her literary renaissance, from the days of Wergeland to those of Björnson. . . . The spirit that has inspired her . . . ought to be a guarantee that she will jealously guard her freedom."

One would suppose that King Haakon might now go about the work of ruling the realm without any further ado. But there is a paragraph in the Norwegian Constitution on the ceremony of coronation. It stipulates that the coronation must take place in the cathedral at Trondhjem, but it does not declare that there must be a coronation. The Constitution leaves it to the king to determine the details of the ceremony, as well as the time, thus, by implication, leaving it for him to decide whether there shall be a coronation at all or not. Karl Johan was crowned at Trondhjem in 1818, Karl XV in 1860, and Oscar II in 1873; but Karl XIII, who was the reigning sovereign in Sweden when Norway entered the union (1814), was not crowned as King of Norway, nor was Oscar I, who ascended the throne in 1844.

Haakon VII decided in favor of a coronation, and the people, as a whole, were glad of it, as it gave them another opportunity to impress upon the world the fact that they had a king of their own. Moreover, it also gave them a welcome opportunity to call conspicuous attention to their ancient seat of government and its beautiful and venerable cathedral. The coronation took place on June 24, 1906, in the presence of the most distinguished assemblage that

has ever gathered in Norway. There were present royal personages from England, Germany, Russia and Denmark.

The Land and the Sky

The Scandinavian peninsula, of which Norway is the outer or western half, consists largely of granite, gneiss and other very ancient rocks, comparatively little changed since they were first formed by the cooling of the earth's molten stuff aeons ago. Especially in the Romsdal (valley of the Rauma river) the ancient gneiss takes magnificently picturesque forms, towering a mile high above the river. (See e. g., Position 89.) Sedimentary rocks belonging to the Silurian period cover a large area around Christiania Fjord in southeastern Norway. In the interior of the country, sparagmite, quartzite, schists, sandstones and limestones often appear overlying the more ancient formations.

Southern Norway is comparatively low, though almost everywhere broken by hills. (See Kongsberg, at Position 14.) From the south and east the land rises more and more, until along the west and northwest coast it forms a vast, elevated plateau, broken into innumerable ragged remnants, where it comes to a precipitous end, facing the North Atlantic. (See the Folgefond, Position 36; the mountains behind Marok, Position 86; the walls above Lyngenfjord, Position 98; the North Cape, Position 99.) This being the case, of course the only room for long river valleys is toward the eastern part of Norway, the valleys dipping southward. Engineers have taken advantage of Norway's one really long valley—that of the Glommen river, 400 miles, utilizing it as the route for the kingdom's principal railway. (Refer to *Transportation,* page 301.)

Geological authorities are agreed that there has been a decided change of the coast-lines in Norway during the period of human habitation. In a recent work* (1905) Professor W. C. Brögger of the University of Christiania has shown that at the close of the older stone age in Norway (about 7,000 years ago) the coast-line at Christiania was about 225 feet lower than it is at present. In other words, the land has been rising at the rate of about three feet per century. These investigations are of great interest, for it is the careful observations in the change of the coast-lines in connection with the finds of stone implements along the various levels that has made it possible to estimate the antiquity of man in Norway.

In a prehistoric age the whole of Norway was covered by glaciers. It has been stated on good authority that the extraordinary ploughing and rending of the western coast was the work of almost inconceivably heavy masses of glacial ice, grinding and tearing their way to the sea. Other authorities disbelieve that glacial ice alone was responsible for the deep-cut fjords and the chopped-up fringe of islands that make Norway's sea-coast so extraordinarily disproportionate to her main area. (See map 2.) Of Norway's 123,000 square miles, 8,600 miles are in those fringing "skerries" or outlying islands, which act now like breakwaters to protect the coast proper from the greatest force of Atlantic storms. One fact certainly difficult of explanation according to the theory of glacial cutting is that the great, torn inlets known as fjords are in several cases deeper than the ocean just off-shore. The Sognefjord, for example, whose long, crooked cleft reaches away up one hundred miles into

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**Strandlinjens Beliggenhed under Stenalderen.*

the heart of the country, is in some places over 4,000 feet deep. Some Norwegian geologists have, however, a plausible explanation of the great depth of the fjords. They believe that before the Great Ice Age the beds of the fjords were cañon-like river beds, made so by erosion, and that later the glacial ice broadened rather than deepened these beds. The sinking of the land at this early time, of which there is geological evidence, permitted the sea to fill these broadened cañons, thus making fjords.

One particularly interesting thing about Norway is the fact that certain of her high table-lands are still covered with glacial ice, its masses continually sliding down to lower levels as the lowermost portions melt. (See, for instance, the Hardanger glacier, Position 47.) And, of course, in a land where great ice masses are melting every summer, and where the rainfall is heavy besides, vast volumes of water are continually descending to run off into the sea. This means that the mountain regions of Norway show the traveler an amazing number of superb waterfalls. (Rjukan Fos, Position 20, and others.)

The fact that glaciers and mountain torrents are so much in evidence in Norway, makes the country especially interesting to travelers, who like to see with their own eyes the way our habitable earth was made. The very process of creation may still be watched in Norway. One can see for himself how the accumulating snows get compacted into solid ice (Brigsdal, at Position 74)—how the ice rasps and grinds its way downward, tearing fragments off the rocks and carrying the débris down into the valleys (Brigsdal, at Positions 72-73). One can see how the mountain streams work like water-mills, wearing the broken rocks smaller and smaller and grinding

them against each other (Skarsfos, Position 38, and also Skjeggedalsfos at Position 42). The contributory work of avalanches or landslides can be noted, too, scraping accumulations of loose rocks from mountainsides and throwing them down into the valleys. (See Espelandsfos at Position 37, and the road above Gudvangen, in the Nærödal, at Position 58.) One finds over and over again those marvellous primitive organisms, the lichens and mosses, eating at the surface of the rocks, dissolving and digesting their mineral substance and making it ready for the food of higher orders of plants and of animals (e. g., at Botten, Position 27; along the Bratlandsdal road, Position 35; or beside the Næröfjord below Gudvangen, Position 60). And in all sorts of places on the lower levels one finds spread out before his eyes the slowly accumulated gravel and sediment from centuries and ages of ice-and-water action, forming fields, fertile under the long summer day's sunshine. (Röldal, Position 32; Odde, Position 39; Hogrenning farm, Position 79.)

The actual area of such cultivable land is after all only about 3 per cent. of the total area of the country, 3,500 square miles in all. Twenty-two per cent. of the country is forest-covered, 75 per cent. consists of high, barren heaths in the interior (e. g., the Hardanger Vidda, Position 45), or lofty, bare cliffs (see North Cape, Position 99), or sheets of glacial ice (see Grytereids glacier, Position 67).

The southernmost land in Norway is in latitude 58°. The northernmost land—indeed the most far-north point in all Europe—is the North Cape, latitude 71° 6′ 45″ (Position 99). Yet, for all that, the harbors on the west coast are not ice-bound. Warm ocean currents sweep so near the shore that even

away up at Trondhjem, 63° 30′, the river Nid seldom freezes, and the harbor never freezes at all.

The west coast is a district of heavy and long-continued rains; fogs are also common. But when the sun does get a chance to shine, it does its good work with a persistence surprising to people accustomed to lower latitudes. In the latter part of June the sun rises about 2:30 A. M. on the market gardens around Christiania, and does not set till about half-past nine in the evening. The same is true at Bergen, where the longest day lasts nineteen hours; but Bergen is famous for its rainy weather, so the fields do not get all the good they might out of the long-continued daylight. Of course, as one goes farther and farther north in midsummer, while the earth's northern pole is tilted toward the sun, the longer the time the sun stays above the horizon each day. At Trondhjem the longest summer day has twenty-one hours. At Tromsö in clear weather the sun does not go entirely out of sight below the horizon for two whole months; i. e., from the 18th of May to the 25th of July. At Hammerfest, it stays in sight from May 13th to July 29th. At the North Cape, provided the weather were clear (it seldom is so!) the sun would be in sight day and night, from the 11th of May to the 1st of August. Highest in the south at noon and lowest in the north at midnight, it does not actually swing below the horizon at all, but circles obliquely around and around the heavens. (See Position 100.)

The effect of the extreme length of the summer days in Norway is noticeable in forcing rapid and luxuriant growth of grains and field vegetables, as well as profuse leafage on the deciduous trees. Three months of nearly continuous sunlight seem to be almost equivalent to a lower latitude. Wheat and rye have sometimes been found to grow two inches in a

single day. We ourselves can see a good crop of barley being harvested (at Position 66), in Olden Valley, almost as far north as Iceland. As a matter of fact it can be successfully raised far up within the Arctic circle. Potatoes are not uncommon beyond Trondhjem.

Pines, spruces and kindred cone-bearing trees are most common on the Norwegian hills (see Position 1), but oaks, elms, beeches and birches are also plentiful. See the bouquets of thick foliage in the valley alongside the Rauma river (at Position 89), in latitude 62° 30′; beautiful tree hedges at Trondhjem (see Position 91) in latitude 63° 30′, notice also trees in a pretty little public park away beyond the Arctic Circle (Position 95) at Tromsö, in latitude 69° 38′. We shall find thrifty looking shrubs even farther still toward the Pole (at Position 98), as we sail through the Lyngenfjord on our trip to the North Cape.

Apples, cherries and a variety of small-fruits are raised as far north as Trondhjem. Wild strawberries, raspberries and bilberries are often found still farther north than that. In the vicinity of Bergen the flower-gardens are famous for their luxuriance, and roses flourish beside the hotel at Odde.

The length of Norway's midsummer days is, of course, balanced astronomically by the length of her winter nights. At Christmas time in Christiania, the sun is above the horizon only about five hours. In Tromsö on a winter's day the sun may not rise until ten in the forenoon, setting again by two in the afternoon. At Hammerfest the sun omits to look over the horizon for three months at a stretch. That used to be a more serious hardship than it is now. Electric lights have recently been introduced into the town to mitigate the depressing effect of the continuous darkness.

The conditions of the country as regards winter temperature are rather unusual. For reasons not entirely understood even by scientists, the average January temperature is about 23° in Christiania and Hammerfest alike, though the latter town is more than seven hundred miles farther north. A winter in the Lofoten Islands would not be likely to be any colder than a winter in southern Denmark, Farther in from the coast, on the high table-lands of the interior, it is naturally very much colder.

The animal inhabitants of the kingdom are, in general, such as are found in other parts of northern Europe—foxes, wolves and bears are still found; a peculiar little creature, the lemming, which looks like a rat, is numerous in certain districts. Elk and deer are becoming rare. The most interesting of Norway's wild creatures is, by all odds, the reindeer. Tourists making the trip to the North Cape nearly always visit certain Lapp settlements (at Position 96), near Tromsö, where the animals are semi-domesticated and kept like cattle for their milk, hides and flesh, as well as being used for draught-animals. It is, however, very seldom that travelers go so far enough off the beaten routes to see herds of wild reindeer, that have never been touched by a human hand (Position 45).

The Norse wild-fowl most interesting to hunters are the capercailzie (*Tiur* in Norwegian), ptarmigan and grouse. Eider-ducks—furnishing the valuable "down" of commerce—are numerous in very high latitudes, chiefly within the Arctic Circle. The islands and fjord-shores along the northwest coast abound in wild-geese and ducks, petrels, pelicans, swans, grabes, auks, gulls, curlews, and other fowl of the same orders.

THE NORWEGIAN PEOPLE

From a linguistic standpoint, the Norwegians, like the other Scandinavians, belong to the Aryan group. Racially, however, the Scandinavians have some well-defined characteristics that make it impossible from an anthropological point of view to put them in the same class with the darker types of many other parts of Europe. Among the historical races of Europe—the Aryan-speaking peoples—there are at least three distinct race types: the blonde long-heads, the brunette broad-heads, and the brunette long-heads.

Forty years ago the origin of the historical races of Europe seemed to most scholars to have been definitely settled. It was believed that they came from Asia during the period of Aryan migration—possibly 1,500 years before the Christian era—and that they all belonged to the same race—the Aryan race. During the last two decades, however, that theory has been abandoned by modern scholars, as the result of most searching and exhaustive investigation. It does not come within the province of this chapter to enter into the details of this long and complicated controversy; we can only give some of the general conclusions. Thus, for example, in the opinion of one of the most competent scientists of the nineteenth century, the late Thomas H. Huxley, the three principal race types of Europe are European types—not Asiatic. In the revised edition of his works, published in 1896, he maintains that the evidence on the question is consistent with the supposition that the three race types referred to above "have existed in Europe through-

out historic times, and very far back into prehistoric times." And he adds: "There is no proof of any migration of Asiatics into Europe west of the Dnieper down to the time of Attila (fourth century, A. D.)"

Many other authorities, equally eminent, might be quoted. For references, see chapter on Books to Read.

In a word, modern science has entirely upset our school-book theories on the origin of the European races; nor does it sanction the supposition that the Scandinavians were the tail-end of a Teutonic procession, switched off into Scandinavia as this procession came to a halt in central Europe after its long march from the highlands of Asia. On the contrary, modern investigation has made it possible to contend with much force that Scandinavia even in prehistoric times (as later, during the Viking Age) was, as Jornandes, the Gothic historian of the sixth century, A. D., says, *officina gentium, vagina nationum* (the source of races, the mother of nations)—that the prehistoric Scandinavians, like their descendants the Vikings, were a prolific and conquering race, forced, possibly by over-population and a restless spirit of adventure, out of their northern homes, and that every country in Europe has, at one time or another, received such a fructifying stream of emigration from the Scandinavian North as has flowed over the broad prairies of the United States and Canada.

Modern scholarship and research have made it possible to go farther, and contend that Scandinavia was the cradle of the Aryans. In 1886 a very notable book making this contention was published by the Austrian scholar, Dr. Karl Penka. It attracted a great deal of attention. A number of noted English scholars wrote articles on the book, among them, Mr.

Huxley and Professors Sayce and Rhys of Oxford; all were profoundly impressed by Dr. Penka's argument. Professor Sayce had long been one of the most ardent defenders of the Asiatic theory. But in 1889, after a careful study of Penka's book, he wrote:—

> "This hypothesis that southern Scandinavia was the primitive Aryan home seems to me to have more in its favor than any other hypothesis on the subject yet put forward. It has the countenance of history. Scandinavia, even before the sixth century, was characterized as 'the manufactory of nations,' and the voyages and settlements of the Norse Vikings offer an historical illustration of what the prehistoric migrations and settlements of the speakers of the [primitive] Indo-European language must have been. . . . The Norse migrations in later times were even more extensive, and what the Norse Vikings were able to achieve, could have been achieved by their ancestors centuries before."

In fact, a startling argument may be made for Scandinavia as the primitive home of the Aryans. This argument is largely based, not on historical analogue, as indicated in the extract from Professor Sayce, but on investigations in the comparatively new fields of archæology and anthropology. It must be said, however, that the Aryan question has no longer the importance that it had a decade ago. Such a thing as an original Aryan race from which the historical races of Europe (and some of Asia) sprang, has become more and more remote as the discussion of the question has proceeded. All that we can now legitimately suppose is that, in the neolithic or stone age, the inhabitants of Europe were Aryanized from the point of view of language. Although no absolutely definite knowledge as to whence this linguistic transformation came is likely ever to be reached, the

Aryan discussion of the last two decades has served to emphasize the antiquity of Scandinavia and to accord a large measure of general historical importance to the early migrations of its primitive inhabitants.

But as this is a Scandinavian, rather than a Norwegian question, we shall have to leave it with these general observations:—

Scandinavia was not fit for human habitation during the Great Ice Age. According to competent geologists, the glacial ice disappeared from Denmark, southern Sweden and southern Norway about 18,000 years ago. And Oscar Montelius, the greatest archæologist of Sweden, thinks it highly probable that the Scandinavian countries became inhabited not long after that time.* Denmark and southern Sweden were inhabited earlier than southern Norway. There seems to have been an expansion in every direction from the "Baltic hive."

If now the question be asked: Whence came the first settlers in this Baltic center? the answer must, in view of the remoteness of the epoch and our lack of adequate knowledge of it, be a theoretical one. Penka's theory that the progenitors of the Scandinavians came from central Europe with the reindeer, which wandered north with the receding ice-sheet, is a fair working hypothesis. Archæologists recognize that there was a Reindeer Age in Europe at that time, and that man lived there at that time, for reindeer horns have been found with carvings of the reindeer upon them. We also know something of the race-type of this period, for a number of skulls have been found. And the striking thing with regard to the most ancient of these skulls is that they are of

*See *Nordisk Tidsskrift*, 1906, p. 230, for a review of Professor Brogger's book *Sandlinjens Beliggenhed under Stenaldæren.*

the dolichocephalic (long-headed) type, which is the characteristic Scandinavian type. Here, then, is an indication that the type of race represented by the famous Neanderthal skull of Germany may be the source of the Scandinavian race. That type of race belongs to a very remote past, and yet Huxley, in *Man's Place in Nature,* says "there is evidence of physiological continuity of the blond long-heads (the Scandinavian type) with the oldest type of skull found in Europe."

For the average reader, who may not feel disposed to discuss "skulls," the question of the antiquity of the Scandinavians may be put as follows:—

The racial existence of the Scandinavians far antedates the first beginnings of Athens and Rome. They have maintained their identity as a race to the present *from time immemorial.* They have clung to their own soil for ages, in the literal sense of that term, and have on this soil developed out of most primitive conditions. Here they gradually evolved, or at any rate maintained, that race type characteristic of Scandinavia—the tall, blue-eyed, dolichocephalic blonde, whose original home can be traced to no other part of the globe.

The proof of this lies mainly in the fact that during the latter part of the Stone Age, a tract of country, including Denmark, southern Sweden, southern Norway and northern Germany, furnishes richer and more beautiful relics of stone implements (and later of bronze) than any other part of Europe. Furthermore, the large majority of the skulls that have been found in the burial mounds and passage-graves of these archæological periods coincide with the type of the historical period.

The wonderful power of expansion of this blonde race during prehistoric times has already been re-

ferred to. The influence of this expansion during prehistoric times and during the Viking Age marks it as one of the great historic races of Europe—the one, possibly, which has contributed to European civilization those elements which have made it distinct from the civilization of the Orient.

Turning now to Norway, we may remark that during the early archæological ages Norway was much more sparsely settled than southern Sweden and Denmark. Professor Brögger's investigations show that Norway was inhabited more than 5,000 years before the Christian era. And there is no valid reason for believing that the first settlers were not ancestors of the race that appeared on the scene of historic action during the Viking Age. There is absolutely no ground, on the other hand, for the old theory that Norway was first inhabited by a race of Lapps or Finns.

The preceding discussion will have shown that the Norsemen are the immediate kinsmen of the Swedes and Danes. They are also closely allied with the Germans, the Dutch and Britons of Anglo-Saxon descent.*

Census returns show Norway as having nearly 65,000 more women than men in her population. This fact can be largely, if not entirely, accounted for by two facts. (1) The extent of the fishing industries along the northwest coast, in which numerous lives are lost every year, thus abnormally increasing the number of fishermen's widows. (2) The continual stream of emigration to other lands, the greater number of emigrants being men.

The Norwegians are, as a people, inclined to democratic simplicity, and to independence in their personal activities. Life on lonely farms or in very small,

* This chapter, up to this point, is the work of the Editor.

isolated hamlets, has bred in them the habit of managing their own affairs. It has also produced, as a lonely life is apt to do, a certain reserve in their manner towards strangers. At the same time they are genuinely hospitable at heart, for life close to the soil and familiarity with all the elemental needs and hardships of daily existence make them ready to lend a hand when another is in need of friendly service.

The average Norwegian has a good mind, and the education he has received in the public schools tends to give him confidence in using it. He reads, and is fond of discussing social and political problems. Freedom of speech and freedom of the press are rights jealously cherished.

A generation or so ago there was a good deal of mutual distrust between city and country people—the natural result of circumstances in a land where travel was especially difficult, preventing town-dwellers and farmers from seeing or knowing much of each other, and keeping their ways of doing things very different. Under the present conditions of readier communication, people are better acquainted, and the sensitive pride of a countryman is no longer in such danger of being hurt when he comes down to Christiania, where the standards are those of the Continental cities.

Both in the towns and in farming communities, there is a lively appreciation of worldly prosperity. People are quick to ask, "What did that cost?" In the towns this is readily accounted for just as in other urban centers, where living continually tends toward greater elaboration and competitive display. On remote farms, it grows out of a keen realization of the wearisome toil required to wring out of the thin soil of little mountain-walled fields anything more than the barest necessities of life. Farm buildings, broad-

cloth coats, silver and linen and bank-accounts stand for such long hours, weeks and years of back-breaking labor, that it is only natural they should be valued in proportion to their immense costliness. It is not at all surprising, when one comes to think of it, that a strong love of property should often be conspicuous among dwellers in the farming provinces.

Love of country is a sturdily aggressive quality in the Norsemen of to-day, as it has been all through the centuries. The fact that the people are more given to emigration than any other Europeans, except the Irish, does not disprove this statement. Norwegians do emigrate in remarkably large numbers (chiefly to the United States of America; see Position 2), because the slender physical resources of the home-land are actually insufficient to yield everybody a living, and they desire their children to have increasing opportunities.

But no people in the world are more heartily in love with the land of their birth. As somebody has wisely explained, loyalty to a new flag is perfectly consistent with loyalty to the old soil. A man's love for his wife need not lessen love for the mother who bore him. And those who do spend their lives on the native soil are full of affectionate faith in Norway's destiny, as they are proud of her heroic and picturesque past.

THE LAPPS

The Lapps are racially different from the Norsemen. They come not from Aryan, but from a Ugro-Finnic or Turanian branch of the Mongoloid stock, and (save where members have intermarried with Norwegians) are a separate people, somewhat as the American Indians are separate from the white people of the United States. The Lapps are often spoken of as the aborigines of Scandinavia, but modern scholarship has entirely discredited this. (See preceding chapter.) They have a vague tradition that in some prehistoric period their ancestors came "from the east," i. e., probably from Siberia or North Central Asia. At present the Lapp population within the kingdom of Norway is about 20,000. Half as many again (37,000) live in northern Sweden, and others of the same blood make their homes in Finland and Russia.

These people call themselves *Same.* The name "Lapp" comes from the Finnish word *lappaan,* meaning to move from place to place. From time immemorial the people have been nomads—here at one season of the year—there at another season, changing their location largely in accordance with the needs of the herds of reindeer, their chief resource for subsistance. At the present time the larger part of the 20,000 Lapps in Norway have practically abandoned the roving habits of their ancestors, and make permanent or semi-permanent homes. Some have adopted fishing as a means of livelihood; some have gone into systematic stock-raising; not so many take to farming.

Those who live all or part of the year near Norwegian towns or villages, share in the education and religious privileges of the Norwegian population. Their children go to school, and become as well educated as other country children. They are instructed in the (Lutheran) church catechism and duly confirmed in the established faith. As a rule, the people are punctiliously observant of religious obligations, calling on some ordained priest to perform marriage and burial services. Their profession of Christianity is, however, of comparatively brief standing. Until about two centuries ago, when missionaries began to work for their conversion, they had a picturesque pagan faith of their own, including a belief in immortality, the future life being practically very much like life here on earth.

Many Lapps are now distinctly thrifty and prosperous, with homes quite comfortably equipped, and capital accumulating in savings banks. A few emigrate to America.

The Lapps are physically very different from Norwegians. They are much shorter in stature (less than five feet tall), with darker hair, higher cheek-bones, and a lower, more slanting forehead—(what anthropologists call a brachycephalous type).

Besides the Lapps there is another Ugro-Finnic element in the population of Norway, the Quanes (Norwegian *kvæner*). They are immigrants from Finland, and are racially and linguistically akin to the Lapps, but are physically somewhat larger. A few hundred of them settled in certain parts of southern Norway about the year 1600. Anthropologically this Finnish element is still recognizable, but their language has almost disappeared. During the early part of the eighteenth century, and especially during the

middle of the nineteenth century, large numbers (about 10,000) of these people settled in the northern provinces of Norway, having deserted their native heath in northern Finland during times of war and famine.

The correct name for the original Ugro-Finnic population of northern Norway is Finns. They were so called by Ohthere, a Norseman, who told Alfred the Great about these people. The Finns of Norway consider the word Lapp a term of reproach. In Sweden, the term Lapp is invariably used to designate these hyperboreans, while the term Finn is applied only to the inhabitants of Finland. In order to avoid confusion the designation Lapp is becoming more common in Norway.

Education

In respect to the education of her people, Norway stands with the foremost nations of the world. Almost every Norwegian of either sex can read and write, and, especially in the larger towns, there are highly educated and cultivated people, well-read and accomplished, such as one would find in any modern European center.

Elementary education is practically compulsory, and parents have no fees to pay for instruction during the first seven years of a child's attendance at the public schools. In the towns such schools are well graded. In country districts they are like the ungraded country schools in the less-favored parts of the United States. Formerly the country teacher conducted classes for a few weeks in one farmhouse and then moved on to another district for the following term; this "ambulatory" method has now almost entirely vanished. A part of the expense is borne by the general government, and a part by the *amt* (canton or county). In 1901 there were enrolled in Norwegian public schools 342,579 children, for whose instruction $3,264,975 were expended, that is to say, an annual average of more than $9.50 per pupil. It is evident that Norway makes an extraordinary effort, in proportion to her resources, in order to raise an intelligent people. The instruction provided in the smaller country schools is only rudimentary, and by no means ideal, but in the few large towns the cur-

riculum compares well with that of similar grades in other parts of Europe and America.

The elementary schools (for pupils less than eleven years old) are, as stated above, entirely free. The "Middle" schools (eleven to fifteen years), require very small tuition fees. In most of the Middle schools the course of study includes English, as well as the language of the country, history, geography, mathematics, natural sciences, religion, writing, and drawing, manual training, gymnastics, singing and domestic economy.

Poor children, at least in the towns, have schoolbooks furnished free, and in Christiania those whose parents are unable to provide for them properly are given one good meal of simple, nourishing food, in order to put them in good physical condition for their work.

The educational problem of the kingdom is much simplified by the fact that school, church and society all pull together. (1) Norway is practically unanimous in loyalty to the established Church (Lutheran Protestant). (2) The Church requires every boy and girl to pass strict examinations in Christian doctrine and Bible history preparatory to "confirmation." That involves at least fair facility in reading and writing. (3) It is absolutely essential that a youth or a maiden should hold a certificate of confirmation, in order to obtain a good wage-earning position under the government, in business, often even in domestic service.

College-preparatory schools (gymnasia) are 86 in number, with 15,596 pupils. Their course of study divides along two lines, according to whether pupils are to emphasize the sciences or language and history. German, French and English are taught in these

schools; Greek has been entirely dropped from the course (since 1896) and Latin is a possible elective only during the two last years, an indication that even the old so-called "Latin" schools have been thoroughly democratized in accordance with the modern spirit of the people. Outside the large towns students of high school age (fifteen to eighteen) often secure special instruction from some clergyman; the clergy of the established Church are all university men, well trained.

The University at Christiania has an average enrollment of over 1,400 students. It is a State institution, receiving government subsidies, which amount to nearly a quarter of a million dollars yearly, besides the modest fees of the students themselves. The sixty-three professors are appointed by the King.

There are six public normal schools and four private institutions of the same grade, where teachers are trained for work in the elementary grades. Summer schools for teachers are held at Christiania and Bergen. Teachers' salaries are very small, averaging less than $300, but masters have a house besides, and often act as parish-clerks. Retired schoolmasters or their widows receive modest pensions from the State.

Technical schools, for the study of engineering, chemistry and allied subjects, are supported in Christiania, Bergen and Trondhjem. Christiania has also an art academy and a good music school.

In several of the larger towns evening schools are supported for the benefit of boys and girls who have to work during the day, yet are ambitious to carry on their studies beyond the limits actually demanded by law. Similar night schools, with a broader curriculum, are carried on for adults. They are known as *arbeiderakademier* (workmen's academies), and are

managed on the plan known in America as the "University Extension" method, i. e., lectures are given by college professors, doctors, military officers, engineers, chemists and other scientific men.

The State supports wholly or partially ten schools for abnormal children, deaf, blind and feeble-minded, also special reformatory institutions for neglected children, who must have special care to keep them from developing into criminals.

The State annually appropriates $5,400 towards the support of public libraries in different parts of the country. This amount is distributed in sums not more than $54 each in parishes where an equal amount is raised by local subscription. Christiania has a public library of 50,000 volumes and Bergen a collection larger still.

Religion

Less than a thousand years ago the Norse people were brought up, one generation after another, in a pagan religion. It was a poetic and picturesque faith, just such as one might expect to find taking shape among a vigorous, energetic people, whose life was spent in sturdy hand-to-hand battling with wind and wave, storm and cold, to wrest a living from earth and sea. Some mythologists think that the ancient Norse ideas of overruling Powers grew simply out of their observations of Nature and life-experience— the stormy seas, the thunder-cloud, the wind, the beneficent sun, the inward conflicts of impulse and conscience; other scholars believe that some of their ideas (especially their conceptions of Odin and Balder) grew out of classical and Christian traditions acquired through contact with the people of the British Isles during the Viking Age. However that may be, the old religion was full of spirit and color, and no more fantastic in its details than it must needs be in those old times of childlike imagination, when the only way men had of approaching spiritual truth was to watch the way things happened in the world around and within them, and guess that those happenings were symbolic of the underlying meaning of the universe.

According to the old traditions, the beginning of the world came about through the union of Frost and Fire, producing the giant Ymer. Three brother-gods, Odin (Spirit), Vile (Will) and Ve (Holiness), slew this giant, and made him over into the present world. The giant's bones formed the rocks, his flesh the soil,

his blood the ocean, his hair the forests; the brains within his skull were made into clouds to float within the enclosing vault of the sky. The first man and woman were created respectively out of a strong ash-tree and a graceful elm. Life was said to be really a sort of tree-growth (the tree Ygdrasil was the symbol of human life), rooted partly in a dreary underworld (Niflheim), partly in the world of evil giants (Jotunheim) and partly in the realm of the gods (Asgard). Three implacable spirits (Norns), the Past, Present and Future, watered the tree and watched its growth. The branches of this Tree had endless divisions and subdivisions, reaching out through the whole universe, even to the farthest heaven. A curiously vague and puzzling tradition declared that the great god Odin, the All Father, voluntarily hung on this Tree of human life nine nights, sacrificing Himself unto Himself.

All life was ceaseless struggle and warfare between the (good) gods and the (evil) giants. Foremost among the fighting gods was Thor; his characteristic weapon was a gigantic hammer, which flashed fire (lightning) when it struck; the awful roar of its blow (thunder) could be heard rolling back and forth among the mountains when the battle was hot. Balder was the kindly, genial god who made the sun shine, giving good crops, cheerful warmth and brightness and good-will. Ægir was the rich and powerful giant of the sea. Loke was an evil giant, who had someway gained a place among the gods and worked all sorts of deceitful and malicious mischief—a sort of Scandinavian Mephistopheles. One of Loke's children was a gigantic monster called the Midgard-serpent; the gods threw him off into the ocean, where he lay under the water, encircling the whole earth and stirring up

mighty commotion when he bit his own tail. Another child of Loke was Hel, a dismal giantess, who claimed for her domain all men who died by the ignoble way of disease or old age.

The only noble way to die was in battle with what seemed evil. All men who did die fighting were led away, after death, to dwell with the gods themselves in Valhal, until the time should come for the very last fight of all, Ragnarok, before the end of the world.

Worship included sacrifice (usually of animals, but sometimes of human beings), and a somewhat elaborate ritual. (See list of books on Norse Mythology, pages 355-356.)

The adventurous voyages of the Vikings in the eighth, ninth and tenth centuries, made them aware of the existence of a very different faith. Captives brought home from Continental Europe and the British Isles also did something to spread information about Christian theology; but for two or three centuries the chief interest taken by Norsemen in the Christian religion was in virtue of the fact that churches and monasteries were treasuries of gold and silver, well worth the trouble of a predatory voyage. (See page 245.) King Haakon the Good, about 930 A. D., was converted to Christianity while in England, and the tide began to turn, but popular feeling was so strong in favor of the older faith that for a hundred years longer very little was accomplished in the way of a change. King Olaf Tryggvason did at least check a strong backward movement in his own time by shrewdly meeting the demand of the conservatives on their own ground. They insisted that he demonstrate his (pagan) orthodoxy by offering sacrifice to the ancient gods. He said, very well, he would do so, if they could be satisfied only in that way; and, in

order that the sacrifice might be most efficacious, he would offer up the lives of their own leading men of the conservative party! This struck them as excessive zeal, and the contention was temporarily dropped.

A few interesting traces of the old paganism can still be traced in the life of to-day. One is specially characteristic of Scandinavia—the celebration of Midsummer Day. They call it now St. John's Day (June 24); it is a Christianized continuance of the old festival in honor of Balder the Beautiful, the Sun God, at the time when his beneficent power was at its height, banishing darkness and cold and making all green things grow. The lighting of bonfires, displaying of lanterns and dancing out-of-doors, still made a part of the holiday fun of young folks in many parts of Norway on this date, are poetic survivals of very ancient religious rites, though now the celebration has no religious significance.

Another survival of the old faith we ourselves share with the Norse people. It is the custom of reckoning certain days of the week as consecrated to certain of the old gods—e. g., Wodin's (or Odin's) day=Wednesday. Thor's day=Thursday. Freya's day=Friday. Our inheritance comes by way of the Anglo-Saxons, an ancient Germanic people, who held many religious ideas in common with their Scandinavian kinsfolk.

Carlyle, in his essay on *The Hero as Divinity* (in *Heroes and Hero Worship*), says of the older faith:—

> "To me there is in the Norse system something very genuine, very great and manlike. A broad simplicity, rusticity, so very different from the light gracefulness of the old Greek Paganism, distinguishes this Scandinavian system. It is Thought; the genuine thought of deep, rude, earnest minds, fairly opened to the things about

them; a face-to-face and heart-to-heart inspection of the things—the first characteristic of all good Thought in all times."

"I feel that these old Northmen were looking into Nature with open eye and soul, most earnest, honest, childlike and yet manlike; with a great-hearted simplicity and depth and freshness, in a loving, admiring, unfearing way. A right, valiant, true old race of men. Such recognition of Nature one finds to be the chief element of Paganism; recognition of Man and his Moral Duty, though this, too, is not wanting, comes to be the chief element only in purer forms of religion."

"Man first puts himself in relation with Nature and her Powers, wonders and worships over those; not till a later epoch does he discern that all power is moral, that the grand point is the distinction for him of Good and Evil, of *Thou shalt* and *Thou shalt not*."

The technical transformation of Norway from a pagan to a Christian land was accomplished by a second King Olaf, who reigned from 1016 to 1030—the one who subsequently became known as Saint Olaf. Longfellow's well-known verses, called *The Saga of King Olaf*, probably give a good idea of the rough-and-ready methods of conversion practised in those days.

"Then King Olaf cried aloud
'I will talk with this mighty Raud,
And along the Salten Fjord
Preach the Gospel with my sword,
Or be brought back in my shroud.'
Northward from Drontheim
Sailed King Olaf.

* * * * * * * *

"Then baptised they all that region,
Swarthy Lapp and fair Norwegian,
Far as swims the salmon, leaping

Up the streams of Salten Fjord.
In their temples Thor and Odin
Lay in dust and ashes trodden,
As King Olaf, onward sweeping,
Preached the Gospel with his sword."

For five hundred years (i. e., until the middle of the sixteenth century) Norway was a stronghold of the Catholic Church. The burial place of Saint Olaf at Trondhjem became a miracle-working shrine, where pilgrims flocked from all parts of Europe. Then, in the sixteenth century, the doctrines of Martin Luther took a strong hold on the people, and the State Church became Protestant, remaining so to the present time.

The Established Church to-day is an integral part of the national organization. The sovereign, all members of the Council, (Cabinet), all professors of theology in the State University, all superintendents of elementary schools and principals of higher schools must be communicants in the Lutheran Church. All forms of religion not evidently harmful to public morals are tolerated, but parents professing the Lutheran faith must bring up their children in that faith, having them taught the catechism and examined for a confirmation certificate. Such a certificate is usually required of any young person, either boy or girl, applying for a wage-earning position, even in domestic service. Theologically the Church is based on the Apostolic, Nicene-Constantinople and Athanasian Creeds, on the Augsburg Confession of 1530, and Luther's Shorter Catechism.

The country is divided into six dioceses, and each diocese into deaconries or archdeaconries, of which there are 83. These include among them 478 livings, consisting altogether of 956 parishes. The King is *ex-officio* the final authority in all business matters relating to the State Church, e. g., the building of

houses of worship, the laying-out of church-yards, etc. There is no such thing as complete local independence in these matters.

The Church possesses funds of generous size, partly the proceeds of the sale of very valuable properties accumulated in Catholic Churches and monasteries during the five centuries before the Reformation. It still owns valuable lands and collects rents from their occupants. The salaries of the higher Church dignitaries and city clergy are modest in proportion to those paid in other countries. Parish priests in the country districts have very slender incomes. All the clergy are appointed by the King, though in most cases the appointment amounts merely to endorsing a local nominee. The priest has a house or an allowance for house-rent; sometimes he receives sums as ground-rent for Church lands or a sum direct from the Church treasury; local fees and voluntary offerings make up the total.

The Norwegians are a sturdily religious people. The country is an excellent market for religious books. As a rule the spiritual life of the people is a steady, quiet growth, marked by little excitement, but in the northern provinces, during the long, dark winter, when there is very little active work to preoccupy the attention, waves of emotional experience sometimes sweep through a little community, producing a variety of social effects and making sharp divisions of feeling and opinion on matters doctrinal. These movements are, however, not wide-spread. The number of Dissenters from the Lutheran Church is only about two per cent. of the registered population. Of that number the larger part are Methodists.

For sixty years a well organized Norwegian Mis-

sionary Society has supported Christian workers in foreign fields, especially in Zululand, Natal and Madagascar.

The Norwegian Bible Society is constantly distributing copies of the Scriptures. In 1898 alone its agents disposed of 54,868 Bibles.

Transportation and Communication

Up to the present time it has not seemed practicable or imperatively important to build railroads in Norway on any very extensive scale. The total length of State railways is 1,276 miles; 204 additional miles are covered by private enterprise. All the towns of any importance were built by the sea (see Maps 1 and 2), and travel by water is so much cheaper that it is still made to answer most practical purposes.

The longest railway line in the kingdom (350 miles) runs northward from Christiania up the valley of the Glommen river, to a point near its source; then it crosses the watershed between the Glommen and the Gula, and follows the valley of the latter stream down to Trondhjem. This railway line is of much commercial importance, express trains making the trip in seventeen hours. The valley region traversed (known as Österdalen) is very rich in timber, and the people are exceptionally prosperous, but the country is much less interesting to the tourist than the coast-regions around the mountain-walled fjords.

Another important railway runs southeastward from Christiania across the Swedish frontier and down to the Swedish ports of Göteborg and Malmö, connecting there with lines for various parts of Sweden.

Still another through line runs from Trondhjem eastward across the Swedish frontier, and then down to Gefle and Stockholm.

The most northerly railway in the world runs from the Norwegian port of Victoriahaven (68° 30′ N.

lat.), near the fishing banks of the Lofoten Islands, across the frontier and down across northern Sweden to the head of the Baltic.

In southwestern Norway the few railway lines are short and of merely local importance.

A railroad connecting Christiania with Bergen is in process of construction, and will be completed in 1907. This will reduce the transportation distance between the two most important commercial centers of the country from 423 miles by sea to 310 miles by rail, and will reduce the time to one-third. Sixty miles of the line will lie more than 2,300 feet above sea level. On account of the heavy snow, parts of the line will have to be covered. This new mountain route will, no doubt, prove a great attraction to the tourist.

An interesting scheme for getting local freight across-country in one of the southern provinces (Bratsberg) is the connection of already existing rivers and lakes by means of canals, thus completing a waterway from a fjord of the Skagerrak away up into the interior of the country. (Position 24 takes us to the most picturesque part of the Bandak-Nordsjö Canal.) Map 2 shows how thickly southern Norway is sprinkled with lakes and threaded by streams. Water lies or runs in all the innumerable hollows between the hills, and it would not take many connecting links like the Bandak-Nordsjö Canal, to make a network of water-highways over this part of the kingdom.

As one might expect, when the immense extent of indented sea-coast is considered, Norway's main reliance for travel is by boat. The Norwegian merchant marine itself includes over 7,200 vessels, large or small, with 1,443,308 aggregate tonnage, and foreign vessels are continually coming and going. In a single

year records show that 13,162 vessels (including Norwegian and foreign) have been entered at the various Norwegian ports, nearly as many having been cleared. Christiania, Bergen and Trondhjem are the three most important ports.

In those interior districts where railways are not yet built, an interesting system of "posting" is in successful operation. The State has greatly improved many of the old highways and constructed various new ones, furnishing excellently kept roads for travel with horses and carriages. Farmers living on these roads at intervals of a few miles (from six to twelve miles, according to circumstances), are licensed by the State to supply horses, vehicles and drivers at certain fixed rates, and to act as innkeepers, furnishing lodgings and meals to travelers. In some cases the license is greatly desired by a farmer, as a means of increasing his too slender income. In other cases, where a farmer is more prosperous, he may not be at all desirous of opening his house to every chance-comer or of finding horses and drivers for everybody who may pause at his door; but, if his home is so located that it offers the only possibility of changing horses without an undesirably long journey for tired beasts, he may be obliged to take the license and charge himself with its responsibilities.

Skydsstationer (Posting-stations) are of two classes —(1) "fast," where the manager is bound to keep enough horses on hand to provide fresh animals within half an hour; (2) "slow," where the charge is less, and travelers may have to wait anywhere from an hour to half a day, according to circumstances. (In summer, when farm-work is most heavy, it may cause a farmer a good deal of trouble in his own work

to let his horses go just when he needs to be ploughing or doing other field work).

The charges at "fast" stations are about nine cents a mile (English mile) for a horse and *kariol* (for one passenger) or horse and *stolkjærre* with one passenger. If there are two passengers, a *stolkjærre* is essential, and the charge is half as large again. Both vehicles are open wagons, baggage being fastened behind. The driver, usually a boy or girl in the teens, perches on the baggage behind the passengers. Travelers often telephone ahead to have vehicles reserved for them at a certain time.

The horses are small but strong, and, as a rule, well fed and well-treated—seldom overworked—due to a system of inspection. Five or six miles an hour is an average rate of speed on a road of average difficulty; in many places the roads are so very steep the rate must be much slower.

Telegraph and telephone lines have been constructed by the State on a notably generous scale. In 1903 the government owned and operated 8,555 miles of line, using 54,598 miles of wire. There are 762 telegraph offices in the kingdom. Telephone stations are immensely more numerous still, so many posting stations and private houses having installed the apparatus. More than two million conversations take place over the "trunk" (main) telephone lines in a single year.

The mail service is also used for the transaction of a great volume of business and social correspondence, and for the sending of small parcels. In a single year the Norwegian post-offices have handled:—

61,197,100 letters,
8,204,500 post-cards,

1,256,400 registered letters
58,140,800 newspapers and magazines,
8,302,300 pieces other than printed matter,
1,161,800 parcels.

Of course, the figures given above include mail sent or received by foreigners traveling in Norway, but, even so, the figures are a very striking indication of the high average of intelligence in a country with only about two and a quarter million people—children and all.

Government and Defense

Norway is a constitutional monarchy. The present Constitution dates from May 17, 1814, though it has several times been modified in certain details since that time.

The executive power is vested in the sovereign, H. M. King Haakon VII, who was elected by the Norwegian people in November, 1905. He was born in 1872, the grandson of King Christian IX of Denmark, the second son of Prince Frederick (now King Frederick VIII) of Denmark. He is the nephew of King George of Greece, of Queen Alexandra of England, and of the Dowager Empress of Russia. In 1896 he married his cousin, Princess Maud of England, third daughter of King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra.

Crown Prince Olaf was born in 1903.

The legislative power of the Norwegian realm is vested in the Storthing (literally Great Assembly) or Parliament, which represents the people.

The King has command of the land and sea forces and makes all judicial and ecclesiastical and various other administrative appointments.

All male citizens 25 years of age and five years resident in the country may vote for members of the Storthing. Members have an allowance of $3.25 daily during sessions, besides traveling expenses. The Storthing assembles every year, of its own right, not merely as summoned by the sovereign. Its 117 members are elected by deputies of the people for three-

year terms; 39 represent towns and 78 represent rural districts.

The King may call extra sessions of the Storthing if necessary, but he cannot dissolve it. Members of the Storthing themselves divide their number into two bodies, electing one-fourth of their own number to constitute a sort of Upper House (*Lagthing*), the other three-fourths forming the Lower House (*Odelsthing*). The chief business of the Storthing is to enact or repeal laws, to impose taxes, supervise the finances and examine treaties. Bills are laid first before the *Odelsthing,* then go up to the *Lagthing.* If the two houses do not agree, the bill is considered again in joint session and decided by a two-thirds majority vote. Bills that have passed both houses go to the sovereign for his approval before they become laws. The King's veto is, however, not absolute, but only suspensive. If three successive Storthings, meeting after three successive elections, pass a certain measure, it may become a law in spite of the veto.

The Council of State, or Cabinet, is composed of ministers appointed by the King, with fields of responsibility divided into:—

Ecclesiastical and Educational Affairs. Charities.
Justice and Police.
Interior Affairs (Commerce, Consular Affairs, etc.)
Agriculture.
Public Works (Railways, Telegraphs, etc.)
Finance.
Defence (Army and Navy).
Auditing and Revision.

The kingdom of Norway is divided into twenty provinces or counties (*amter*), i. e., eighteen large geographical districts, besides the towns of Christiania and Bergen, each of which constitutes an *amt* by it-

self. The head of a provincial administration is a prefect (*Amtmand*). The provinces have been subdivided into districts under sub-prefects, whose duties included tax-collecting and certain police supervision. This grade of administrative service is, however, to be remodeled or abolished.

A "magistracy" composed of three burgomasters presides over local municipal affairs in Christiania and in Bergen. (The smaller municipalities usually have but one "magistrate" instead of a board of three members). There are 59 municipalities in the kingdom, twenty of these being very small, but keeping up the form of local government prescribed for such organizations. Each municipality has a Council, whose members are elected for three years, and the Council is divided into two sections, one-fourth of the members forming the special Aldermanic body (*Formænd*). The chairmanship of the Municipal Council is an honorary but honorable office.

In order to vote for members of a Municipal Council, a man must be 25 years of age, and at least two years a resident, must have paid taxes on property or income or both; he must not be a pauper nor a house-servant.

Besides the municipalities, the *amter* include 525 rural districts (*herreder*), each of which in most cases includes several parishes. The parish is the social unit. The various districts in any one province (*amt*) together form a provincial corporation (*amtskommune*).

In the towns and rural districts civil disputes are carried first before a Board of Conciliation (*Forligelseskommission*). This Board is empowered to settle cases where values less than one thousand crowns ($270) are in question.

Regular Courts of Justice of the first instance are established for various districts in a province, usually in some municipality. Above these lower courts are certain Appellate Courts, to which cases may be carried from the Courts of first instance. (In Christiania and Bergen, what are called "Town Courts" amount to the same thing as Appellate Courts.)

A Supreme Court stands above the Appellate Courts.

In country districts farmers often pay their taxes in work on road-making, bridge repairs, etc.

Capital punishment has not been practised since 1876.

Norway does not expend any considerable sums on her national defenses. The appropriations made by Parliament for the army and the constitution and maintenance of fortresses, 1904-5, amounted to only $3,316,680. The appropriations for the navy, 1904-5, were $1,065,960. Her fortresses are few and at present not of remarkable strength, though the approaches to Christiania, Christiansand, Bergen, Trondhjem, Vardö, and a few other ports, are guarded by certain fortifications.

The military troops are raised mainly by conscription, and to a small extent by enlistment. All men become liable to conscription at the age of twenty-two. Raw recruits are given 48 days training in the infantry and forest-artillery; 72 days in the engineers; 60 days in the mountain artillery; 92 days in field artillery; 102 days in the cavalry. After that they are put into regular battalions, where they practise a certain number of weeks yearly, and are the rest of the year on furlough, with the obligation to meet their regiments on summons. The nominal term of service

lasts sixteen years—six in the regular Line and ten in Reserves. Every man in the realm, between eighteen and fifty years of age, may, if necessary, be called on by the sovereign to fight with the reserve troops for home defense, though the King's summons must be approved by Parliament.

The navy is maintained solely for coast defense, and is of comparatively little strength, none of the armored vessels being formidable as to size and equipment. All seafaring men between the ages of twenty-two and thirty-eight are legally liable to maritime conscription, but in actual practice only a few hundred are drafted each year for a few weeks' training.

Occupations and Incomes

A large proportion of the people get their living direct from mother Earth, as farmers or stock-raisers. The latest census returns show that 125,276 persons are proprietors and employers, while 183,740 persons are wage-earners, the two classes together supporting 343,381 dependents (women, children and old people). Altogether, therefore, 652,397 persons, or nearly 30% of the whole population get their living direct from Norway's few fertile acres. A little less than 5% (including 40,190 employers or independent workers, 10,557 employés and 58,041 dependents), get their living from the sea, through the fisheries.

About 21% (including 80,550 employers, 162,092 employés and 221,835 dependents), get their living in various industries and in mining (silver, copper, iron pyrites, feldspar, etc.)

The chief factory industries are those of the saw-mill, flour-mill, wood-pulp-mill, match-factory, brewery, cloth-mill, and india-rubber factory.

The smaller industries most widely practised are naturally the simple, universal crafts of the tailor, shoemaker, carpenter, mason, smith, joiner, cooper, etc. Sewing, spinning and knitting are done for wages by 22,201 women.

Not quite 6% (129,353) live on the profits of shop-keeping and wholesale trade. Transportation, including both railway and posting, provides bread and butter for 5% (116,893 people).

Three per cent. of the people are supported by the work of professional men and women, or by persons holding salaried positions under the government.

About the same number (less than 75,000) live on incomes from invested capital.

All the total figures given above include both responsible heads of families and those dependent upon them.

Norway's money system is based on a gold standard. Only one bank (owned partly by the State and partly by individual stockholders), is empowered to issue bank-notes. The State coins gold, silver, copper and bronze, in values calculated on a decimal system.

The pieces in most common circulation are silver and copper or bronze coin. Values are reckoned in crowns (*kroner*), equivalent to 27 cents in American money or 1 shilling 1½ pence in British money. The crown is divisible into 100 parts, called *öre* (a little more than ¼ cent). The heaviest gold-piece is worth 20 crowns ($5.40).

A person with an income of 10,000 crowns ($2,700) is considered distinctly "well-off"; the possessor of more than this would be accounted rich even in Christiania. The average middle-class income in one of the provincial towns is not much over 3,000 crowns ($810). A tradesman is considered prosperous if he makes half that amount. Farmers' incomes average hardly more than $220. Ordinary mechanics and artisans earn about $150. House servants and farm laborers earn less than $100.

Wage-rates are gradually rising. It is stated in an official work on Norway (Konow & Fischer) that the average income of employers is at present actually *less* than the average income of employés.

Among other demands the employer of factory labor has to meet is that of a special government assessment for funds insuring their employés against

accidents. This assessment cannot be transferred to the wage-account and so collected from the wage-earners, but must come out of the profits of the business. Children under fourteen years of age cannot legally be employed in factories at all. Young people under eighteen are debarred from certain lines of employment, and must not be required to work more than 10 hours daily. Men cannot legally be required to work after 6 P. M. on the day preceding Sunday, or any recognized holy-day. Except for this stipulation there is at present no definite legal restriction of the length of a day's work for an adult, but efforts are being made to secure the passage of a 10-hour law.

Savings-banks are numerous and well-managed, having 718,823 depositors. Many of the Norwegian municipalities have Building Loan funds, from which working men may borrow money at low rates for building cheap homes. Overcrowded houses are a conspicuous evil in the capital and other large centers of population, and efforts are being made to correct it.

Life insurance is placed by agents of private companies in the few large towns, but country people seldom save on this plan. It is, however, a common custom for an elderly farmer to deed a home estate to his eldest son, himself receiving a pension for life and retiring from active management of affairs.

In connection with these facts about incomes earned within the kingdom, it is of interest to know United States postal records show that, in a single year, Norwegians living in the United States have sent home to relatives and friends over a million dollars ($1,000,000). The tide of emigration continually rises; in 1903 the figures reached 25,109. The postal statistics are significant, showing that in spite of the departure of an increasing number of workers, the

home-country is by no means allowed to lose all the results of their labor elsewhere.

The foreign commerce of the kingdom amounts annually to:—

$79,057,620 imports,
46,878,480 exports.

Among the largest import items are breadstuffs, tea and coffee, sugar, tobacco and manufactured goods of various sorts.

Among the more important exported articles are granite and timber, for use in constructive enterprises all over Europe; wood-pulp for the European paper mills; matches; iron for the great cutlery works at Birmingham and Sheffield (England); feldspar for use in continental porcelain factories; cod and herring for the food of Norway's European neighbors.

AMUSEMENTS

A wise man of the Orient once said:—"Tell me your amusements, and I will tell you what you are." Norway's self-record in this line is particularly interesting and significant.

Almost every amusement popular in Norway is some form of athletics. From the most far-off ancient times it has been so; Norse youth for hundreds and hundreds of years have found their greatest delight in sports like hunting, swimming, rowing, running, climbing, leaping, snow-shoe racing, ball-playing, wrestling and fencing. Dancing—at present one of the most popular amusements of the land—comes under the head of athletic exercises, for though the palace ball-room at Christiania is as sedately dignified as that of Berlin or St. Petersburg, country dances to this day are mighty vigorous exercise, including not a little hilarious competition in high kicking. The amount of it is that the Norse people always have had splendid bodily strength and agility. Their physical development is, of course, kept back to a certain extent by (1) the too frugal diet imposed by necessity in a poor farming country; (2) their prejudice in favor of unventilated houses.* In spite of all these drawbacks, the typical Norseman is a fine, sturdy specimen of humanity.

It is interesting to note that the chief indoor game played in old times appears to have been not a game

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* Tuberculosis is the most devastating malady in Norway—a natural consequence of poor house ventilation. However, people here, as well as in other countries, are beginning to realize the hygienic importance of clean air.

of mere luck-and-chance, but a genuine wrestling with the brains—a game much like that most intellectually exacting of pastimes known as chess. Away back in the dark ages when *Fridthjof's Saga* was written, people living in remote mountain-walled corners of the land kept their wits awake through the long winter twilights matching foresight and shrewdness against foresight and shrewdness over the familiar field of a board divided into squares. The fact is significant of the national love of positive, aggressive activity.

The most widely-known taste of the people in the way of indoor amusements has, however, been in the line of songs and stories. The oldest Northern chronicles were stories of the doings of gods and giants, heroes and kings, handed down verbally from one generation to another. For centuries the telling of stories and reciting of poems has been one of the chief sources of entertainment in Norway. The old Norse taste for listening to musically rhythmic stories survives to-day in the form of love of music. Concerts as such are seldom given outside the larger towns, but at Christiania, Bergen and other centers of a considerable population, really fine music meets with genuine appreciation, indeed, the town authorities appropriate yearly generous sums in support of concerts of a high artistic order. The whole world of music lovers knows the genius of at least two sons of Norway who made their homes in Bergen—Ole Bull, the famous violinist (died in 1880), and Edvard Grieg, to-day acknowledged one of the greatest of the world's musical composers.

The Norwegians are distinctly a reading people. Absolute illiteracy is practically non-existent (see p. 289), and it is true to a large extent that the people not only know how to read, but really enjoy read-

ing. The inherited taste for tales of love and adventure finds food in these later days in the form of newspapers, story-books and novels. Björnson's stories of Norwegian country life are exceedingly popular; so are the works of the other home-authors. Of course, the literature of Denmark is all open to Norwegian readers, the language being practically identical, and great number of English books are read in translation. The humorous tales of Mark Twain, for example, are nearly as well known in Norway as in America.

Theatres are found in every town of fair size, and are well patronized; the audiences in Christiania and Bergen have opportunities to hear the plays of their famous countrymen, Ibsen and Björnson, and also the best dramas of other lands, rendered in translation. The municipality of Christiania grants money every year towards the support of its leading theatre, and Bergen does the same. The result is that Shakespeare and Goethe—not to mention men of lesser genius—are well known to cultivated people in King Haakon's land, just the same as in the lands where English and German are native to the soil.

It must be confessed that for many centuries hard drinking was one of the most popular amusements in Norway. The taste for intoxicating drinks was a natural inheritance from the vigorous, hard-hitting sons of the Viking Age. As always where men "put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains," the consequences have been disastrous. But popular feeling has awakened to the situation, and now, for a number of years, a strong movement has been exerted to master the evil of excessive indulgence, and with marvelous success.

A system of "local option" is now established,

whereby a community with a strong sentiment against drunkenness is enabled to prohibit entirely the local sale of intoxicating drinks. Women with certain property qualifications may vote on a question of liquor sales.

In incorporated towns retail sales may be made only between 8 A. M. and 10 P. M., and by *samlags* (associations) licensed by vote. The State takes sixty-five per cent. of the profits, the Amt (county or province) ten per cent., and the municipality ten per cent. The accounts are audited by government inspectors. The promoters of the business having no opportunity to make fortunes out of its growth, and, consequently, no incentive to push sales, the volume of business depends only on the appetite of the individual. The funds flowing into town, county and State treasuries are used for the maintenance of hospitals, penal institutions and public works of general utility.

Thus the principle of personal liberty, so jealously guarded by Norsemen, is essentially maintained, and yet the wretched consequences of a *laissez faire* system are being avoided. The result of this policy is that at the present time the consumption of alcohol in Norway has decreased till it is only 2.2 litres per capita, annually, against

16 litres in France,
10.7 " " Belgium,
10.1 " " Denmark,
9.9 " " Italy,
8.6 " " Germany,
7.4 " " Great Britain.*

* Figures given in Konow & Fischer's official publication on Norway.

LANGUAGE

The language spoken in Norway in the days of the Vikings, a growth from old Teutonic roots, is still spoken in Iceland by the descendants of Norse emigrants to that island; in Norway it gradually changed into the various dialects still spoken by the peasants.

The written language of the kingdom, as a whole, is almost the same as that of Denmark (Danish), though in many details the Norwegian-Danish of the cities has always differed from the Danish of Copenhagen. The use of Danish was the result of the union with Denmark in the fourteenth century. For more than four hundred years from that time Norway was united with Denmark. Her sovereigns spoke Danish. It was necessary to learn Danish in order to get along either in business or in political life, so, very naturally, people gradually got into the way of using the new tongue. After a century or so Danish was the only book language the people knew. It had always had a strong resemblance to their own home speech, so the transition was not difficult.

Many words to-day in common use all over Norway show close kinship to corresponding words or phrases in German and Dutch—likewise of Teutonic origin. Moreover, a great many common words are almost precisely the same as in modern English. Generally our English word is derived from the old Anglo-Saxon, a Teutonic tongue closely akin to old Norse. Notice the following examples:—

Modern Norse.	*Modern English.*	*Old Anglo-Saxon*
Dal	Dale	Dæl
Glad	Glad	Glæd
Bröd	Bread	Bread
Broder	Brother	Brothor
Kold	Cold	Ceald
Haand	Hand	Hand
Nord	North	North
Over	Over	Ofer
Salt	Salt	Sealt
Bord	Board	Bord
Tak	Thank	Thank
Vind	Wind	Wind
Vel	Well	Wel

Ivar Aasen, the famous poet and linguist, about half a century ago, did a great work by awakening in Norway new interest in the Norwegian dialects, among people who had been in the habit of speaking and reading only Danish. The idea of reviving the national language has appealed strongly to many popular writers, educators and public speakers, and a definite campaign has been conducted toward that end. The result is to-day that Norse authors are using more and more of the distinctively national speech and the written language has within a quarter century been both modified and simplified—so much so as to lead to the making of revised dictionaries for use by Norwegians themselves and by students of their literature. Furthermore, as a result of Aasen's agitation many writers have written in the dialects, or in a new national language, based on the dialects, the so-called *Landsmaal*, the literature of which is now extensive and important.

*LITERATURE**

The world's literature has been magnificently enriched by Norse genius. This genius for poetry and history was early displayed. Tactitus, the Roman historian, who visited the Germans in the first century of our era (99 A. D.), found that they knew something of the art of poetry. There is no reason to doubt that their northern kinsmen, the Scandinavians, also cultivated this art. As the Germans of the time of Tacitus did not know the art of writing, none of the literary productions of that time have been preserved. Even after the Scandinavians learned the Runes, they did not use them for the preservation of literary products. They were mainly used for short inscriptions on wood or stone, no doubt on account of the lack of proper writing materials.

We have some reason for believing in the existence of literary products in Norway, in the early centuries of the Christian era. Here and there on old monumental stones there are snatches of verse in Old Runic, as on the famous Tune Stone, found in southeastern Norway, the language of which is so archaic as to place it in the prehistoric period 400-600. But we know nothing of complete poems and their authors until the historical Viking Age. These products are of such a nature in respect to both poetic form and content that one is forced to the conclusion that the art of poetry had long been practised. One of the best-known of these poems is on the genealogy of the Norse kings, an indication that poetry was early a hand-maid of history. The alliterative lines of this

* This chapter is, in the main, the work of the Editor.

old poetry were a powerful aid to the memory in the retention of historical knowledge. The oldest of these poems belong to the beginning of the ninth century. They contain, however, little that is of general interest.

But there is a collection of old Norse poems, known as the Elder Edda, composed mainly during the tenth century, that are of very great importance in the history of literature. The name Edda, as applied to this old manuscript of poems, is a fortuitous one, and means *poetics*. The name was originally applied to a work on poetry by the Icelandic poet and historian, Snorri Sturlason; this work is now known as the Younger Edda, or Prose Edda, while the former is called the Elder Edda, or Poetic Edda, and sometimes, but incorrectly, Sæmund's Edda.

There is no doubt about the fact that the Younger Edda is mainly the work of Snorri Sturlason, and hence is an Icelandic product. The home of the Edda poems, however, is not so evident. On account of their very great literary and cultural significance, there has been much discussion as to their origin. It was once thought that they were much older than they really are, and that they were the lyric outburst of the primitive Teutons in the early centuries of our era. Philologists soon saw the ridiculousness of this assumption. It took no account of the fact that the language of the Scandinavians had, during the period from 600 to 800, undergone great and radical changes. It had become so simplified that a poem of the ninth century would take many more words to satisfy the meter than a poem of the seventh century. In other words, it is absolutely certain that the Edda poems could not have been written before 800 A. D. Then, for a time, it was thought that these poems were the common possession of the Scandi-

navians. But keen literary criticism soon annihilated that assumption. It soon became evident that they belonged either to the Norwegians or their colonists, or both. One of the very greatest scholars of our day in Norway, Professor Sophus Bugge, has devoted years to the study of the Edda poems, and contends that they were written by Norsemen in the British Isles, and that they bear many traces of the contact of the authors with British, especially Celtic, civilization. This was a severe blow to many enthusiastic Norwegians, who had looked upon the Edda poems as an expression of Scandinavian culture. Bugge's authority was so great, however, that for a time it was conceded that he must be right.

But vigorous protests soon came, especially from German scholars. And, finally, in a great work on the history of old Norse literature, the well-known Icelander, Finnur Jonsson, professor at the University of Copenhagen, a most competent and conscientious scholar, makes emphatic and sweeping denial of Professor Bugge's theories. Of the thirty-nine Edda poems he assigns, definitely and unequivocally, thirty-one of them to Norway, six to Greenland, and only two to Iceland, his own native country.

If Professor Jonsson's position proves impregnable, and there is abundant reason to believe that it will, he has done Norway the greatest service imaginable. To demonstrate that Norwegian poets of the tenth century were the authors of most of the Edda poems is the greatest possible compliment to the intellectual genius of the Norsemen of the Viking Age. For these poems are the high-water mark of pre-Christian civilization, not only in Scandinavia, but in all of the Teutonic countries.

The poems of the Elder Edda have no special con-

nection with each other; some are complete, others fragmentary, dividing themselves, however, into two classes, one class treating principally of the ancient gods (mythology), and the other treating of the heroes of antiquity, such as the heroes of the Nibelung story as found chiefly in the Völsunga Saga. The form of these poems, like the early poetry of the other Teutonic races, is alliterative verse. The mythic poems do not give any systematic presentation of Norse mythology, the heathen faith. That system has been constructed from them in connection with the mythological stories of the Younger Edda. Many of the poems are huge fragments, wrecks of their former selves, the inevitable result of having been carried down to the age of writing on the lips of skalds or bards. But, as they are practically our only source of Norse mythology, they are of inestimable value.

We are apt to think of the Norsemen of the Viking Age as warriors and pirates. A study of the Edda poems would convince us, as Longfellow has phrased it, that "the ancient skald smote the strings of his harp with as bold a hand as the Berserk smote his foe."

We cannot go into a detailed characterization of the Elder Edda. The reader is referred to the chapter on "Books to Read" for references. We submit, however, one quotation from a learned German scholar, the man who did so much many years ago to arouse his countrymen to an appreciation of the great German poem called *Das Niebelungenlied*. He says.—

> "If any monument of the primitive northern world deserves a place among the earlier remains of the South, the Old Norse Edda must be deemed worthy of that distinction. The spiritual veneration for Nature, to which the Greek was an entire stranger, gushes forth in the mysterious lan-

guage and prophetic traditions of the Edda, with a full tide of enthusiasm and inspiration sufficient to endure for centuries, and to supply a whole race of future bards with a precious and animating elixir."

This is sufficient to indicate that the Edda lays are very remarkable productions. And, indeed, they do possess a rugged and virile strength and fiery spirit. A mighty passion pulsates through their strains—passions of men and women that are universal and permanent. There are in them titanic strength, profoundest pathos and deepest tragedy.

The old parchment manuscript containing these poems was found in Iceland during the seventeenth century, and was presented by the Icelandic Bishop Brynjolf to the king of Denmark, and hence it is known to scholars as *Codex Regius* (the royal manuscript). It is still the proud possession of the great royal library of Copenhagen. The manuscript was written during the latter part of the thirteenth century, in Iceland; but this fact is, of course, no proof that the poems were produced there. It is, moreover, certain that the present manuscript is a copy of an older one, now lost.

A complete translation into English prose of the Edda poems may be found in a very learned work on old Norse poetry, entitled *Corpus Poeticum Boreale,* published by Vigfusson and Powell of Oxford. Extracts in metrical translation may be found in the various works on Norse mythology.

We cannot undertake in this brief chapter to give an adequate account of the contents of the Elder Edda; they are too vast and varied for a brief treatment. But a mere glimpse is worth something. Here is a prose translation of some selected stanzas from

a poem entitled *Havamal* (The High Song). It is full of wise and pithy saws, and treats of the conduct of life, the duty of hospitality, etc. Odin himself is represented as the speaker.

> "A man that travels far needs his wits about him; anything will pass at home. He that knows nought makes himself a gazing-stock when he sits among wise folk. . . . The wary guest who comes to his meal keeps a watchful silence. . . . But he that gabbles over a meal, little knows but that his baying will bring his foes upon him. . . . No man can bear better baggage on his way than wisdom; in strange places it is better than wealth. It is the wretched man's comfort. . . . No man can bear better baggage on his way than wisdom; no worse wallet can he carry on his way than ale-bibbing. . . . He that never is silent talks much folly. A glib tongue, unless it be bridled, will often talk a man into trouble. . . . Chattels die; kinsmen pass away; one dies oneself; but good report never dies from the man that gained it. . . . Anything is better than to be false; he is no friend who only speaks to please. . . . The fool thinks he shall live forever if he keep out of battle; but old age gives him no quarter, though the spears may. . . . A fool thinks all that smile on him are his friends; but when he goes into court he shall find few advocates. . . . Every man of foresight should use his power with moderation; for he will find when he comes among valiant men that no man is peerless. . . . A man should be merry at home and cheerful with his guests, genial, of good manners and ready speech, if he will be held a man of good parts. A good man is in every one's mouth. Arch dunce is he who can speak nought, for that is the mark of a fool. . . . Tell one man [thy secret] but not two; what three know all the world knows. . . . He should rise betimes that would win. The slumbering wolf

seldom gets a joint; nor the sleeping man victory. . . . Go on! Be not a guest ever in the same house. Welcome becomes Wearisome if he sit too long at another's table."

Another poem has these wise words:—

"I counsel thee: Never let a bad man know thy mishaps; for of a bad man thou shalt never get good reward for thy sincerity. . . . Be not the first to break off with thy friend. Sorrow will eat thy heart if thou lackest a friend to open thy heart to. . . . Never bandy words with mindless apes, for thou wilt never get good reward from an ill man's mouth; but a good man will make thee strong in good favor and man's good will."

This will indicate that the Edda poems do not all deal with mythology—gods and demi-gods. And here is a fine bit of verse which shows how well our old Norse cousins understood the feeling for "Home, Sweet Home":—

"A homestead is best
Though it be small;
A man is master at home.
Though he has but two goats
And a straw-thatched roof,
It is better far than begging."

"Early should rise
He who has few workers
And go at once to his work;
Many things hinder
Him who sleeps in the morning.
Half one's wealth depends on activity."

And, again, here is another bit of the same poem, celebrating the responsibilities of hospitality on the part of a man who does have a home.

"Hail my host!
A guest has come in;
Where shall he sit?
In hot haste he
Who has to try
His luck on snow-shoes.

Fire is needed
By him who comes in
Benumbed in his knees.
Food and clothes
Are needed by one
Who has traveled over the mountain.

Water is needed
By the one
Who comes to the meal,—
A towel and hearty welcome,
Good-will
If he can get it;
Talk and answer."

This is, in brief, the conclusion of one poet's observations—evidently it grew directly out of life experience in a land of long winters:—

"Fire is the best thing
Among the sons of men;
And the light of the sun;
His good health
If a man can keep it;
And a blameless life."

In this chapter we can only mention the Sagas, for they belong almost wholly to Iceland. They are of great importance to Norway, however, as much of early Norwegian history was written by the Icelanders. "The Sagas of the Norse Kings," by Snorri Sturlason is of especial interest and importance. It covers a period from the earliest times to the year 1177. It

was written by a man who had a genius for the dramatic presentation of events; it is one of the great history-books of the world. The lives of other Norse kings were written by other competent Icelandic historians, so that Norway, thanks mainly to the Icelanders, has a comprehensive and reliable record of her ancient history.

The period of greatest literary activity in Norway was during the epoch 850 to 1100. The two succeeding centuries were the greatest in Icelandic literary history. That is, these were the two principal creative periods of Old Norse literature. Much was done in Iceland after 1300, but nothing of vital importance in the way of original production. One of the great works of Old Norse literature was, however, written in Norway about the middle of the thirteenth century. It is of much cultural significance, as it gives a peep into many of the finer phases of civilization in ancient Norway. The author was a sort of Chesterfield of the thirteenth century, and undertakes, in the form of a dialogue between father and son, to give instruction in morals and manners, and other useful knowledge. The title of the work, *The King's Mirror,* (*Speculum Regale,* in Latin), indicates that the work was intended quite as much for princes and kings, as for merchants and peasants. The work is the product of a well-disciplined man of much and varied experience, and of good common-sense. It is worthy of being much better known even in Norway than it now is.

The King's Mirror is a fitting conclusion to Norway's ancient literature. Something over a century afterwards Norway became united with Denmark, when, as we have shown in a previous chapter, the old Norse language as a literary language gradually

went out of use, much as Anglo-Saxon in England began to decline as a result of the Norman invasion.

The four centuries of the union with Denmark are the Dark Age of Norway's intellectual life, due, no doubt, to some extent, to the stifling effect of the political situation, but quite as much to internal causes—a sort of disintegration of the national spirit after the devastating effects of the internecine wars of previous centuries. But this age was not entirely one of darkness and intellectual stagnation. In spite of all that has been said against this period, historians are beginning to understand, as time goes on, that the national stagnation of the union-period had its recompenses. But for the isolation that the valleys of Norway experienced before the beginning of the nineteenth century, modern Norway might not have had anything of importance either in the way of folk-music or folk-literature. As it is, the folk-music and folk-literature of Norway far surpass those of England, France or Germany. Denmark and Sweden have a finer ballad literature than Norway, but Norway's folk-songs and folk-lore stories are superior to those of Denmark and Sweden. But for the preservation of Norway's folk-music, the characteristic Norwegian flavor and coloring of Edvard Grieg's modern compositions would have been impossible.

Before the great awakening that took place in Norway in 1814, there were very few literary men that lived and wrote in Norway. During the latter part of the seventeenth century, however, there lived in one of the northern provinces (Nordland) a Norwegian poet-priest by the name of Petter Dass, who broke the long silence by a work which he significantly called *Nordlands Trompet.* It was written in Danish and was for those times a spirited and pleasing de-

scription in verse of home scenery, life and customs. It became immensely popular, and is, in fact, still a favorite with many old-fashioned readers. He wrote a large number of occasional poems, and also versified paraphrases of Bible history and Luther's Catechism. His works were not published until after his death (1708). During his life they were circulated in manuscript copies.*

After Petter Dass, Norway produced a literary genius, Ludvig Holberg, whose work was of the very greatest importance in the development of Danish literature. He was reared in Norway, but lived and wrote in Copenhagen, where he became a professor at the university. He is called the father of modern Danish literature. The great task that he took upon himself was to free the Danes from a paralyzing foreign influence in their intellectual life. This he did through his comedies. He was a man of great linguistic talent, broad learning, extensive travel, inimitable wit, and unusual good sense. His works are still read in Norway and Denmark with the keenest zest. He died in 1754 at the age of seventy. The square in Bergen (Holberg's birthplace), from which we look across to Valkendorf Tower (Position 52) was named for Holberg.

Christian Tullin (1728-1765) was the second poet of any importance, who, during the union period, belonged entirely to Norway. He lived in Christiania. He wrote lyric poems of a high order of merit. In fact, Dano-Norwegian lyric poetry begins with him.

During the latter quarter of the eighteenth century there were many talented young Norwegians in

* A lineal descendant of this poet, Dr. J. C. Dundas, came to America in the early '50's and settled in Cambridge, Wisconsin, near a large Norwegian settlement, where he practised medicine for about thirty years. He was a man of force and brains, a skilful physician, and was endowed with poetic gifts. He contributed many poems to the Norwegian press of this country. He died in 1883 at the age of sixty-eight.

Copenhagen. Norway had no university (the University of Christiania was not established until 1811), and so these young men went to Copenhagen to study. Among them were a number who made their mark in literature. Johan Nordahl Brun wrote the first original tragedy that was played at the Copenhagen theatre; but he was better known as a lyric poet than as a dramatist. He was the author of some ringing patriotic songs that are still sung. Later he became a famous preacher, in Bergen, and wrote some fine hymns. But the greatest of the Norwegian writers of this period was Johan Herman Wessel (1742-1785). In many respects he was a shiftless fellow, but he was highly gifted as a satirist, and won lasting fame by a comedy entitled *Love Without Stockings,* a brilliant parody on the French tragedies much in vogue in Copenhagen at that time.

The separation of Norway and Denmark came in 1814, the result of political machinations during the Napoleonic wars. The Norwegians were prepared for the change, and wrote a free constitution that still is the fundamental law of the land. It has vouchsafed to Norway a democratic form of government second to none in the world. Under the circumstances it was but natural that Norway should develop along political, social and literary lines independent of Denmark. During the first years after the separation, Norwegian poets sang of their new-found liberty with the bombastic exuberance of youth. Then, from 1830 to 1840, there followed a period of fierce literary controversy between two intellectual giants, Wergeland and Welhaven, the former standing for Norwegian literary independence, and the latter urging the necessity of keeping up the intellectual ties with Denmark. Wergeland, like Björnson, was an ardent patriot, a poet of the people, and a thoroughly democratic

spirit, while Welhaven, like Ibsen, was a keen and scathing critic, and a born aristocrat in spirit. But the clash between the two tendencies that they represented did much to clear the air and pave the way for the new literature that was to come. Wergeland died in 1844, at the early age of thirty-six, but he was, nevertheless, one of the most prolific writers that the Scandinavian north has ever produced, and, withal, a genius of monumental proportions. Modern Norwegian literature begins with Henrik Wergeland. He is the first poet of the regenerated nation. And he is also the most significant personage in the generation that succeeded the adoption of the free constitution of 1814. He is not only the lark that ushers in the new day, but he appears also in the more prosy rôle of being the first to bare his arm for the work of preparing the common people for the new citizenship, and he succeeded in doing more than any other man in the way of banishing ignorance and superstition. For when he appeared on the scene, Norway was, as he says in one of his poems, "a neglected field, full of tares." Wergeland's name is not revered by the people of Norway on account of his greatest literary productions (poems like "The Swallow" and "The Flower Piece"), but for his lyrics, and especially for the fact that he was the enthusiastic and untiring teacher and guide of his people—a tocsin in the watch-tower of the new nation.

One of Wergeland's best-known poems, "The English Pilot," contains the following description of that beautiful country district of which we have a few glimpses when we visit Odde (Stereographs 39-41).

"If a spot on earth be found
Where, responsive to the alluring
Voice of Nature, so beguiling,

Grief will cease to be enduring,
Then that spot must be forever
In fair, beautiful Hardanger.

* * * * * * * *

If there be a place so blest,
Where from lonely, flower-clad valley
Mountains rear their silvery crest
Toward high heaven majestically;
And where, from behind the screen
Of a birch-wood may be seen
Peeping out a cottage lowly,—
O, where find you so much grace,
Such exemption from all clangour,
Such retreats, such peaceful ways,
Say, where is there such a place
But in beautiful Hardanger?"

Welhaven's first poetical works were polemical, directed against his great contemporary. But later in life his poems were romantic and lyrical in tone and temper. He was a master of form; there was in his smooth array of phrase almost painful accuracy in meter and diction. Some of his later poems are among the very finest products of Norwegian literary genius, and they are still widely read. Welhaven was born a century ago (1807) and died in 1873. He was for many years a professor in the University of Christiania.

When the intellectual combat of the 30's, surcharged more or less with political ideas and aspirations, was waning, a new literary movement set in, known as national romanticism. Some scholars had found that the Norwegian peasantry was in possession of a seemingly inexhaustible fund of popular ballads and folk-lore stories. Competent literary men devoted themselves to garnering these rich treasures—and none too soon. Another generation might have been

too late, for the railroad, telegraph and telephone are not conservers of such things. Here then were new themes for poet and artist, and they have been utilized to the fullest extent.

The man who did the most to rescue ballad literature was the minister and hymnologist, Magnus B. Landstad, while the two men who applied themselves to the collecting of folk-lore stories were P. C. Asbjörnsen and Jörgen Moe. They did a great cultural work for the country in a most masterful way. It required good judgment, indefatigable zeal, and great literary discernment and skill to select and properly present these stories. The measure of their success may be indicated by the fact that the great German folk-lorist, Jacob Grimm, once declared that the Norwegian stories collected by Asbjörnsen and Moe were the best folk-lore stories in the world. They are well known to English and American readers, as most of them have been translated. (See the last chapter for references.)

In connection with the interest in ballads and folk-lore stories there was an intense interest in Norwegian scenery and popular life in general. This romantic movement lasted until about 1870 (which date marks the advent of modern realism), and found its best expression in Björnson's peasant stories, of which we shall speak later.

We have tried in the foregoing to say something to indicate the early movements in Norwegian literature, without attempting anything comprehensive. We have felt compelled to pass over the discussion of such important names as P. A. Munch, the author of a great work on Norwegian history, an original investigator of marvelous ability and attainments; Camilla Collett, the sister of Henrik Wergeland, a fine

writer, and the first champion of woman's rights in Norway; Ivar Aasen (whom we have spoken of as a philologist), the first poet to write in the peasant language or *Landsmaal;* and Aasmund O. Vinje, who, like Aasen, wrote mainly in *Landsmaal.* As a poet Vinje was more gifted than Aasen. He had a full vein of grim Norse humor, and was strikingly original and erratic. Some of his poems are among the finest gems of Norwegian literature.

The two greatest names of modern Norwegian literature are, of course, Henrik Ibsen and Björnstjerne Björnson. We shall tell something of the lives of these intellectual giants, but there are others that deserve mention. In fact, modern Norway has produced a host of writers, several of whom would have been more conspicuous in the eyes of the world but for the overshadowing influence of Ibsen and Björnson. There is Jonas Lie, born in 1833, only a year younger than Björnson, a most prolific novelist, who has long held high rank. His first book *The Visionary,* or more correctly translated, *The Man of Second Sight,* was a mature story and won immediate success. The scene is laid in a region at that time new to literature, the mystic nature of the melancholy north—the arctic world of northern Norway. *The Pilot and His Wife* is the one of his novels best known to American readers. The list of his works is a long one. He is now an old man, but has not yet dropped his pen. Alexander Kielland, the second great modern novelist, was more brilliant than Lie. His first novelettes (1879) attracted immediate attention, on account of their elegant diction; they showed him a skilled artist, and novel upon novel, picturing phases of modern life, followed in quick succession. His *Skipper Worse* (1882), a study in the psychology

of fanaticism, is possibly the best-told story in Norwegian literature. Some of his novelettes have been translated by William Archer in a volume entitled *Tales of Two Countries*. *Skipper Worse* has been published in England, but not in this country. Kielland died in April, 1906.

Arne Garborg, too, is a writer of commanding importance. Garborg was born in 1851, the son of a very pietistic peasant. He is the greatest living representative of the Landsmaal movement, and has written mainly in that language, although he writes equally well in Dano-Norwegian. He is a literary artist of great skill. It is not too much to say that he has shown a wider range of power than any of the other great writers of Norway. He not only is a creative artist with vivid fancy, but he has the critical and controversial faculty in equally high degree. In a comparatively few years he has run the gamut of all the principal phases of our complicated modern literary movements from romanticism to mysticism. His principal works are stories and novels, but one of them, *Haugtussa* (1895), a story in verse, is a work of such lyric loveliness that it places Garborg worthily by the side of Björnson as a poet. Indeed, as a creative artist and an intellectual force, he ranks with Ibsen, Björnson, Lie and Kielland. In recent years Garborg has taken to religious speculation, much in the manner of Tolstoi. His last work, published in 1906, is entitled *Jesus Messias*.

And now we must turn again to Ibsen and Björnson, the two men who have done more than all others to make the name of Norway honored and respected abroad. They are not only great as Norwegians, but also in a cosmopolitan sense. In the realm of creative literature they rank with the greatest minds of the

nineteenth century. Some critics place Ibsen's dramas at the very head of all Europe's creative literature of the last century.

Henrik Ibsen was born in Skien, down in southern Norway, in 1828. At the age of sixteen, he left his home to shift for himself. His father had once been a prosperous merchant, but reverses came when the son was eight years of age. It was young Ibsen's ambition to be a painter, but stern necessity landed him in an apothecary shop in a small seaport town in southern Norway. Here he remained five years, during which time he won some local fame as a writer of verse, and produced his first drama, *Catilina,* based on his studies in Latin. In 1850, at the age of twenty-two, he went up to Christiania, intending to study medicine. While preparing for the university examinations, he wrote a drama in the romantic vein, which was accepted by the Christiania theatre. After having passed the university examinations he decided not to become a student, but entered journalism instead. In Christiania he had made the acquaintance of Ole Bull, and in 1851 he was called to Bergen as artistic director of Ole Bull's theatre. In this position he remained until 1857, during which time he wrote five dramas. In 1858, after his return to Christiania to take charge of the theatre, he wrote an historical drama called *The Warriors of Helgeland,* an excellent piece of dramatic composition, indicative of the serious literary work he had done while in Bergen. The language of it was direct and pithy as that of an old Norse saga, instinct with rugged and virile strength. The public was, however, not prepared for the appreciation of such a dramatic masterpiece. Björnson's peasant stories were more to their liking. Although a younger man, Björnson was the first to win public

recognition. Not even Ibsen's two succeeding works, *Love's Comedy* (1862) and *The Pretenders* (1864), both of a high order of literary merit, gave him either reputation or a livelihood. His prospects seemed dark indeed. He felt that if he was to continue in a literary career it was necessary for him to get away from Norway and see the great, wide world, so as to get new impulses. Conscious of his own artistic powers, he applied to the government for a traveling stipend, and this, after much opposition, was finally granted in 1864, whereupon he began that period of voluntary exile that continued, with the exception of two brief visits, until 1891; then he returned to Christiania, where he remained until his death, in May, 1906.

The years of Ibsen's long sojourn abroad were spent mainly in Italy and Germany. He first went to Rome, where he was pinched with poverty. But during these months of spiritual struggle he wrote one of his greatest works, namely, *Brand*. Soon after its publication he felt the need of further financial aid, in order to continue his literary work. In dire distress he petitioned the king of Norway and Sweden; in his letter he tells something of the aim of his life:—

> "It is not for a care-free existence I am fighting, but for the possibility of devoting myself to the task which I believe and know has been laid upon me by God—the work which seems to me more needful and important in Norway than any other, that of arousing the nation and leading it to think great thoughts."

His first notable successes were *Brand* (published in 1866) and *Peer Gynt* (1867), both dramatic studies of universal import, cast in vigorous and original poetic form. Critics, indeed, were by no means agreed in recognizing the poetic quality of his work, but con-

cerning *Peer Gynt* he wrote to Björnson, undismayed by the disapproval of conservatives:—

> "My book *is* poetry. If it is not, then it will be. The conception of poetry shall be made to conform to the book. . . . I will and shall have a victory some day."

As he explained in another of his letters, recently published (in 1905):—

> "Most critical fault finding, when reduced to its essentials, simply amounts to reproach of the author, because he is himself—thinks, feels, sees and creates, as himself, instead of seeing and creating in the way the critic would have done—if he had been able. The great thing, therefore, is to hedge about what is one's own—to keep it free and clear from everything outside that has no connection with it; and, furthermore, to be extremely careful in discriminating between what one has observed and what one has experienced, because only this last can be the theme for creative work. If we attend strictly to this, no everyday, commonplace subject will be too prosaic to be sublimated into poetry."

A number of dramas written previous to the success of *Brand* and *Peer Gynt* have since gained a wide reading, notably *The Banquet at Solhaug; Mistress Inger at Ostraat; The Warriors at Helgeland; Love's Comedy,* and *The Pretenders.* The best known of his works were written after the production of *Brand* and *Peer Gynt,* and, as were these, during a long absence on the continent. *Emperor and Galilean,* published in 1873, was the outgrowth of study and research in Italy, but the social plays (written in prose) take their themes from contemporary Norse life, and together constitute a masterly study of human nature. The titles and dates of his social dramas in prose are:—

The Young Men's Union,	(1869)
Pillars of Society,	(1877)
A Doll's House,	(1879)
Ghosts,	(1881)
An Enemy of the People,	(1882)
The Wild Duck,	(1884)
Rosmersholm,	(1886)
The Lady from the Sea,	(1888)
Hedda Gabler,	(1890)
Architect Solness,	(1892)
Little Eyolf,	(1894)
John Gabriel Borkman,	(1896)
When We Dead Awake,	(1899)

The editors of Ibsen's Letters, published during the last year of the author's life, say:—"The degree in which Ibsen has impressed himself on the national consciousness as an artistic and intellectual power has varied very much in different countries. But a poet of world-wide fame he has undoubtedly become at last—the Norwegian author whose struggle was at first such a hard one."

Many people have been deterred from giving respectful consideration to Ibsen on account of the sweeping denunciation that he so often has been subjected to. And this is not strange; for, as a rule, great and original genius, especially in literature, is recognized and respected only after a desperate struggle. Ibsen had more than one such struggle. And surely no other author was ever so well equipped to bear opposition. Adversity never succeeded in cowing him. In the matter of opposition he fared as badly at home as abroad. But the attitude of the public gradually changed. When Ibsen, on the 20th of March, 1898, celebrated his seventieth birthday, he received such homage from both countrymen and foreigners as no writer ever before or since has received. The occasion gave ample evidence of the fact that as a

poet, as a literary and dramatic artist, and as a man, he had attained eminent distinction.

Björnstjerne Björnson is not the greatest poet that Norway has produced; in certain lines of literary activity Ibsen far surpassed him. Henrik Wergeland was a greater genius than either, but the wings of his poetic fancy too often carried him into ethereal realms, where it was possible for but few to follow. Wergeland is often called "the poet of liberty," and he earned the title. Björnson is in a peculiar sense the intellectual child of Wergeland. And yet Björnson, not Wergeland, is the national poet, and in a deeper and truer sense than most national poets. As a young man he wrote a national hymn that superseded all the older ones; it is one of the finest national songs in the world, and everybody in Norway is familiar with its ringing words. He has written many other poems to fire the patriotic spirit of his people. To promote their welfare he has unweariedly applied all the powers of his great genius.

Four hundred years of foreign rule left its mark on the Norwegian people. The efforts of patriotic poets, historians and statesmen of the nineteenth century were to arouse the people to a realization of the independent national life of old, and, on the basis of this awakened consciousness, to build a new national life—in politics, in literature, in music and in art. And these efforts bore a golden harvest; national independence, a free constitution, no nobility, freedom of the press, free schools, an enlightened and patriotic people—these are the achievements of less than a century. As a result there is a vigor, charm and "open-eyed modernness" about Norway's intellectual life that has attracted the attention of the world. It reads her literature, plays her music, appreciates her art, and

approves her politics. As William Archer of England has said:—"It is surely no hyperbole to describe as marvellous the spiritual efflorescence which, from the small beginnings of national life in 1814, has produced the Norway of to-day."

No one man has contributed more toward this glad consummation than Björnson. He has not been a mere poet and dreamer. He thinks it useless to have high and noble ideals unless we seek to put them into practice. This he has conscientiously and persistently sought to do. He has not held himself aloof from the people. He has personally, with tongue and pen, taken conspicuous part in every political, social and literary combat of his times—and they have been fierce and numerous. Through his ardent advocacy of reform movements he has brought upon himself the wrath of many, but the gratitude of more. Impelled by a spirit of rugged manliness, and in spite of the evil prophecies of his opponents, Björnson has gone steadily on, and to-day his crown of fame shines with brighter lustre than ever before. There can be no better proof of this than the honor that was shown him both at home and abroad in December, 1902, on the occasion of the seventieth anniversary of his birth. There were carping critics here and there, and the clergy, in view of his attitude toward the church, maintained a dignified silence; but considering the numerous and vehement combats in which he has been engaged, the all-but unanimous sentiments of recognition and good-will were phenomenal, and touched the old poet deeply.

It is in Björnson's oratory that all the great powers of his richly endowed nature have most strikingly revealed themselves. He has more of the qualities that go to make a great orator than any man living. He

has the gift of speech, the voice, the personality and address, the magnetic power, the originality of presentation, and a fund of earnest and forceful thought that mark the great orator. In addition to these rare qualities, he is a born actor, a lyric poet, a novelist, a dramatist—talents that enhance and illumine his oratorical gifts. Pleading the cause of truth and justice before a large audience, he is irresistible. Born and reared in a small country, speaking a language that is understood by but few, his oratorical powers have not had adequate scope for their greatest possibilities. If he had had the great questions to grapple with that Webster and Lincoln had, he would doubtless have been known to the world as an orator, rather than as a poet. But he has used well the opportunities that his nation has presented. There are but few of his countrymen that have not been stirred by his mighty eloquence.

Björnson was born December 8, 1832, in Kvikne parish, in Österdal, a valley in eastern Norway. Most of his childhood was spent in Romsdal, in the western part of the country. He went to school at Molde, and later studied at the University of Christiania. But, as had been the case with Ibsen, he soon gave up his studies and entered actively into journalism, where he made his influence distinctly felt. From the early '50's to the present time he has been a constant contributor to the daily press; the amount of his work in the journalistic field is enormous. At different times he has edited papers in both Christiania and Bergen. He has also been director of the theatres in both of these cities.

Even before he began to write for the newspapers, Björnson had begun to write short stories. His first novel, *Synnöve Solbakken,* appeared in 1857, and

proved epoch-making in Scandinavian literature. Its theme was the simplest thing in the world, the development of a raw, rough country boy into a man and the part played by love in his transformation. Two other peasant stories followed, now widely known both in the original and in translations: *Arne* (1858), and *A Happy Boy* (1860). These stories brought the thoughts and aspirations of the Norwegian peasantry into literature. Possibly more than anything else literary, they have been a source of pleasure and profit to the Norwegian people. Peasants have read them and have learned to know their better selves. City folk have read them and have learned to know the peasants, and to appreciate the fact that under the coarse homespun of the peasant there may be a heart that beats warmly for the high and noble things of life. Thus a distinct and beneficent result has been wrought by these simple tales.

Edmund Gosse, the English critic, has said of them:—

> "Through these little romances there blows a wind as fragrant and refreshing as the odor of the Trondhjem balsam willows blown out to sea to welcome the new comer; and just as this rare scent is the first thing that tells the traveler of Norway, so the purity of Björnson's novelettes is usually the first thing to attract a foreigner to Norwegian literature."

Björnson's later novels are mostly studies of the somber and tragic aspects of life. They deal with the great questions of education, religion and public and domestic duties. He discusses these modern themes, not to satisfy a cynical frame of mind, but to enlighten, rectify and improve. Here is a list of them;—

The Fisher Maiden,	(1868)
Magnhild,	(1877)
Captain Mansana,	(1879)
Dust,	(1882)
Flags are Flying in City and Harbor,	(1884)
In the Paths of God,	(1886)
Absalom's Hair,	(1894)
Mary,	(1906)

Painful as certain of these stories are in the reading, their essential nobility of spirit is always evident. Björnson loves his country as few other Norsemen have ever loved it, and, when he pictures drearily or sordidly evil conditions in Norwegian society, he does it not merely as an artist, concerned only with the technique of his own work, but as a surgeon, laboring to further, by means of fine technique, a needed amelioration of the facts.

The same statement holds with certain of his published plays, though these do not all deal with contemporary life in Norway. Several are historic, taking their themes from the heroic traditions of old Norse Sagas. Comparatively few of the dramas are readily accessible in English. The order of their production has been as follows:—

Between the Battles,	(1857)
Lame Hulda,	(1858)
King Sverre,	(1861)
Sigurd Slembe,	(1862)
Mary Stuart in Scotland,	(1864)
The Newly Married,	(1865)
Sigurd Jorsalfar,	(1873)
The Editor	(1875)
Bankruptcy	(1875)
The King,	(1877)
Leonarda,	(1879)
The New System	(1879)
A Gauntlet,	(1883)
Over Ævne,	(1883)

Love and Geography,	(1885)
Over Ævne II,	(1895)
Laboremus,	(1901)
At Storhove,	(1902)

It is perhaps Björnson's verse that most endears him to his own people. There are some charming lyrics set in his country story of *Arne.* This is one of them:—

"Through the forest the boy wends all day long
For there he has heard such a wonderful song;

He carved him a flute of the willow tree
And tried what the tune within it might be.

The tune came out of it, sad and gay,
But while he listened, it passed away.

He fell asleep and once more it sung,
And over his forehead it lovingly hung.

He thought he would catch it, and wildly woke,
And the tune in the pale night faded and broke.

'O, God, my God, take me up to Thee,
For the tune Thou hast made is consuming me.

And the Lord God said, ' 'Tis a friend divine;
Though never one hour shalt thou hold it thine,

Yet all other music is poor and thin
By the side of this which thou never shalt win.' "

Others of his works in verse are household words among well educated Norse people, just like Longfellow's poems in American households; unfortunately not many of them have been translated into English. This fragment is quite characteristic:—

"'Tis April tunes my lyre!
Then all that's old is falling;
The new life loud is calling,—
Who heeds the storm and clatter?
Than peace there's something better,—
The ardor of desire!"

The author once said of himself and his verses:—

> "People have a notion that a poet is a long-haired man, who sits on the top of a tower and plays upon a harp, while his hair streams in the wind. A fine kind of poet is that! No—I am a poet not primarily because I can write verse (there are lots of people who can do that), but by virtue of seeing more clearly and feeling more truly than the majority of men. All that concerns humanity concerns me."

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, who was a personal friend and great admirer of Björnson, said in his *Essays on Scandinavian Literature*:—

> "Björnstjerne Björnson is the first Norwegian poet who can in any sense be called national. The national genius, with its limitations as well as its virtues, has found its living embodiment in him. Whenever he opens his mouth, it is as if the nation itself were speaking. . . . His tales, romances and dramas express collectively the supreme result of the nation's experiences, so that no one to-day can view Norwegian life or Norwegian history except through their medium."

Björnson's home, Aulestad, in Gausdal, a valley in eastern Norway, is one of the finest estates in the country. It has become so through the inspirational idealism of the poet and the practical energy of his son Erling. Forty years ago the father wrote in a poem:—"Every acre that we add to our fields, every ship that we launch on the sea, every child's soul that we unfold, every illuminating thought that we ex-

press, every deed that augments and preserves, is an added province to our domain—the staunch vanguard of our freedom." This he has preached, and this he has practised. Thirty years ago he bought the farm Aulestad, beautifully situated on the mountain-side, with a grand view of the broad valley below; but it was covered with copse and stones. He resolved to make it productive and beautiful—a model farm and home. When the peasants saw how perseveringly his laborers worked year after year, hauling away stones, they shook their heads and wondered if it would pay, conceding, however, that he was himself practising what he had been preaching in his poems and in his speeches.

At the turn of the century, after years of well-directed effort, all possibilities for the improvement of the estate seemed to have been realized. The peasants wondered what the poet now would do. But father and son continued to dream and plan and work. Across one edge of the farm flowed a little mountain stream. Where it shot over a slight precipice, it had served as a much-used shower bath. But the thought occurred to the poet that possibly this seemingly insignificant stream, which had murmured and rippled down the mountain-side for thousands of years, was like the spade and ax and nut in the Norwegian folk-lore story that were "waiting for you"—opportunity waiting for the man.

The first thought was the important thing. The rest was easy enough. Three years afterwards the noisy brook was transformed into electric light, so that Aulestad at night seems now like a fairyland to the wondering peasants.

But this is not all. Besides furnishing a flood of light for the houses and barns and stables, and an

arc light for the courtyard, this stream now furnishes the power for threshing the grain, and grinding feed for the whole neighborhood; it saws all the wood for the farm, and, moreover, cuts and planes all the lumber needed at Aulestad and in the whole surrounding district. It was not strange that the peasants had wondered at the possibilities of this brook, which had been simply humming and singing for centuries "and thinking of everything and nothing."

The practical American needs not to be told of the work and money necessary to bring about such fine results. He will immediately suspect that there is a good head of water in some adjacent mountain lake. But this needed to be dammed up, so that the supply could be regulated. The course of the stream had to be changed, so as to obtain an effective fall. The practical American also knows that all this labor and expense would make costly light for one farm, which was the first object of the enterprise, so that the next step was to make the plant a direct source of income by serving the public.

Can any one doubt that this dreaming, yet intensely practical poet, is an inspiration to his countrymen? And is it strange that a modern poet is content to live in the country under such conditions? "I am never so happy," he says, "as when, after having been abroad for a season, I return to Aulestad. To me it is the finest place in the world. There, and only there, I feel at home."

Aulestad is one of the best-known places in Norway. It is annually visited by hundreds of sightseers and tourists from all parts of the world, and Björnson, in good old Norwegian fashion, dispenses generous hospitality to all.

BOOKS TO READ

The following bibliography is intentionally incomplete, the works mentioned being only such as will be found most accessible and interesting to American and English readers.

A great many desirable works, familiar to Norwegians at home, are necessarily omitted here, not being obtainable in English translation.

Topography and Statistics

Konow and Fischer: *Norway.*

(Prepared by Government authority on the occasion of the Paris Exposition in 1900. A mine of authentic information about country and people.)

Baedeker: *Norway, Sweden and Denmark.*

(Reliable guidebook much used by tourists.)

Bennett: *Handbook for Travelers in Norway.*

(A reliable guidebook.)

Murray: *Norway.*

(A reliable guidebook.)

J. D. Forbes: *Norway and its Glaciers.*

(A scientific study, interesting to students of geology.)

W. C. Slingsby: *Norway, the Mountain Playground,*

(Devoted to records of mountain climbing.)

Archæology

P. B. Du Chaillu: *The Viking Age.*

(A study of the life, manners and customs of mediæval Norway.)

Montelius (Wood's Translation): *The Civilization of Sweden in Heathen Times.*
(Applies in a general way to Norway and Sweden.)

Rendall: *The Cradle of the Aryans.*
(A discussion of Penka's theory of Scandinavia as the home of the Aryans.)

Rhys: *Race Theories* (in *New Princeton Review,* January, 1888.)
(An enthusiastic article on Penka's theory.)

Huxley: .*The Aryan Question and Pre-historic Man.* Collected Essays, Vol. VII.
(An unbiased treatment of modern phases of the Aryan Question.)

Travel and Description

J. B. Putnam: *A Norwegian Ramble.*
(An unpretentious but pleasant and readable account of summer journeyings through the most frequented districts.)

E. B. Tweedie: *A Winter Jaunt to Norway.*
(Vivacious and graphic descriptions of cold-weather travel, visiting famous Norwegians, etc., etc.)

A. F. M. Ferryman: *In the Northman's Land.*
(Attractive and entertaining, with special emphasis on Norwegian hunting and fishing and many references to local folk-lore—fairy tales, legends and ghost stories.

E. J. Goodman: *The Best Tour in Norway.*
(Well worth reading. It tells about visits to many of the places we ourselves see.)

Same Author: *New Ground in Norway.*
(Devoted to the southern provinces. Particularly interesting in connection with several of the places visited in our own tour.)

J. R. Campbell: *How to See Norway.*
(Covers the usual tourist route in a readable way.)

J. D. Caton: *A Summer in Norway.*
(Written thirty years ago, but most of its observations still of interest.)

Abel Chapman: *Wild Norway.*
(Of great interest to a sportsman, though not specially valuable for the general reader.)

C. W. Wood: *Round About Norway.*
(Touches on experiences in several of the places which we visit.)

S. H. Kent: *Within the Arctic Circle.*
(Includes some interesting accounts of camp life near the North Cape.)

O. M. Stone: *Norway in June.*
(Full of interesting accounts of local customs, but written a generation ago; some customs have changed.)

Nico and Beatrice Jungman: *Norway.*
(Account of an artist's recent travels. Illustrations in color, giving a good idea of local costumes, etc.)

Bayard Taylor: *Northern Travel.*
(Written many years ago by one of the first Americans who traveled here. Descriptions of natural scenery are among the best yet written. Criticisms passed on the people are in many cases no longer applicable.)

P. B. Du Chaillu: *The Land of the Midnight Sun.*
(Written many years ago and still considered excellent, especially in relation to the far north.)

F. Vincent: *Norsk, Lapp and Finn.*
(Entertaining. Includes much general information.)

M. M. Ballou: *Due North.*
(Attractive in its descriptions of places and personal experiences.)

S. M. H. Davis: *Norway Nights and Russian Days.*
(Makes interesting mention of many places seen in our own tour.)

E. B. Kennedy: *Thirty Seasons in Scandinavia.*
(Records of a sportsman, accounts of hunting, fishing, etc.)

A. E. Spender: *Two Winters in Norway.*
(Devoted largely to accounts of ski-running, hunting and other winter sports.)

C. L. Brace: *The Norse Folk.*
(Written many years ago and still interesting, though some comments on manners and customs no longer hold good.)

T. S. Steele: *A Voyage to Viking Land.*
(Impressions of a brief summer journey, including mention of several places in our own tour.)

C. W. Wood: *Norwegian Byways.*
(Clever descriptions of landscape effects, interwoven with casual conversation among tourists and Norwegians whom they meet.)

History

H. H. Boyesen: *The Story of Norway.*
(Picturesque, dramatic and readable.)

Thomas Carlyle: *Early Kings of Norway.*
(Admirable, and considered good authority.)

C. F. Keary: *Norway and the Norwegians.*
(Contains much reliable information.)

The Vikings in Western Christendom.
(Excellent as a study of Norse influence on the rest of the world.)

E. A. Freeman: *History of the Norman Conquest of England.*
(A standard authority on the subject, very scholarly and full.)

J. R. Green: *Short History of the English People.*
(The chapters on the Norman Conquest are exceedingly valuable.)

S. O. Jewett: *The Story of the Normans.*
(A popular history, pleasant in style.)

Helen Zimmern: *The Hansa Towns.*
(The chapter on *Bergen,* though dealing with German traders there rather than with the natives themselves, is intensely interesting in this connection.)

Biography

Sara C. Bull: *Life of Ole Bull.*
(Written by the wife of the great violinist of world-wide fame.)

Henrik Ibsen: *Letters.*
(Interesting to those who have studied the author's works, as giving valuable light on his temperament and life experience.)

A. J. Bain: *Fridtjof Nansen, His Life and Explorations.*
(All about the celebrated Arctic voyager.)

Finck: *Edvard Grieg.*
(An enthusiastic and competent estimate of the Norwegian composer.)

Religion

(None of the books under this heading, except Bugge's and Vigusson and Powell's, discuss any of the modern phases of Norse mythology.)

Thomas Carlyle: *Sartor Resartus,* chapter on "The Hero as Divinity."
(Masterly in its sympathetic understanding of the subject and admirably characteristic of the author's rugged style.)

R. B. Anderson: *Norse Mythology.*
(An excellent authority on the whole subject.)

P. H. Mallet: *Northern Antiquities.*
(A standard work on the subject.)

H. W. Mabie: *Norse Stories Retold.*
(Includes stories of the old gods, put into specially readable form.)

P. B. Du Chaillu: *The Viking Age.*
(Gives many long extracts from the ancient Eddas, embodying the old pagan faith.)

F. Kauffmann (translated by M. Steele Smith): *Northern Mythology.*
(A brief but interesting handbook.)

Vigfusson and Powell: *Corpus Poeticum Boreale.*
(Contains a translation of all old Norse poems, including the Elder Edda; it is scholarly and comprehensive. The work is expensive, but will be found in the best libraries.)

Guerber: *Myths of Northern Lands.*
(Not comprehensive, but very readable.)

S. Bugge (translated by W. H. Schofield): *The Home of the Eddic Poems.*

Stories of Norse life by Norse writers

Jonas Lie: *The Pilot and His Wife.*
Little Grey.
The Visionary.
Weird Tales from Northern Seas.

Björnstjerne Björnson: *Synnöve Solbakken.*
Arne.
The Fisher Maiden.
A Happy Boy.
The Railway and the Churchyard.
The Bridal March.
In God's Way.
Magnhild.
Absalom's Hair.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen: *Gunnar.*
The Modern Vikings.
A Norse Boyhood.
Falconberg.

(This last is a story of Norse people, not in Norway, but in a village in Minnesota.)

Kristofer Janson: *The Spell-bound Fiddler.*

P. C. Asbjörnsen: *Popular Tales from the North.*
Round the Yule Log.
Tales from the Fjeld.

Norse stories told by foreign authors

E. Tegnèr: *Fridthjof's Saga.*

P. B. Du Chaillu: *Ivar the Viking.*

R. M. Ballantyne: *Erling the Bold.*

S. Baring-Gould: *Grettir the Outlaw.*

H. W. Longfellow: *The Saga of King Olaf.*

William Morris: *The Story of Sigurd the Volsung* (in verse).

H. Martineau: *Feats on the Fjord.*

Dramas based on Norse character and life

Henrik Ibsen: *Brand.*
Peer Gynt.
Pillars of Society.
Love's Comedy.
A Doll's House.
Ghosts.
An Enemy of the People.
The Wild Duck.
Rosmersholm.
The Lady from the Sea.
Hedda Gabler.
The Master Builder.
Little Eyolf.
John Gabriel Borkman.
When We Dead Awake.

Björnstjerne Björnson's dramas are unfortunately almost entirely inaccessible for those who read only English. Translations are obtainable for *Sigurd Slembe.*

Over Ævne (called in the London version *Pastor Sang.*)

Literary Criticism

Horn: *History of Scandinavian Literature.*

G. Brandes: *Modern Scandinavian Literature.*

C. F. Keary: *Norway and the Norwegians* (special chapter.)

Konow and Fischer: *Norway* (special chapter).

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen: *Essays on Scandinavian Literature.*
(Contains excellent biographical and literary essays on Björnson, Lie and Kielland.)
A Commentary on the Writings of Henrik Ibsen.

Edmund Gosse: *Northern Studies.*

Exploration

Fridtjof Nansen: *Farthest North.*

For Boys and Girls

P. C. Asbjörnsen: *Tales from the Fjeld.*
(Fairy tales and stories of luck and pluck.)
Fairy Tales from the North.
(Stories of adventures with giants, goblins, etc.)

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen: *Against Heavy Odds.*
(How a Norwegian boy with a genius for invention gained a victory over a powerful enemy.)
A Fearless Trio.
(Three Norse lads and their scheme for restoring the family fortunes.)
The Modern Vikings.

(Stories of adventure and fun among Norwegian boys.)
A Norse Boyhood.
(All about the life of young folks in Norway.)
Norseland Tales.

P. B. Du Chaillu: *The Land of the Long Nights.*
(About life in Norway and real Norwegian people whom the author knew.)

Language

Julius E. Olson: *Norwegian Grammar and Reader.*
(Contains many selections for reading, with notes and vocabulary.)

George T. Flom: *Björnson's Synnöve Solbakken.*
(Contains—in English—an interesting biography of the poet, and copious notes and a vocabulary for the story in the original text.)

Pronunciation of Norwegian words and phrases used in this handbook

Bonde—"Boon′-nĕ"; the *o* as *oo* in "good"; *d* after *n* is silent.

Brudefolge—"Broo′-dĕ-föl-gĕ"; *ö* as *u* in "fur", but shorter; *g* in "ge" is hard as in "go".

Dag-bog—"Dag′-bog"; the *a* as in "father"; the *o* as in "gore".

Firring—"Feăr′-ring"; both vowels are short, and *r*'s trilled.

Fladbröd—"Flad′-bröd"; *a* as in "father"; *ö* as *u* in "fur".

Fröken—"Frö′-ken"; *ö* as *u* in "fur".

Fuldt af fisk—"Foolt ov fisk"; *u* as *oo* in "foot".

Gaard—"Gore"; with trilled *r*.

Gammelost—"Gam′-mel-oost"; *a* as in "father", but shorter.

God morn—"Goo-morn′".

Gröd—"Grūd"; *u* as in "fur".

Halv fire—"Hăll-fee′-rĕ".

Jægte—"Yĕkk′-tĕ".

Jökel—"Yŏk′-kel"; *ö* as *e* in "her".

Jötun—"Yö′-tune".

Kariol—"Cār-yole′"; *a* as in "father".

Kilenöter—"Chee′-lĕ-nö-tĕr"; *nö* as French *ne*.

Krone—"Croo′-nĕ".

Kroner—"Croo′-ner".

Lagthing—"Lag′-ting"; *a* as in "father".

Lur—"Loor".

Lille—"Lĭll-lĕ".

Lykkelig reise—"Lykk′-ke-li ray′-se"; *s* is always sharp.

Mange tak—"Mang′-e tak′"; *ng* as in "sing"; *a* as in "father".

Multebær—"Mool'-te-bare", with trilled *r*, as always.
Mysost—"Mys'-oost"; *y* as German *ü*, or French *u*.
Odelsthing—"Oo'-dels-ting".
Öre—"Ö'-re"; *ö* as in "fur".
Pultost—"Poolt'-oost".
Römmegröd—"Röm'-me-gröd"; *ö* as in "fur".
Rorskarl—"Roors'-karl".
Sæter—"Say'-tĕr".
Saga—"Sa'-ga"; *a* as in "father".
Sei—"Say".
Sexing—"Sex'-ing".
Ski—"She".
Skydsgut—"Shyss'-goott"; *y* as in "syllable".
Skydsstation—"Shyss'-sta-shoon"; *a* as in "father".
Smaapenge—"Smoa'-pĕng-ĕ".
Smör—"Smörr"; *ö* as in "fur".
Stabbur—"Stăbb'-boor".
Stolkjærre—"Stool'-chăir-rĕ"; short *ai*, with trilled *r*.
Storthing—"Stoor'-ting".
Thing—"Ting".
Tine—"Tee'-nĕ".
Tre Kvarter til ett—"Tray k'var-ter' till et".
Vær saa god—"Vair so goo".

Pronunciation of Norwegian proper names used in this handbook

Aabrekke—"Aw'-brĕkk-kĕ".
Aalesund—"Aw'-lĕ-soond".
Ægir—"Ay'-geer".
Arne—"Ahr'-ne".
Asbjörnsen—"Ahs'-b'yearn-sen"; run the *b* and *y* together.
Balder—"Băhl'-dĕr".
Balestrand—"Bāh'-lĕ-strand"; *a* as in "father".
Bandak-Nordsjö—"Băhn'-dak-Noor'-shö"; *ö* as *u* in "fur".

Bergen—"Ber′-gĕn"; *gen* as *gain* in "again".
Bergenhus—"Ber-gen-hoos′".
Björnson—"B'yearn′-son"; put the lips in position to pronounce *b*, then suddenly pronounce the rest.
Bolkesjö—"Bŏll′-kĕ-shö"; *ö* as *u* in "fur".
Botten—"Bŏtt′-ten".

Drontheim—"Dront′-hime"; an anglicised form; the Norwegian is Trondhjem, "Tronn′-yĕmm".
Dyreskard—"Dy′-rĕ-skahr"; *y* as French *u* or German *ü*.

Eide—"Ay′-dĕ".
Eidfjord—"Ayd′-f'yoord".
Ekeberg—"Ache′-ĕ-berg".
Essefjord—"Ess′-sĕ-f'yoord".

Fimbul—"Fimm′-bull".
Flöifjeld—"Floi′-f'yell".
Folsjö—"Foll′-shö"; *ö* as *u* in "fur".
Framnæs—"Frăm′-ness".
Freya—"Frāy′-yah".
Fridthjof—"Fritt′-yoff".

Gausta—"Gous′-tah"; *ou* as in "house".
Geiranger—"Gay′-rang-er"; *ng* as in "sing".
Grjotlid—"Gr'yoot′-lee".
Grundesbro—"Groon′-dĕs-broo"; *bro* means "bridge".
Grytereidsnib—"Gree′-tĕ-rayds-nib"; *nib* means "pinnacle".
Gudvangen—"Good′-vang-en"; *ng* as in "sing".
Gunnar—"Goon′-nar".
Gynt—"Gynt"; the *g* is hard; *y* as in "syllable".

Haakon—"Hōh′-kon".
Hardanger—"Har-dang′-er"; *ng* as in "sing"; *a* as in "father".
Haukeli—"How′-kĕ-lee".
Heimskringla—"Hames′-kring-la".
Himingen—"Him′-ing-en".

Hitterdal—"Hitt′-tĕr-dahl".
Hjalmar—"Yal′-mar".
Hjelle—"Yĕll′-lĕ".
Hjorth—"Yort".
Hogrending—"Hoag′-ren-ning".
Holmenut—"Holl′-me-nute"; *nut* means "peak".
Horgheim—"Horg′-hame".

Ingeborg—"Ing′-e-borg"; *ng* as in "sing".

Jarl—"Yarl".
Johan—"Yoo-hann′ ".
Jonas—"Yoo′-nas"; *a* as in "father".
Jordalsnut—"Yoor′-dahls-nute"; *nut* means "peak".
Jotunheim—"Yoo′-tune-hame".

Kjeipen—"Chaip′-en".
Knut—"Knute".
Kyrre—"Chyrr′-rĕ"; *y* is like French *u*, German *ü*.

Laagen—"Loh-gen"; *gen* as *gain* in "again".
Lagaböter—"La′-ga-bö-tĕr"; *a* as in "father"; *ö* like *u* in "fur".
Legreid—"Leg′-rayd".
Lie—"Lee".
Loen—"Loo′-en".
Lofoten—"Loo′-foo-tĕn".
Loke—"Loo′-kĕ".
Lyngenfjord—"Lyng-en-f'yoord".

Maan—"Mawn".
Melkevold—"Mĕll′-ke-voll".
Magerö—"Ma′-ger-ö"; *a* as in "father"; *g* hard; *ö* as *u* in "fur".
Magnhild—"Magn′-hild".
Marok—"Mah′-rok".
Mindresunde—"Min′-drĕ-sun-de".
Mjölnir—"M'yöl′-nir".

Nærödal—"Nare'-ö-dahl"
Næsdal—"Ness'-dahl".
Nidaros—"Nee'-dar-oose"; the *s* is sharp.
Nordfjord—"Noor'-f'yoord".
Norge—"Nor'-gĕ"; the *g* is hard as in "go".

Odda—"Odd'-da"; also spelled Odde, "Odd'-dĕ".
Öifjord—"Oy'-f'yoord".
Ole—"Oo'-lĕ".

Peer—"Payr".
Puddefjord—"Pood'-dĕ-f'yoord".

Ragnarok—"Rahg'-na-rok".
Raud—"Rowd"; *ow* as in "rowdy".
Rauma—"Row'-ma"; *ow* as in "rowdy".
Ravnefjeld—"Rahv'-ne-f'yĕll".
Rjukanfos—"R'yoo'-kahn-foss".
Röldal—"Röl'-dahl"; *ö* as *u* in "fur".
Röldalssaaten—"Röl'-dahls-soh-ten".
Rustöen—"Rust'-ö-en"; *u* is like *oo* short.
Rustöfjeld—"Rust'-ö-f'yĕll".

Saathorn—"Soht'-hoorn".
Seljestad—"Sell'-yĕ-stad".
Sivle—"Sivv'-lĕ".
Skaala—"Skoh'-la".
Skager Rak—"Skager-rak'".
Skjeggedalsfos—"Shĕgg'-gĕ-dahls-foss"; *foss* means "waterfall".
Sognefjord—"Sog'-ne-f'yoord".
Solbakken—"Sool'-bak-ken"; *a* as in "father".
Sörfjord—"Sur'-f'yoord".
Stalheim—"Stăhl'-hame".
Stryn—"Stryn", almost like "Streen".
Svolvær—"Svoll'-vare".
Synnöve—"Syn'-nö-ve", almost like "Sin-nĕ-vĕ"; the *y* is, however, like the French *u* or German *ü*.

Tegner—"Teg-neer'".
Telemarken—"Tĕl'-le-mar-ken".
Thor—"Toor".
Thora—"Toor'-a".
Tinoset—"Tinn'-oos-et".
Tinsjö—"Tinn'-shö"; *ö* as *u* in "fur".
Tjugum—"Chū'-gum".
Troldtinder—"Troll'-tĭnd-er".
Tromsö—"Troom'-sö"; *ö* like *u* in "fur".
Trondhjem—"Trŏnn'-yĕmm".
Tryggvason—"Trygg'-va-son".
Tvinde—"T'vin'-ne".
Tyskebrygge—"Tys'-kĕ-bryg-ge"; *y* like French *u* short; *g* hard.

Udsigt—"Ood'-sikt".
Utigaard—"Oo'-ti-gore".

Valkendorf—"Val'-ken-dorf".
Vangsnaes—"Vangs'-ness"; *næs* means "cape" or "headland".
Vossevangen—"Voss'-se-vang-en".
Vrang—"V'rang".

Yri—"Y'-rēe"; the *y* is like French *u* or German *ü*.

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